

STORY BY LEV GLEASON

# CAPTAIN BATTLE

JR.

in a  
COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"The KIDNAP FLIGHT TO BERLIN"

SUSPENSE! SECOND FRONT!  
AIR THRILLS! SPIES!  
VICTORY!

FALL  
1943

10¢

PDC



Capt. BATTLE Jr.  
AMERICA'S INVASION  
ACE



ALSO  
IN THIS  
ISSUE



AND



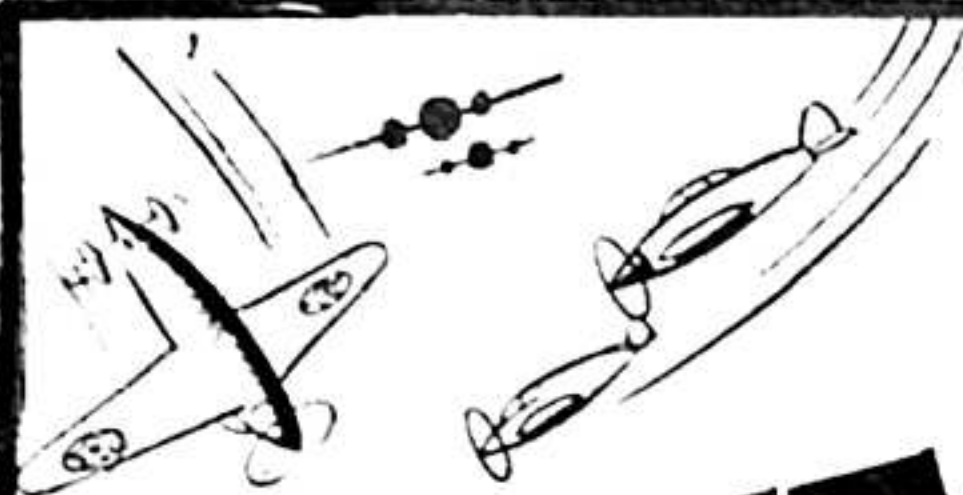
HAND TO HAND  
COMBAT IN





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





IN THIS ISSUE

# LEV GLEASON

*Presents*

## 1. CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.

IN A COMPLETE FULL-LENGTH  
38 PAGE NOVEL



## 2.

## SNIFFER

THE PLUG-UGLY FAVORITE  
OF MILLIONS



## 3.

## Told in BLOOD

A GRIPPING STORY OF ACTION  
IN THE PACIFIC



## 4.

*The*

## CLAW

THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN  
BATTLES "THE GHOST"



*the* COMIC *that's* PACKED WITH

# THRILLS!

## A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE!



# CAPTAIN BATTLE JR.

Story by  
LEV GLEASON  
& JOE GREENE.

ART  
by DON RICO  
**CB** jr.

IN A COMPLETE  
FULL-LENGTH NOVEL!



## THE KIDNAP FLIGHT TO BERLIN!

Who IS THE MAN, SO DANGEROUS TO THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM? UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC, HIDDEN BY A VEIL OF DARK SINISTER MYSTERY, HE DIRECTS WITH A STEALTHY CUNNING, THE BRUTAL OPERATIONS OF THE NAZI ARMY GENERAL STAFF ----

But ---- U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE KNOWS ABOUT HIM -- AND HIS DEVILISH PLOT TO SAVE THE AXIS FROM INEVITABLE DISASTER ----

U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE  
ORDER # 220B  
TO: CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR. --  
CAPTURE FIELD MARSHAL  
VON TEUFEL AT ANY COST!  
G-2

Assigned to capture this VENOMOUS ENEMY IS THE FEARLESS ACE SKY-FIGHTER OF AMERICA --- THE SON OF THE FAMOUS HERO OF WORLD WAR I .....

### CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.!

WITH HIS BUDDY, MASTER SGT. SID KAPLAN AND HIS LOYAL MASCOT, VICTORY, THE YOUNG ACE OF THE AIR CORPS, FLIES INTO THE MOST AMAZING SERIES OF ADVENTURES IN HIS THRILL-PACKED LIFE --- IN THIS MOST DANGEROUS MISSION OF THE WAR!





ALL IS PEACEFUL AS ALERT SENTRIES GUARD A FAMOUS HOTEL ON THE SHORES OF CASABLANCA, WHERE AN IMPORTANT MEETING TAKES PLACE--



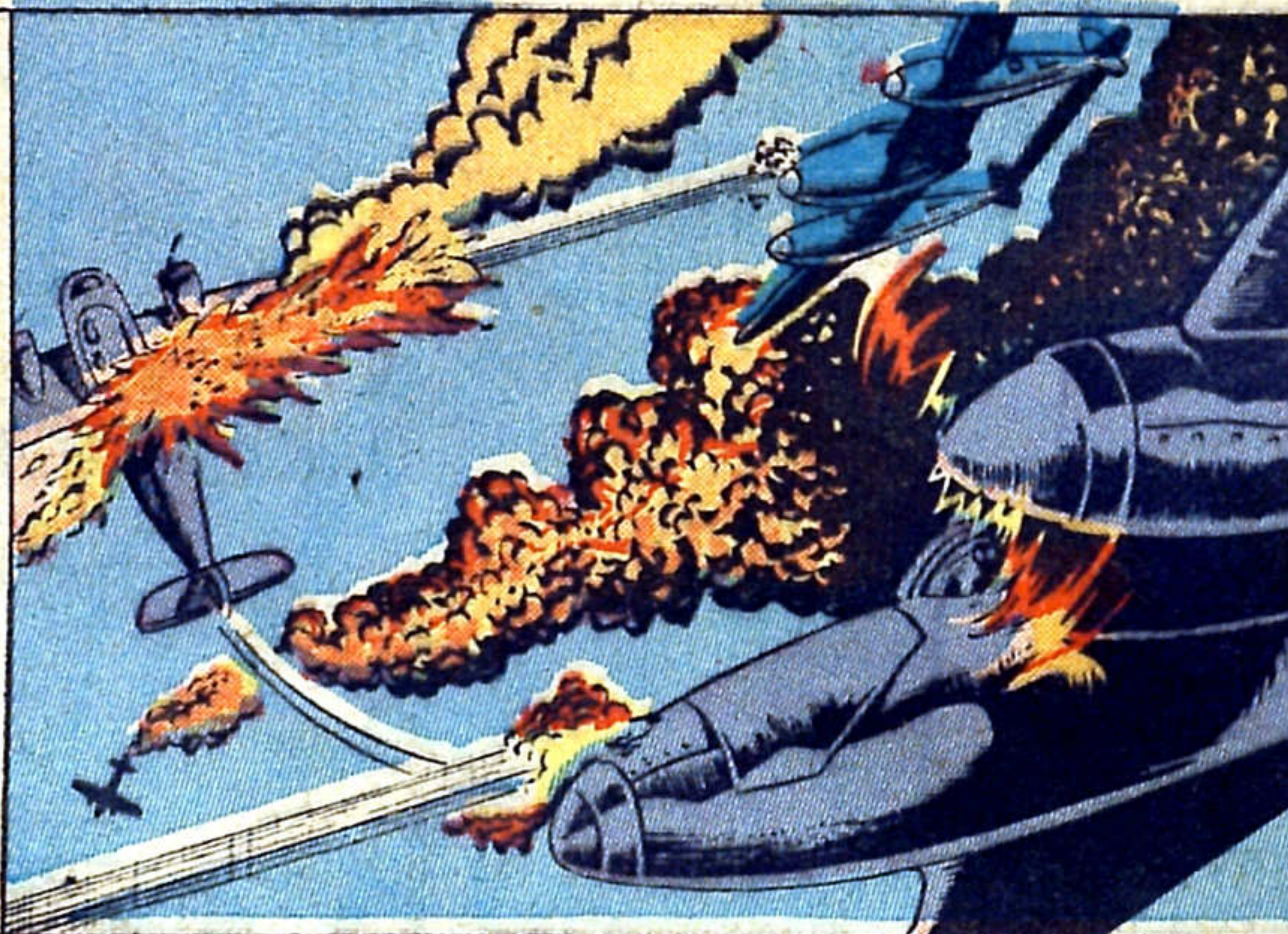
--BUT, THIS IS WAR! AND THE WINGS OF THE THIRD REICH SOAR TOWARD THEIR PREY----



BUT, THE ALLIED AVIATORS ARE NOT CAUGHT NAPPING!



- AND SPEEDY LIGHTNING P-38's TAKE TO THE SKIES TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE NAZI VULTURES!



AT THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL---

WHO'S FLYING THE LEAD PLANE, COLONEL? HE HANDLES IT AS IF HE WERE BORN IN ONE!

THAT'S CAPTAIN BATTLE, SIR!



CAPTAIN BATTLE! IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S A PRISONER OF THE NAZIS!

IT'S HIS SON, SIR! CAPTAIN BATTLE JR.!

BUT--HE'S JUST A BOY!



HE'S YOUNG, BUT HE'S OUR GREATEST ACE! I'D BE AN HONOR TO MEET HIM! KEEP HIM IN THE MOST DARING MIND, COLONEL, IN CASE OF AN IMPORTANT MISSION!

IT'D BE AN HONOR TO MEET HIM! KEEP HIM IN THE MOST DARING MIND, COLONEL, IN CASE OF AN IMPORTANT MISSION!





SOME WEEKS LATER, AS CAPTAIN BATTLE'S FIGHTER COMMAND RETURNS FROM PATROL ---

HERE THEY COME, VICTORY! OUR PAL IS BACK OKAY!



-- AND... **CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.** FAMOUS SON OF A VERY FAMOUS FATHER. STEPS FROM HIS PLANE..

HI-YA, SID! 'LO, VICTORY! YOU GUYS BEEN WAITING UP FOR ME?



HOW WAS IT TODAY, CAP?

THEY'RE TOUGH GUYS, THOSE RATZIS -- BUT WE KNOCKED 'EM OFF OKAY!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER WANTS TO SEE YOU, SIR!



YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, SIR?

YES! CAPTAIN WALES IS TAKING YOUR COMMAND! YOU'RE TO REPORT TO ARMY INTELLIGENCE AT ONCE!



**AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS ---**

CAPTAIN, YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED TO CARRY OUT **THE MOST DANGEROUS AND MOST IMPORTANT MISSION OF THE WAR!!** HOWEVER-- IT IS PURELY VOLUNTARY-----!

I'M READY, SIR! WHAT MUST I DO?



VERY WELL, THEN! HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS! ---YOU ARE TO FLY TO BERLIN, CAPTURE, AND BRING TO US ---

**FIELD MARSHAL KLAUS VON TEUFEL!**











--AND SO, A SPECIAL PLANE--A PLANE ON A MISSION OF DARING WINGS ITS WAY OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, TOWARD THE LAIR OF THE BEAST--BERLIN! WILL THE COURAGE OF ITS SMALL BUT VALIANT CREW OVERCOME THE FEARFUL ODDS AGAINST THEM? ANYWAY, OUR WISHES AND HOPES GO ALONG, TOO!!

HOURS  
LATER

WE'RE  
ALMOST  
OVER BERLIN  
CAP! WISH WE HAD  
A COUPLA EGGS TO  
DROP ON THEM  
NAZIS!

NO TIME FOR THAT! WE'VE  
GOT TO GLIDE INTO THE  
SECRET LANDING FIELD  
THE BERLIN UNDER-  
GROUND PREPARED  
FOR US!



BUT--  
KEEN  
ENEMY  
EARS  
ARE ON  
THE  
ALERT!

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!  
ENEMY PLANES!  
ACHTUNG!

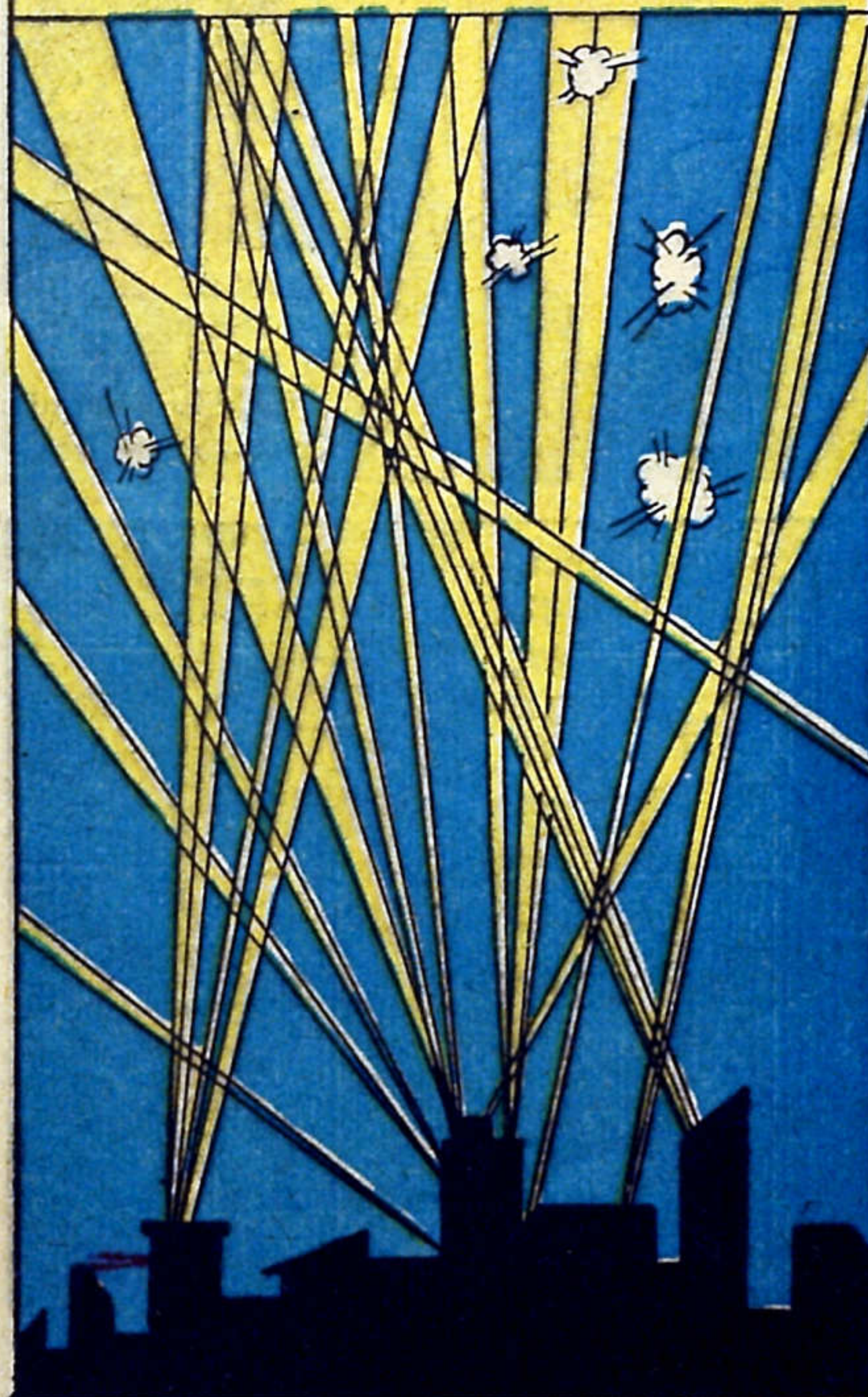


THEM BUMS IS  
WISED UP TO  
US, CAP!

WE'RE IN FOR IT!  
NOW, SID! LET'S  
DO SOME FANCY  
HOPPING!



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE SKY BECOMES  
A PATTERN OF FANTASTIC FIREWORKS!  
AS SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS, TRACER BULLETS,  
AND EXPLODING SHELLS TRY TO DESTROY  
THE LONE ALLIED PLANE!



HERE  
WE GO-  
HANG  
ON!

BOOM!

BANG!





SWIFTER THAN THE EAGLES FLIGHT...! CAPTAIN BATTLE JR. SWINGS HIS PLANE ABOUT IN AN ATTEMPT TO **ESCAPE THE DEADLY BARRAGE!**

NIGHT FIGHTERS, CAP! WE CAN'T LAND WITH THEM ON OUR TAILS!

OH---NO? THEN WE'LL USE OUR WITS TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP!

WHAT ARE YOU HANDIN' ME THIS COAT FOR?

SOAK IT IN GASOLINE, AND DO AS I TELL YOU!

MOMENTS LATER, A HOARSE CHEER GOES UP FROM BELOW, AS ---

HA! VE HAFF SHOT IT! GOOT! CEASE FIRING!

BUT THE FIRE IS ONLY A FLAMING COAT!

OKAY, SID... I'VE CUT THE MOTOR! LET GO OF THE COAT!

AS THE FLAMING COAT DISTRACTS THE WATCHERS BELOW, THE SILENT PLANE GLIDES TO A SAFE LANDING, AND CAP AND SID COVER THE PLANE WITH TREE BRANCHES--

THIS WILL CAMOUFLAGE THE SHIP, AND KEEP HER SAFE TILL WE'RE READY TO LEAVE!

YEAH! BUT WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I WILL DECIDE THAT, GENTLEMEN!





IT'S A NAZI!  
I'LL BLAST  
HIM!

EASY SID! HE'S  
GOT THE DROP  
ON US!

YOU ARE VERY  
WISE! ALLOW ME  
TO INTRODUCE  
MYSELF!

GRRR!



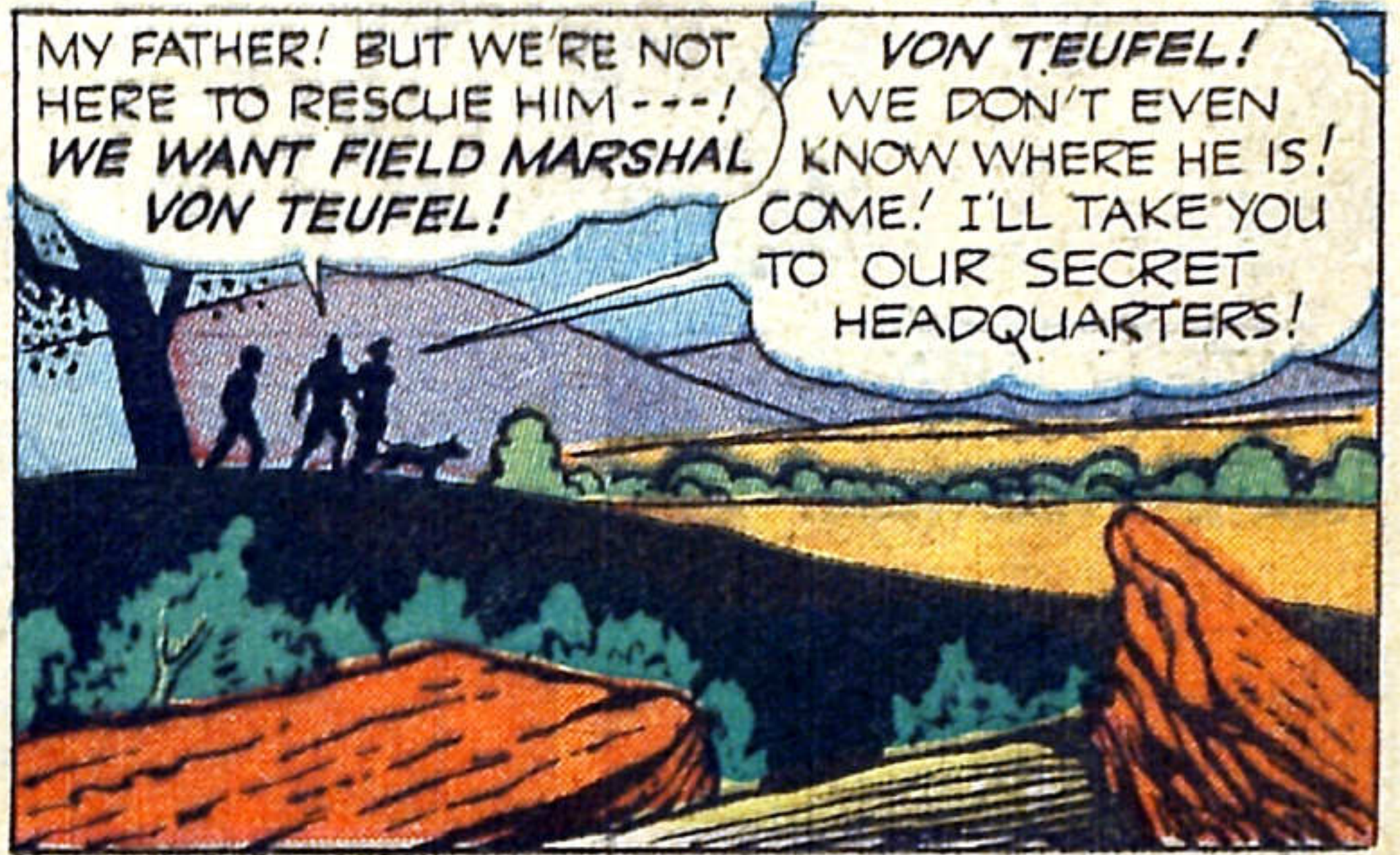
HANS -- OF THE BERLIN UNDERGROUND!  
I MET AMERICANS WHEN I FOUGHT  
THE NAZIS IN SPAIN -- SO I KNOW  
YOU'RE QUICK ON  
THE TRIGGER!

YOW!  
HE'S ONE OF  
US --!



I'M CAPTAIN  
BATTLE -- AND  
THIS IS ---

--- WHAT? THEN WHO  
IS THE CAPTAIN BATTLE  
THE NAZIS HOLD IN  
MOABIT PRISON, HERE?



MY FATHER! BUT WE'RE NOT  
HERE TO RESCUE HIM ---!  
WE WANT FIELD MARSHAL  
VON TEUFEL!

VON TEUFEL!  
WE DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHERE HE IS!  
COME! I'LL TAKE YOU  
TO OUR SECRET  
HEADQUARTERS!



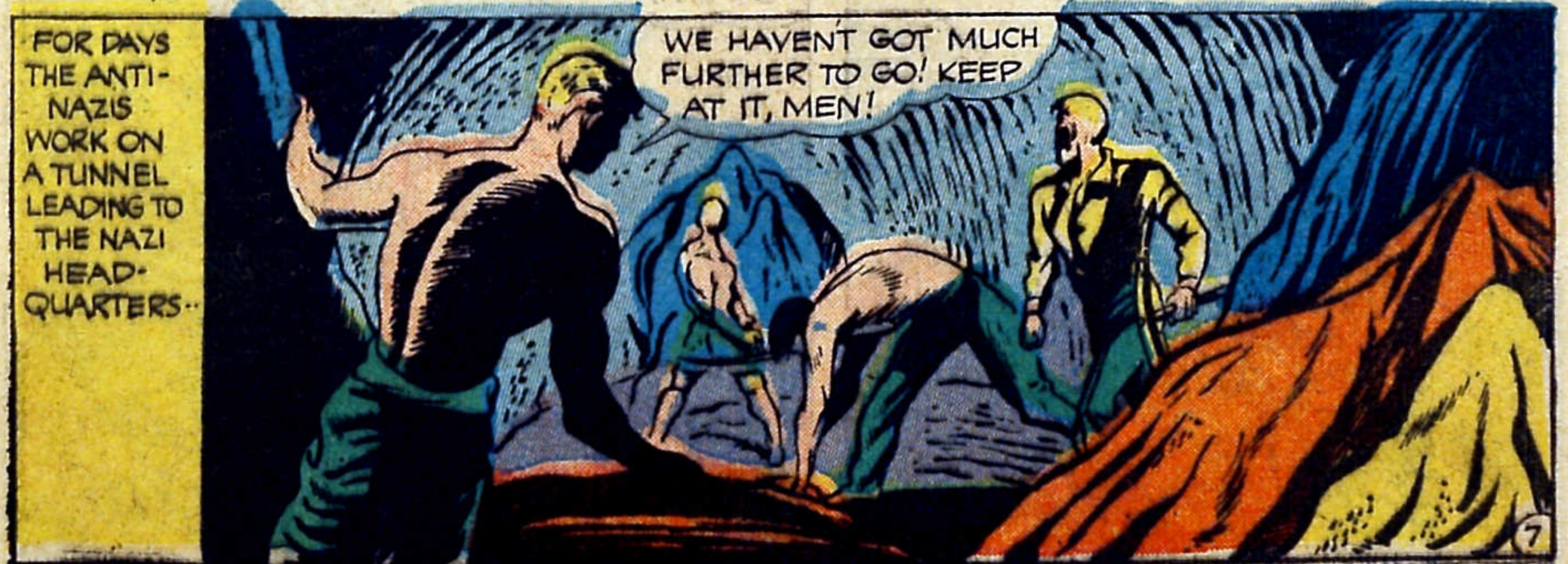
STEALING  
THRU SECRET  
ALLEYS AND  
PASSAGES,  
HANS LEADS  
HIS AMERICAN  
FRIENDS  
TO THE DARK  
INNER  
SANCTUM  
OF THE  
GERMAN  
UNDERGROUND  
MOVEMENT!

NOT FAR FROM HERE, THE NAZIS  
HAVE BUILT A SUBTERRANEAN  
HEADQUARTERS TO USE WHEN  
THE CONTINENT IS  
INVADED!

THAT'S  
WHERE  
VON TEUFEL IS!  
HE HAS CHARGE  
OF THEIR  
DEFENCE!



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO  
GET INTO THAT PLACE --  
BUT MY COMRADES  
AND I SHALL WORK  
OUT SOMETHING!  
I'LL HAVE SOME  
FOOD BROUGHT  
TO YOU!



FOR DAYS  
THE ANTI-  
NAZIS  
WORK ON  
A TUNNEL  
LEADING TO  
THE NAZI  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS --

WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH  
FURTHER TO GO! KEEP  
AT IT, MEN!



ALL  
SET, BOYS-  
LET'S  
GO!



CAUTIOUSLY, QUIETLY, CAP,  
SID, HANS, AND VICTORY,  
CRAWL THROUGH THE HOLE  
LEADING TO THE NAZI DOMAIN-

THERE'S A GUARD  
POSTED AT THE  
END OF THE  
HALL!



BUT VICTORY MAKES QUICK WORK OF HIM!

GET HIM,  
VIC!

RUHRRRRR!

AGH!



THAT'S  
HIS  
OFFICE!  
SID---  
C'MON!

THIS GUY WON'T  
BOTHER US---  
ANYMORE!  
NICE WORK,  
VICTORY!



TALK--YOU BLOATED  
PIG! WHERE'S  
VON TEUFEL?



HIMMEL!



'SMATTER? GOT  
LOCK-JAW? I'LL  
FIX THAT!



DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! HE  
ISS NOT HERE! HE HAS  
GONE TO HIS CASTLE  
ON DER INVASION  
COAST!!

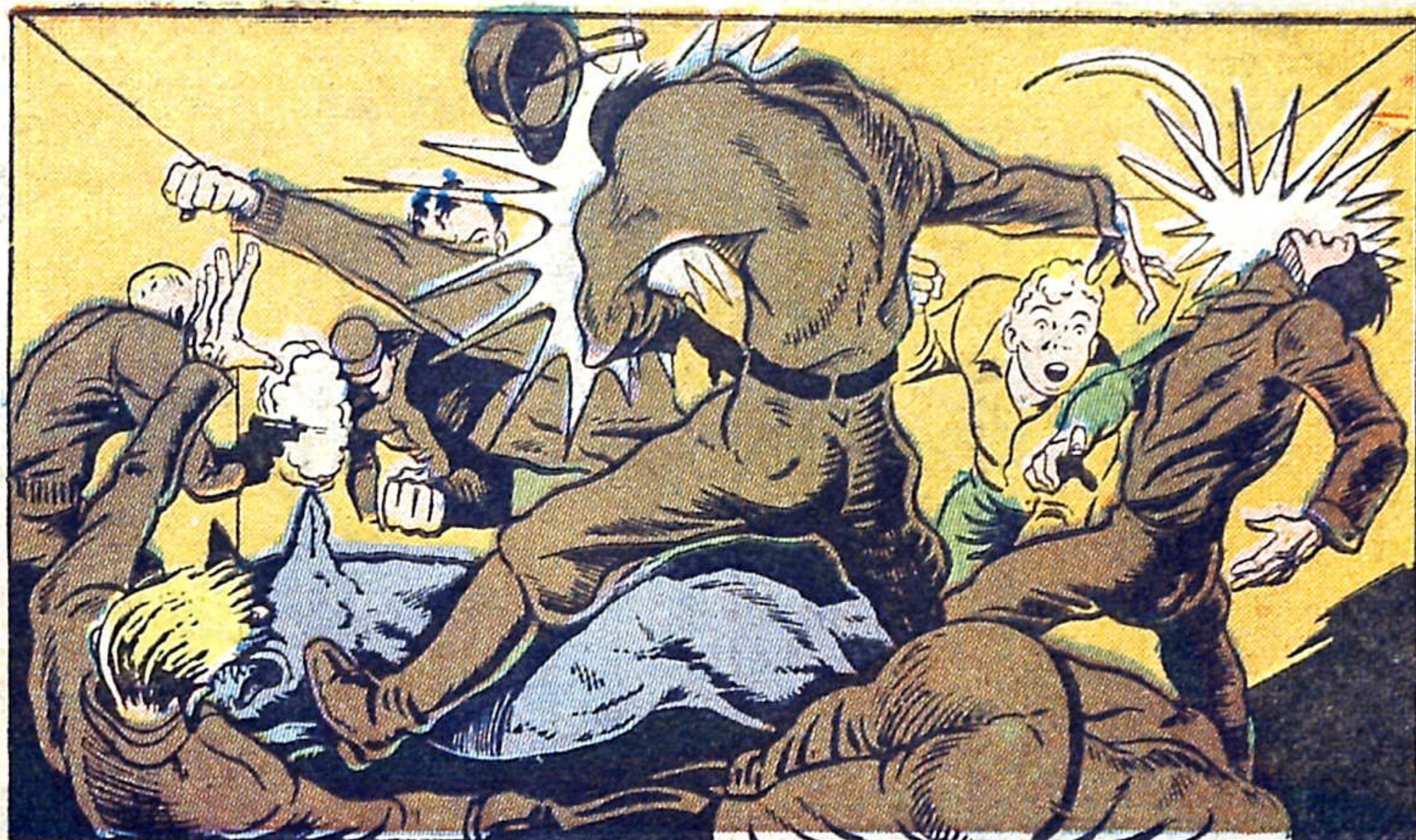


UNNOTICED, THE  
NAZI REACHES  
WITH HIS FOOT  
FOR A SIGNAL  
BUZZER---





MORE NAZIS  
APPEAR ON  
THE SCENE  
AND OUR  
BRAVE  
FRIENDS  
ARE IN  
THE MIDST  
OF A  
BATTLE  
ROYAL!



BUT BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE BOYS  
AND THEIR DOG ARE OVERPOWERED ---

SHOOT DEM AT ONCE! IT  
VILL BE TERRIBLE IF IT ISS  
FOUND OUT OUR SPECIAL  
QUARTERS HAFF  
BEEN ATTACKED!



-- AND TAKEN TO THE YARD OF MOABIT  
PRISON, SCENE OF COUNTLESS NAZI MURDERS!

VICTORY--- HE'S SLIPPING  
OUT OF HIS COLLAR!  
MAYBE HE'LL  
HELP US!

SO LONG  
CAP- IT'S BEEN NICE  
FIGHTIN' SIDE  
BY SIDE WITH  
YA!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!  
HE'S -- HE'S DESERTING  
US!



-- BUT THE LOYAL  
DOG IS FAR FROM  
DESERTING HIS  
BELOVED MASTER---



PRISON  
BREAK!

QUICK!  
CLOSE ALL  
DER DOORS!

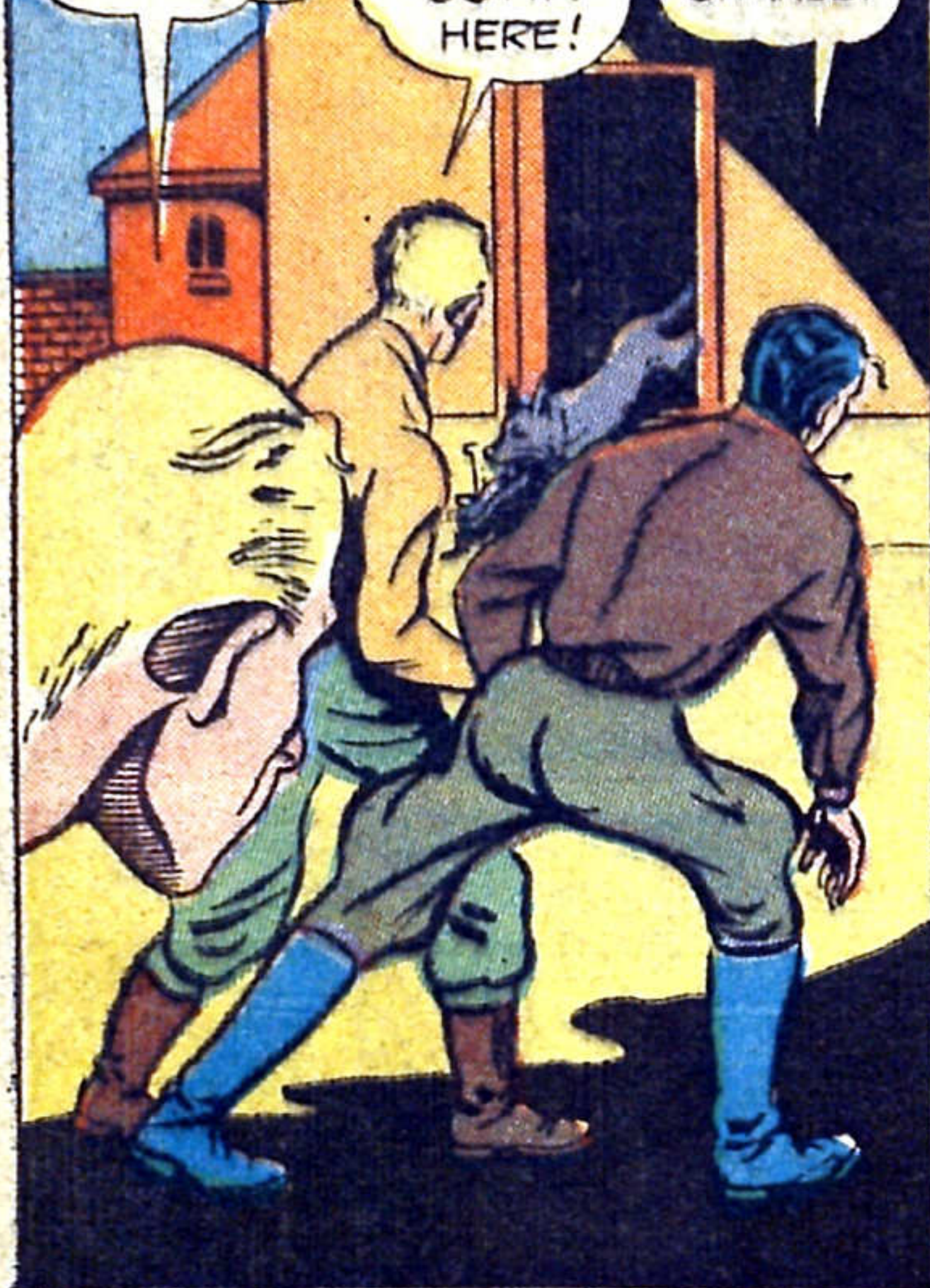


--IN A PANIC, THE GUARDS RUSH TO CLOSE THE GATES, LEAVING OUR FRIENDS UNGUARDED--

IT'S VICTORY!  
HE SET OFF  
THE ALARM!

YEAH! BUT  
WE STILL  
CAN'T GET  
OUTTA  
HERE!

THIS WAY!  
WE'VE  
GOTTA  
CHANCE!



CAP  
LEADS  
THE BOYS  
TO THE  
CELL  
BLOCKS,  
AND---

ASK THE PRISONERS TO  
HELP US WHEN I OPEN  
THEIR CELL  
DOORS!

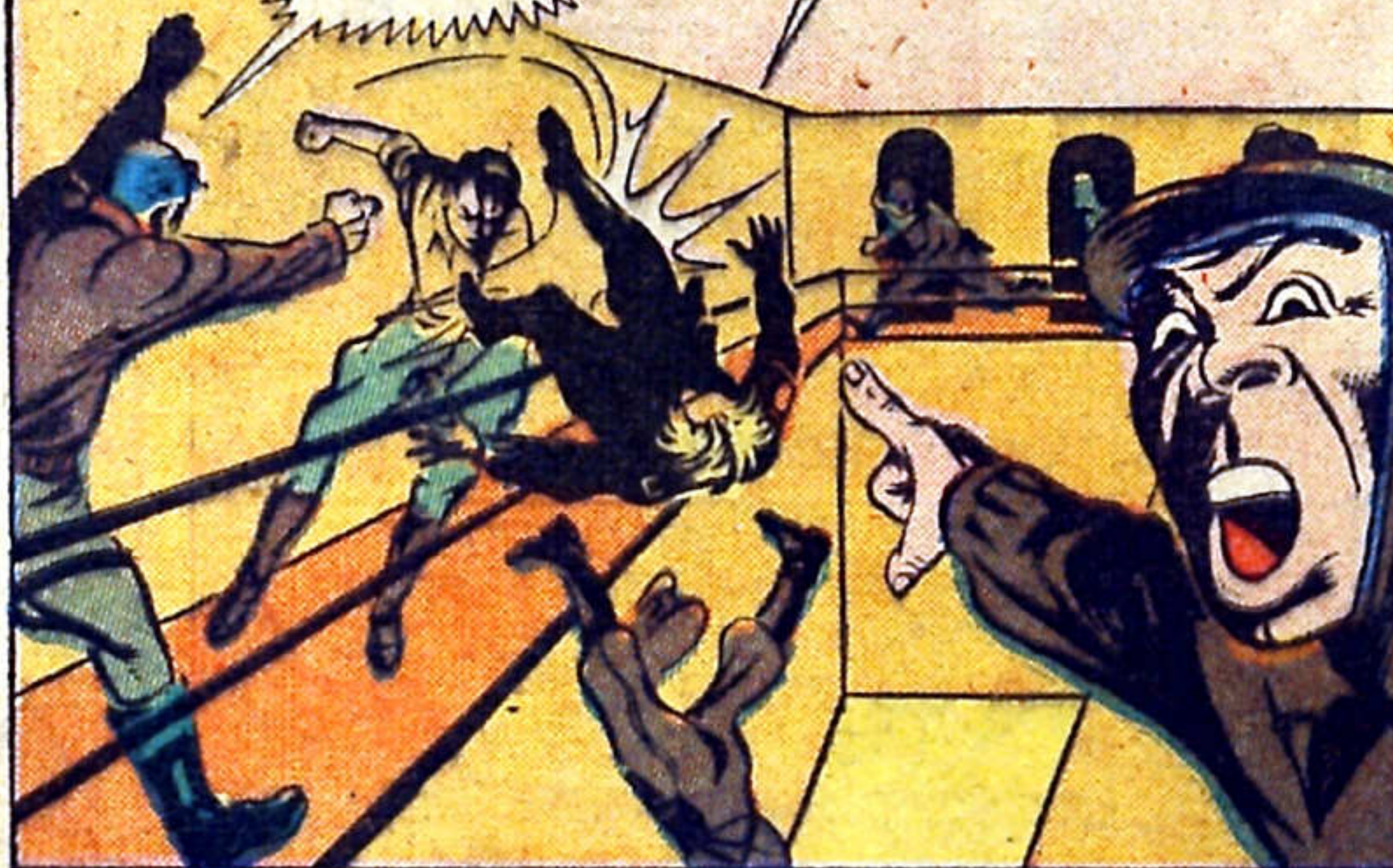
GOOD  
IDEA!



THE  
NEXT  
INSTANT

DOWN WITH  
THE NAZIS!  
HELP US  
ESCAPE!

NIEDER MIT DEM NAZIS!  
HOCH FREIHEIT!



---AND AS THE PRISONERS ATTACK THE GUARDS, A GAUNT, SHACKLED FIGURE STANDS AT A CELL DOOR! HIS CRACKED, HOARSE VOICE RISES IN DESPERATE APPEAL---

SON! SON!  
HELP  
ME---  
HELP!



THIS WAS ONCE THE MIGHTIEST  
ANTI-NAZI OF THEM ALL---  
CAPTAIN BATTLE, SR....!!

FATHER!

WE CAN'T  
WAIT FOR  
HIM!  
COME ON!



LATER, AT THE SECRET LANDING FIELD--

MY FATHER WILL THINK I HAVE  
DESERTED HIM--- BUT I HAVE MY  
DUTY TO DO! WE MUST GO AFTER  
VON TEUFEL....!

YOUR FATHER  
WILL UNDERSTAND  
CAP!



---GRIMLY, CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR. PURSUES THE FANATICAL VON TEUFEL! WILL THE CUNNING NAZI BE CAUGHT, ENDING THE LAST HOPE OF HITLER? --OR WILL HE SLIP THRU TO CARRY OUT HIS DASTARDLY PLANS?





THE SECRET OF HITLER'S LAST DESPERATE DEFENSE AGAINST A SECOND FRONT IN EUROPE IS LOCKED IN THE CUNNING BRAIN OF FIELD MARSHAL VON TEUFEL!

AND AS THE CHASE NOW BRINGS CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR., SID KAPLAN, AND VICTORY, TO AN OLD FRENCH CASTLE, ON THE FRENCH COAST, A NEW MENACE ARISES!

**CAPT. GUNTHER RATZ!**

PRIDE OF THE BRUTAL GESTAPO POLICE, ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE WILY FIELD MARSHAL BY HITLER HIMSELF!



CAPTAIN GUNTHER RATZ RECEIVES AN URGENT CALL FROM BERLIN!

MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN BATTLE JR., AND HIS COMRADE REACH THE CASTLE... HIDING THEIR PLANE, THEY...

**DONNERVETTER!** THE BERLIN HEADQUARTERS RAIDED BY AMERICANS? **YES!** I SHALL BE READY FOR THEM WHEN THEY COME! DO NOT WORRY!

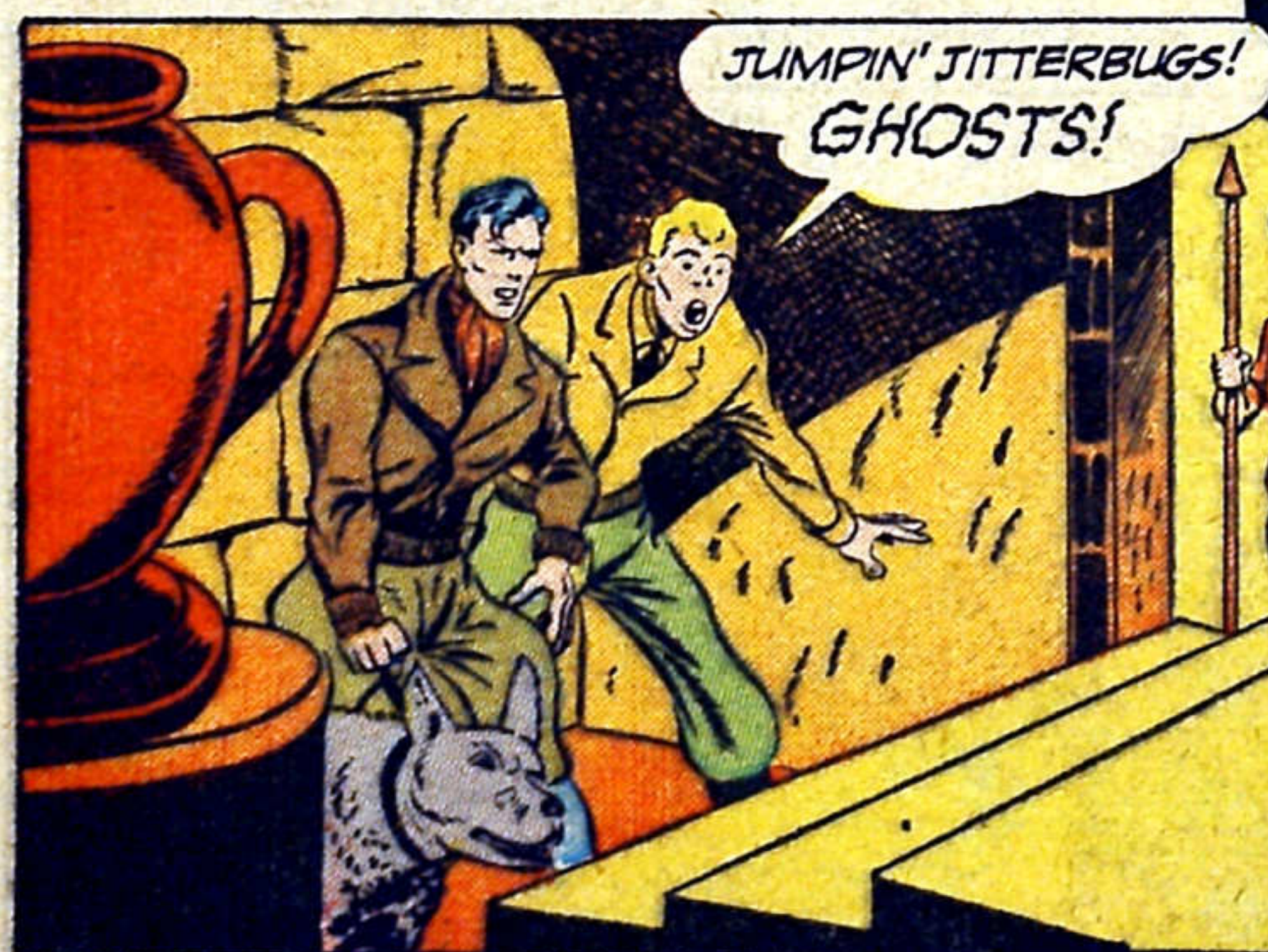


THIS IS IT, SID! WE MADE IT!

-SURE, NOW WHAT?







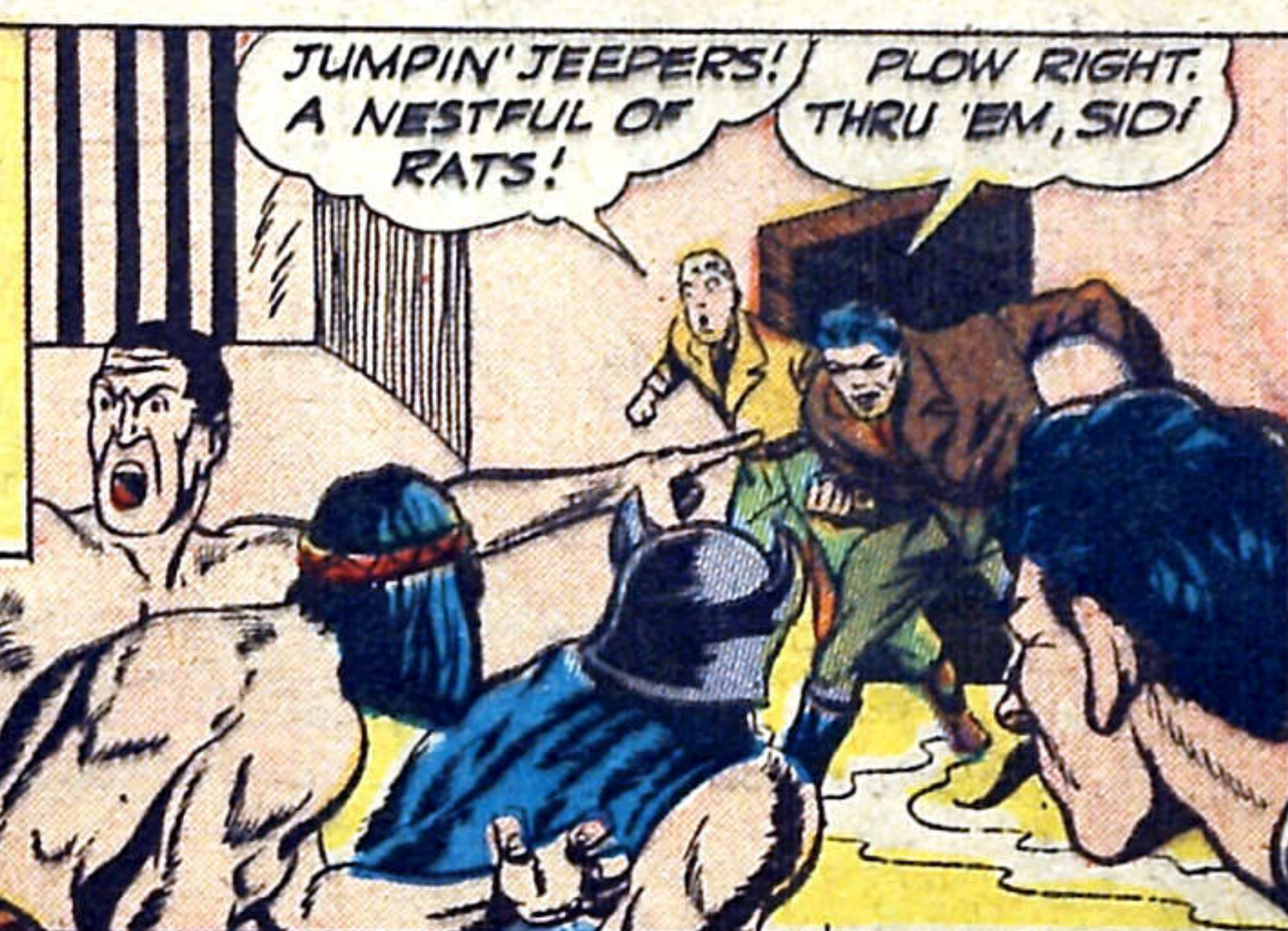
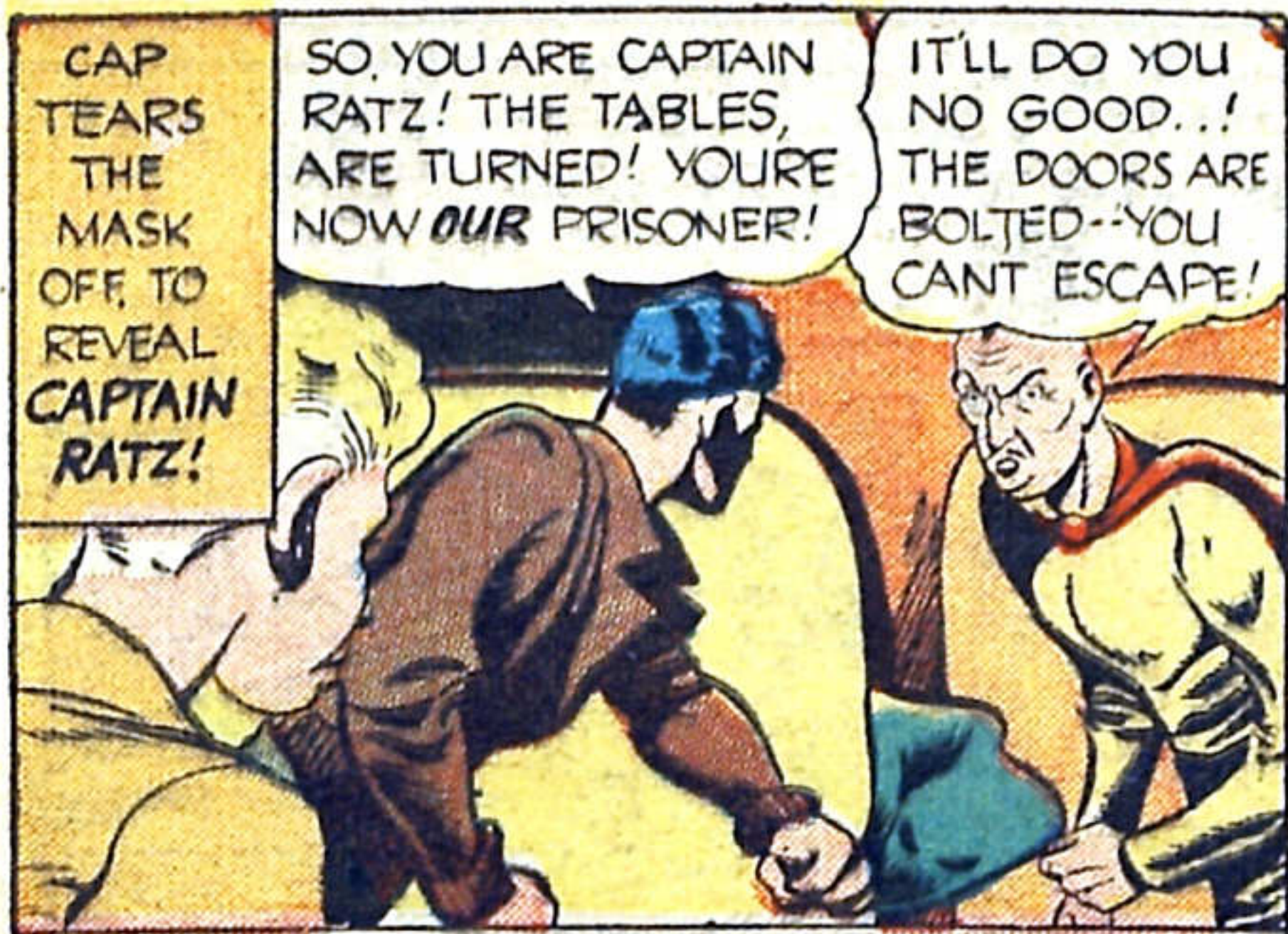












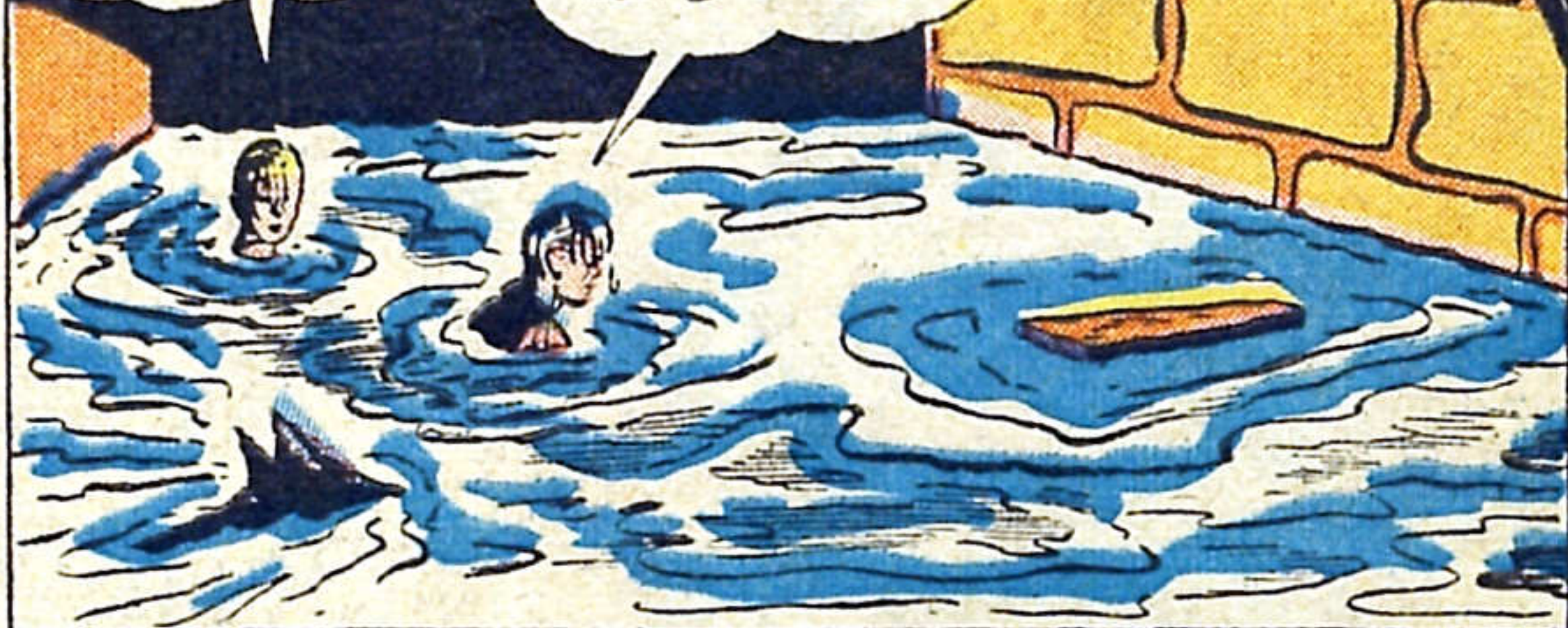


--DOWN, DOWN, THEY FALL,  
INTO A BODY OF WATER!



WOW! THAT  
WAS SOME FLOP!  
--- AND THERE  
DOESN'T SEEM TO  
BE ANY WAY  
OUTTA HERE!

LOOK! THAT PIECE  
OF WOOD-- IT'S DRIFT-  
ING TOWARD THE WALL--  
THERE MUST BE AN  
OPENING BELOW  
THE SURFACE!  
LET'S DIVE!



WONDER  
WHERE THIS  
WILL LEAD  
TO?



HOLY  
SMOKE!  
IT'S AN  
UNDERGROUND  
SUB BASE!

YES! ---  
THAT CASTLE  
WAS JUST  
A COVER  
FOR IT!  
SHHHHHH!  
SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



I COULD NOT TRICK  
THE INFORMATION OUT  
OF THEM HERR FIELD  
MARSHAL-- BUT I BELIEVE  
THEY ARE AFTER YOU!

NONSENSE! HOW  
COULD THE ALLIES  
KNOW I CARRY  
THE DEFENSE PLANS  
IN MY HEAD  
EH?



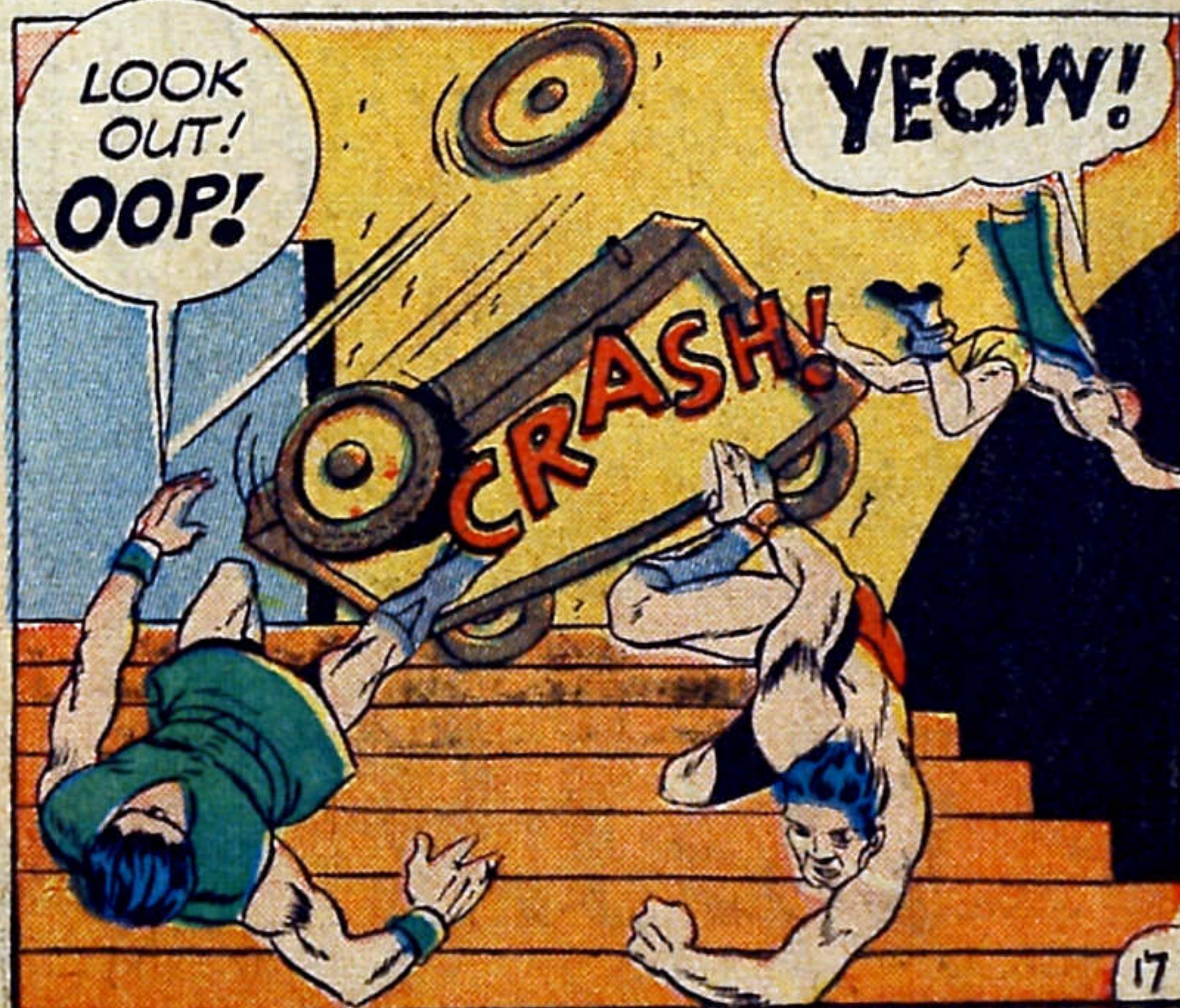
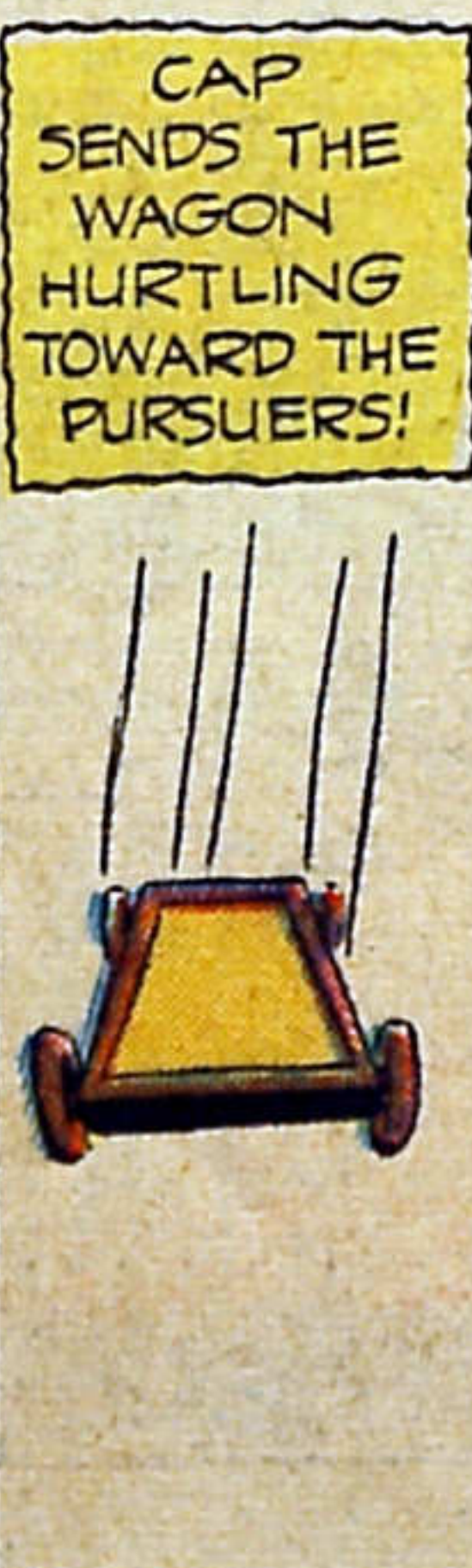
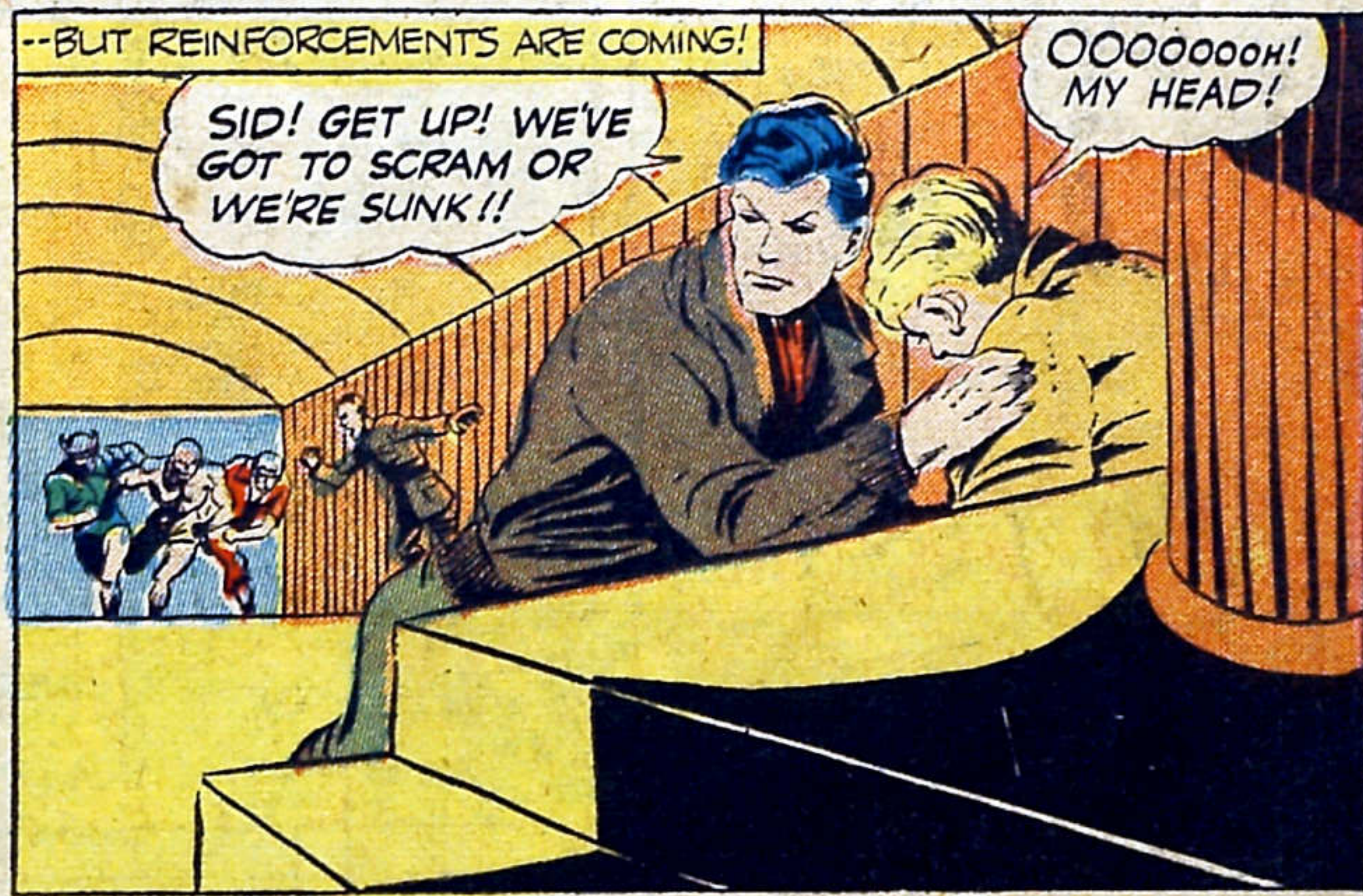
-- BUT, TAKE GREATER  
PRECAUTIONS FOR MY  
SAFETY! REMEMBER--  
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE  
TO DER FUEHRER  
HIMSELF!

YOU GRAB VON TEUFEL!  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
RATZ!

RIGHTS!







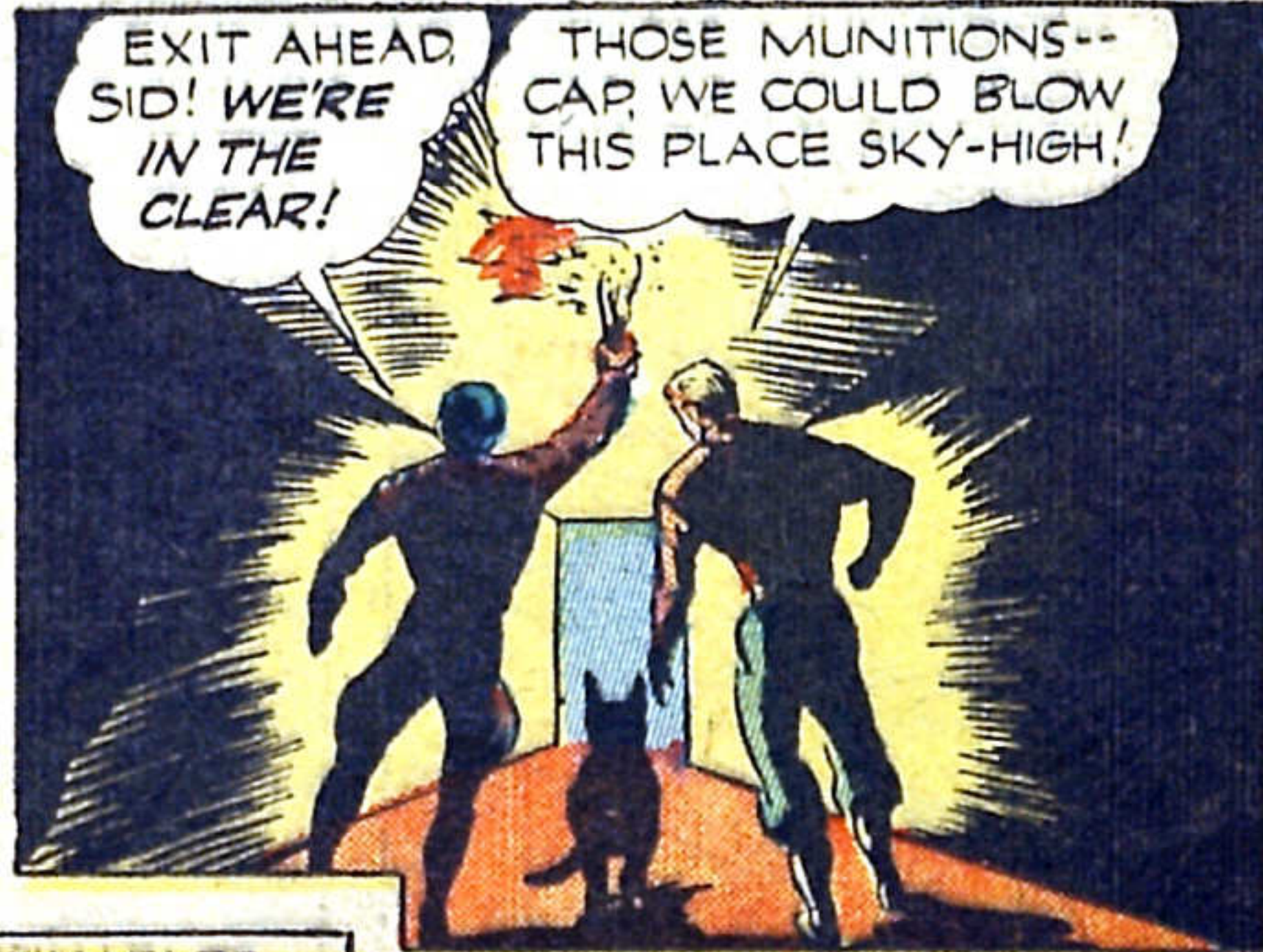




INSIDE  
THE  
TUNNEL--

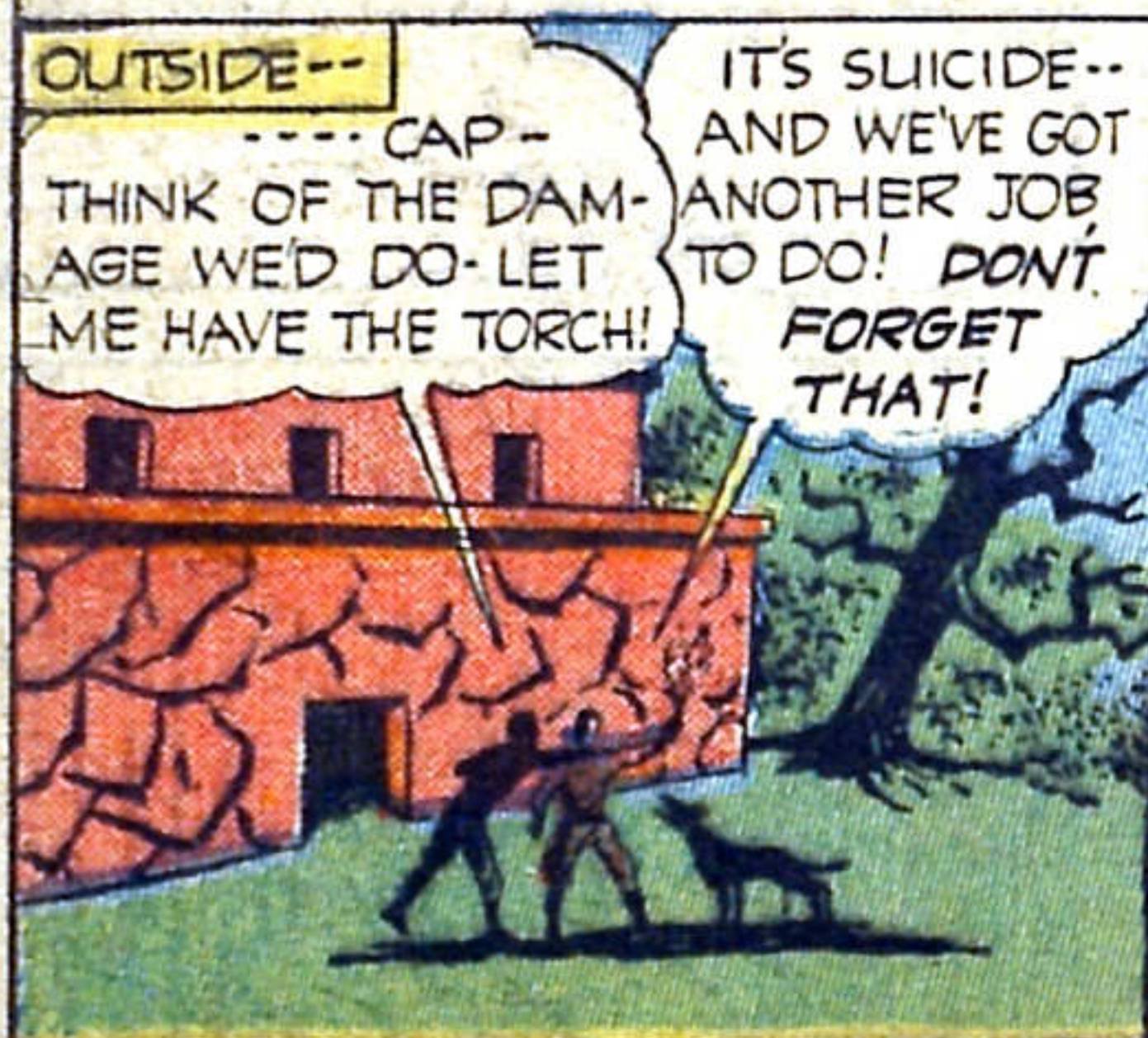
I'LL DIP THIS WOOD  
INTO GASOLINE  
AND MAKE A  
TORCH!

CAP! THIS IS  
THEIR MUNITIONS  
ROOM!



EXIT AHEAD,  
SID! WE'RE  
IN THE  
CLEAR!

THOSE MUNITIONS--  
CAP, WE COULD BLOW  
THIS PLACE SKY-HIGH!



OUTSIDE--

---- CAP --  
THINK OF THE DAM-  
AGE WE'D DO- LET  
ME HAVE THE TORCH!

IT'S SUICIDE--  
AND WE'VE GOT  
ANOTHER JOB  
TO DO! DON'T  
FORGET  
THAT!

VICTORY SWIFTLY LEAPS  
UP AND GRABS THE TORCH  
OUT OF CAP'S HAND...

---WHA...!  
VICTORY!



AND FOR THE FIRST AND LAST  
TIME, THE FAITHFUL DOG DISOBEYS  
HIS BELOVED MASTER, TO RUSH  
INTO THE FORTRESS WITH  
THE FLAMING TORCH!

VICTORY! COME  
BACK!!!



MOMENTS LATER, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION  
ROCKS THE VERY EARTH!!



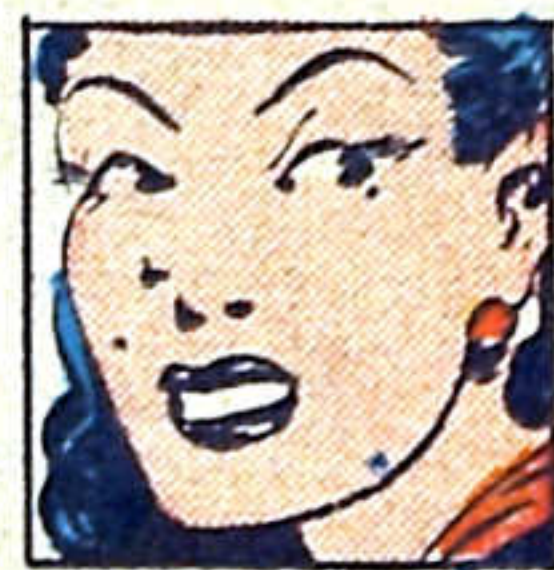
WE'VE GOT  
TO GET TO  
PARIS AFTER  
VON TEUFEL!  
THAT'S, WHERE  
HE SAID HE  
WAS HEADIN'!

YES, SID! NOTHING MUST  
STOP US NOW!... VICTORY  
GAVE HIS LIFE SO THAT  
WE COULD CARRY ON!

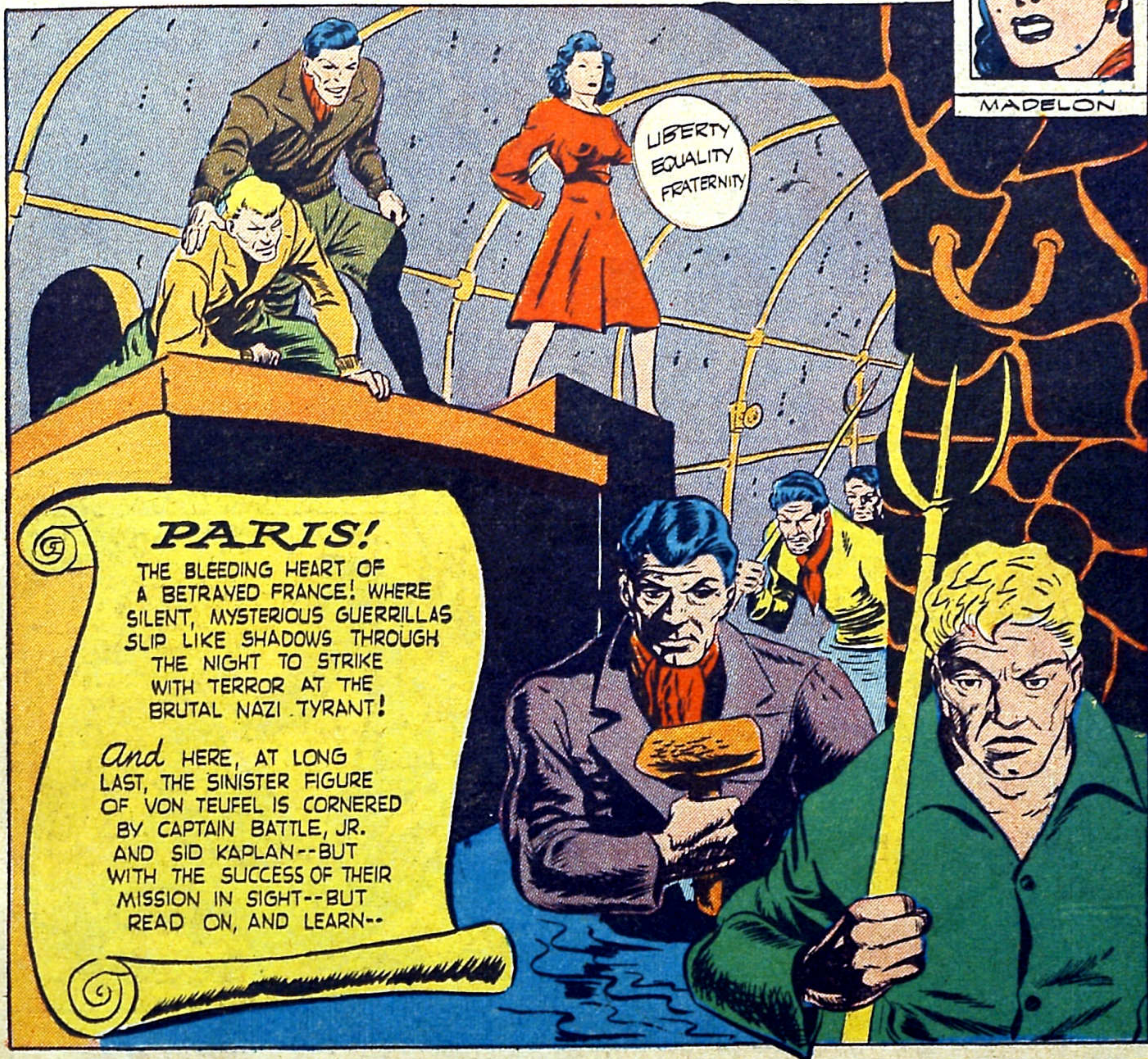
THEIR STALUNCH FRIEND ---VICTORY,  
IS GONE!... BUT HE WILL NEVER  
BE FORGOTTEN BY CAPT. BATTLE,  
JR., SID KAPLAN, AND US!

And... THEY TURN THEIR  
FACES TOWARD PARIS, AND  
THEIR DANGEROUS MISSION...





MADELON



IN THE POOREST SECTION OF PARIS, A CONSULTATION IS HELD IN A CAFE--

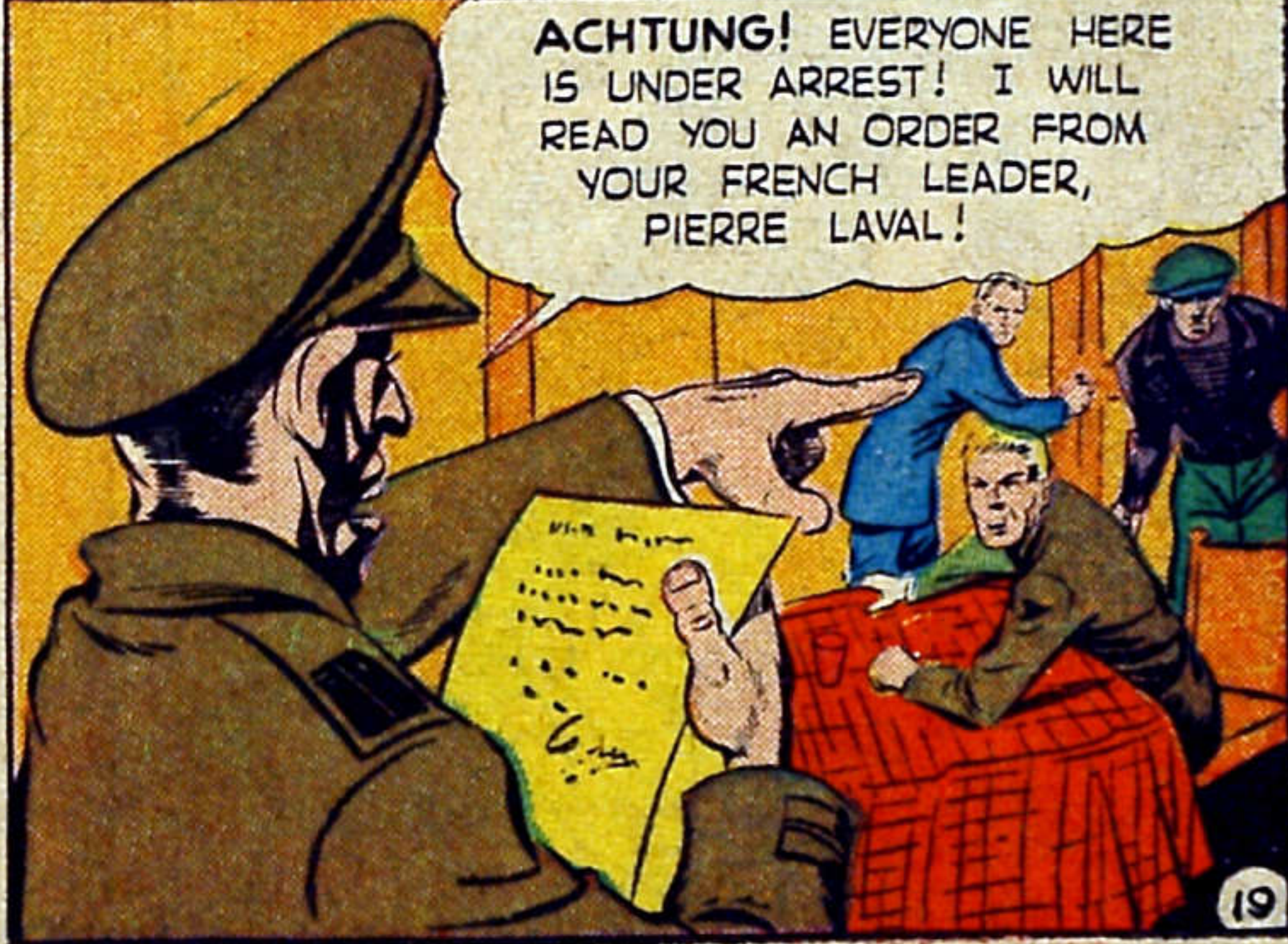
FOR OUR MISSION, WE'LL NEED A BAND OF BRAVE PATRIOTS--

OUI! I WILL SEND YOU TO SUCH A FEARLESS GROUP!



---SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURTS OPEN!

ACHTUNG! EVERYONE HERE IS UNDER ARREST! I WILL READ YOU AN ORDER FROM YOUR FRENCH LEADER, PIERRE LAVAL!





TO FURTHER OUR FRIENDLY COLLABORATION  
EVERY FRENCHMAN BETWEEN THE AGES  
OF 16 AND 60  
MUST GO TO WORK  
FOR THE NEW  
GERMANY!



- BUT  
THE  
HEROIC  
FRENCH  
HAVE  
THEIR  
OWN  
WAY TO  
SHOW  
FRIEND-  
SHIP  
FOR  
NAZI  
OP-  
PRESSION-



SUDDENLY, LIGHTS GO OUT--  
GUNS BURST IN THE DARKNESS!



MINUTES LATER--THE LIGHTS GO ON!

THEY--THEY  
GOT HIM!

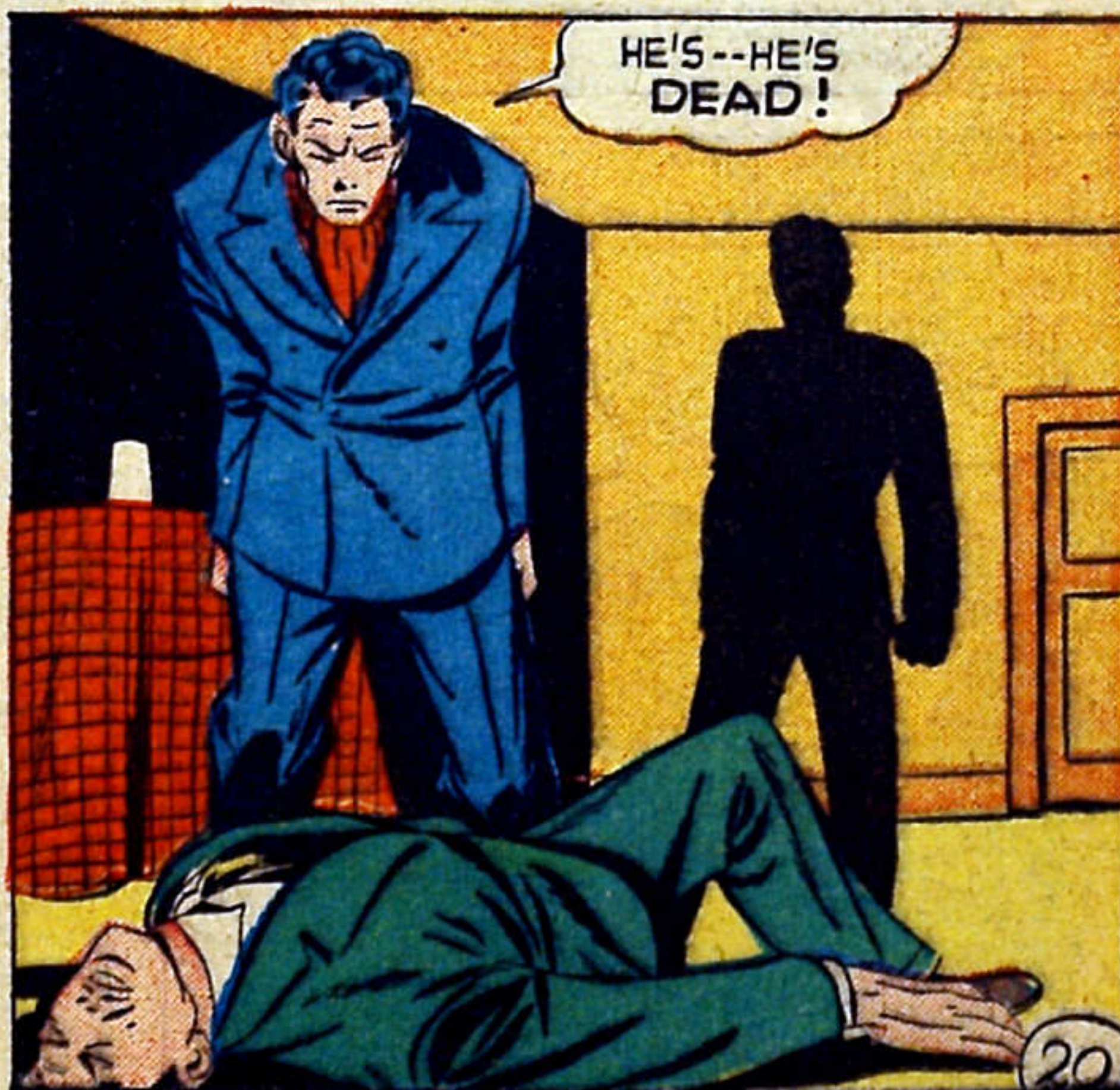
OUI, MON AMI!  
I AM DYING, BUT  
QUICKLY--GET  
AWAY--FROM HERE!



THROUGH THE CELLAR--  
--GO INTO--THE--THE  
SEWERS--THERE YOU--  
WILL--WILL FIND--THE  
GHOST  
GUERRILLAS!



HE'S--HE'S  
DEAD!





QUICKY, CAP AND SID RACE  
DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS---

WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND THE SEWERS  
BEFORE THE  
RATZIS GET  
HEP TO US!

YEAH! SHAKE  
AN ANKLE,  
CAP!



THIS IS IT,  
SID---C'MON!

THROUGH  
THE  
ANCIENT  
MYSTERIOUS  
SEWERS  
OF  
PARIS  
GO OUR  
TWO  
FRIENDS

HEY! THERE'S  
SOMEONE UP  
AHEAD! LOOKA  
THE RIG ON  
HIM!

MUST BE ONE OF  
THE GHOST GUERRILLAS!  
HEY, THERE! WE'RE  
FRIENDS!



MAYBE HE  
CAN'T HEAR  
SO GOOD--

HEY, BUD!  
WE'RE  
LOOKIN' FOR  
THE---

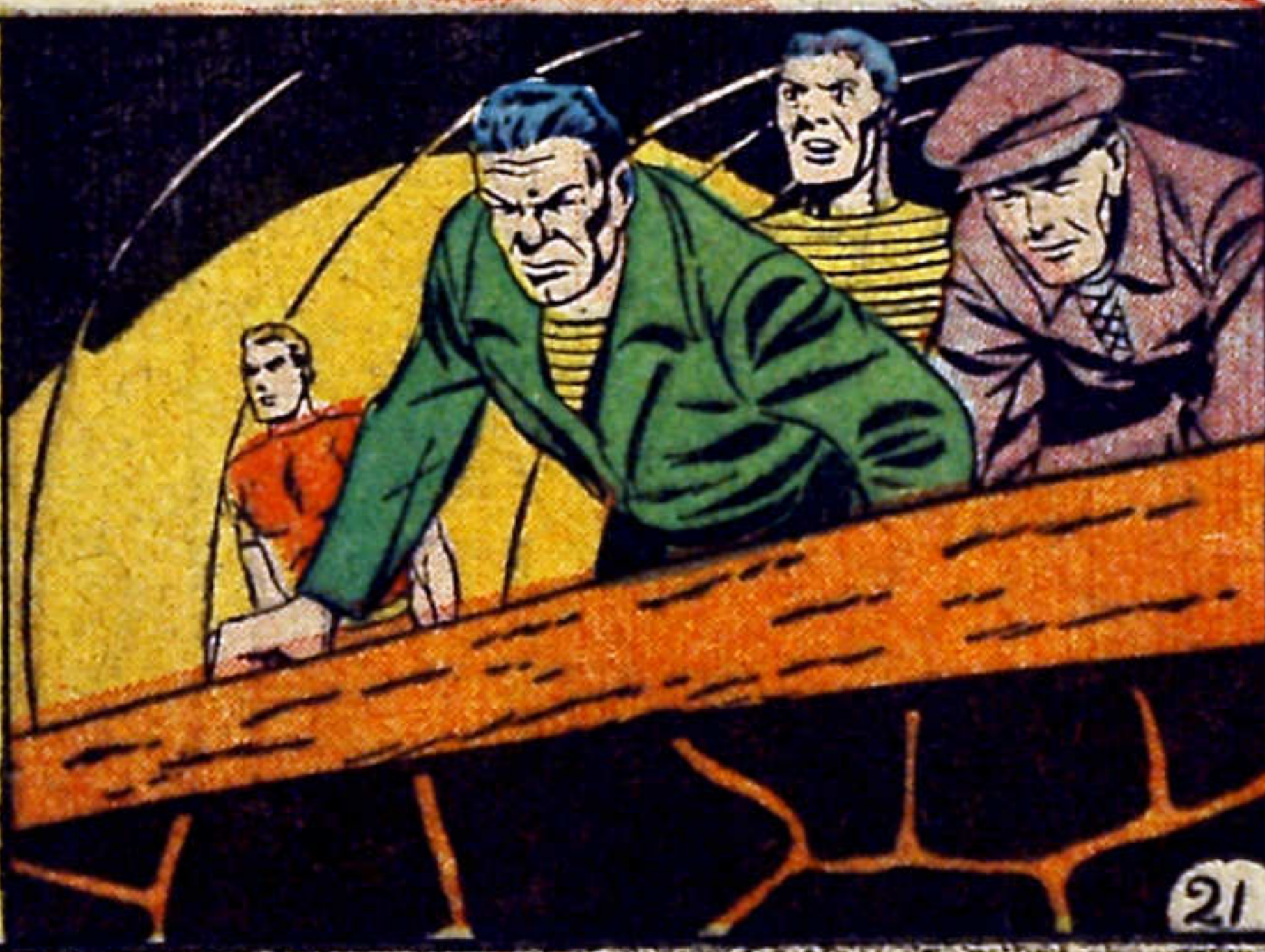
BUT-- AS SID TOUCHES THE EERIE FIGURE---

WHAT TH-- HE  
FLOPPED ON  
ME!

IT'S AN OLD SKELETON!  
WONDER  
WHY IT  
WAS  
PUT  
THERE?



AND WELL  
MIGHT CAP  
WONDER!  
FOR THE  
FALLING  
SKELETON  
PULLED A  
WIRE  
WHICH GAVE  
A SIGNAL  
TO THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
MEN OF THE  
SEWERS!







**BLINDFOLDED, CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR. AND SID KAPLAN ARE TAKEN INTO AN INNER ROOM---**

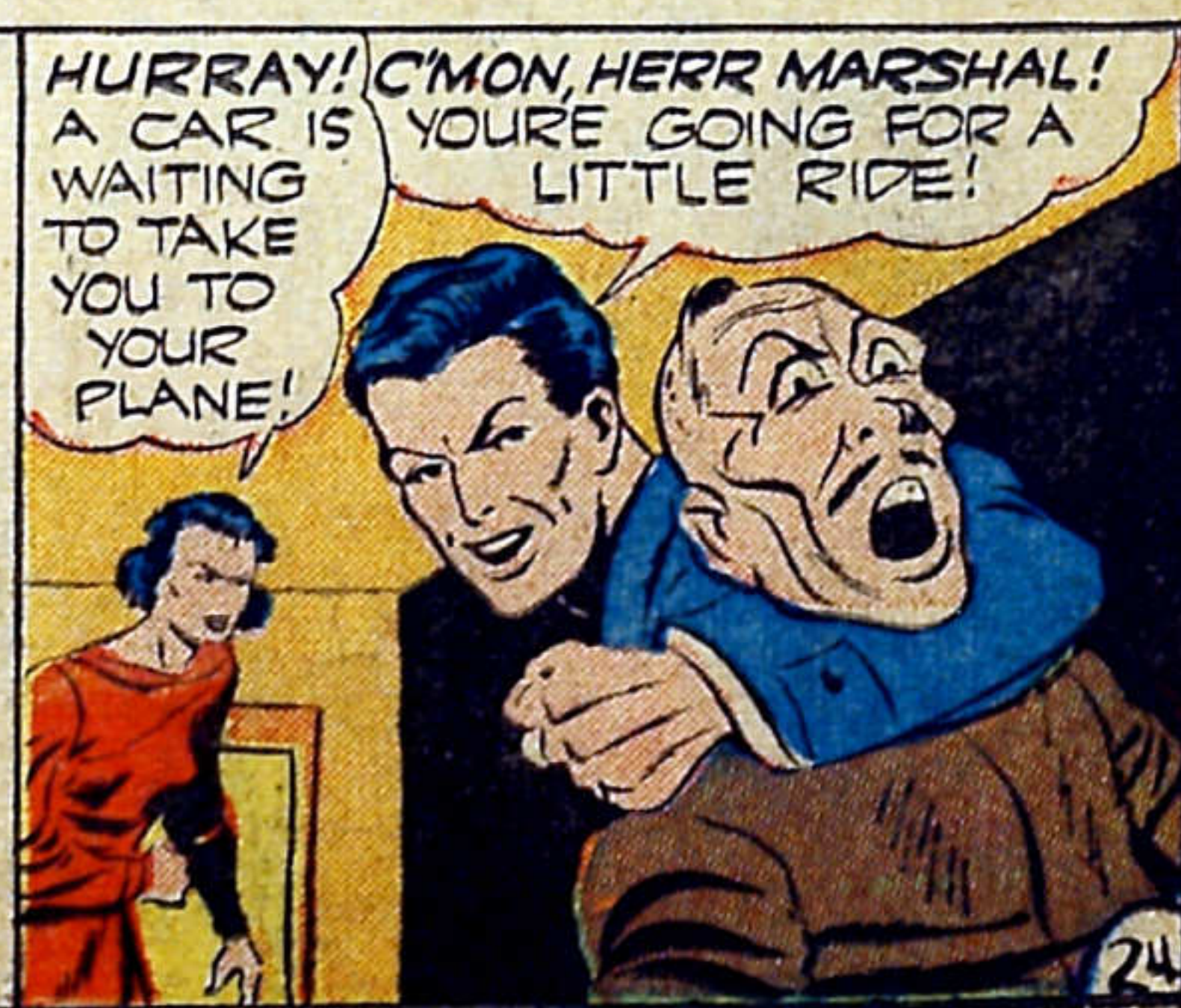
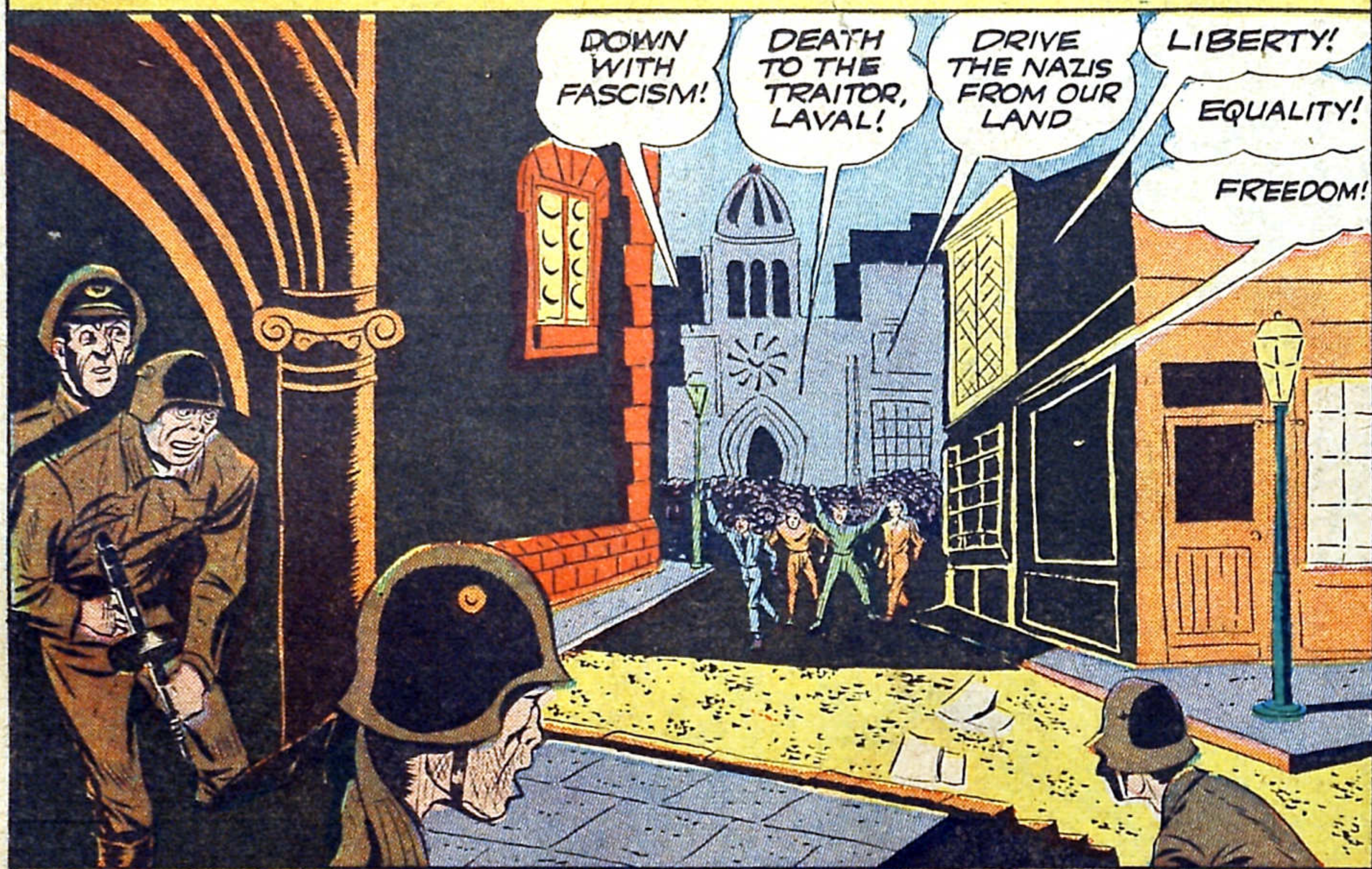








--AND HERE IS THE HORROR THAT RISES BEFORE THE FRIGHTENED EYES OF THE NAZI OFFICIALS! LED BY THE GHOST GUERRILLAS, THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE COME OUT INTO THE STREETS TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR LOVE OF FREEDOM! ---





A LITTLE LATER--AT THE SECRET AIRFIELD---

AH! HOME-  
WARD BOUND  
AT LAST!

PS-SST, MADELON! LOOK  
AT VON TEUFEL! HE'S  
NOT LIMPING!

OUT! THERE  
IS SOMETHING  
WRONG  
HERE!



SID, WE'LL  
CIRCLE THIS FIELD  
AND THEN YOU TOSS  
VON TEUFEL OUT--  
WITHOUT A  
CHUTE!

NEIN!  
NEIN!  
D-DONT  
DO THAT!

I'M GOING TO  
TRY SOMETHING!  
HOPE IT  
WORKS!

HUH?



YOU HAVF MADE  
A MISTAKE! I AM  
ONLY VON TEUFEL'S  
DOUBLE! THIS METAL  
HAND IS FALSE--SEE?

I THOUGHT SO!  
WHERE IS  
VON TEUFEL?..



HE HAS GONE TO BERLIN--TO PUT HIS  
PLAN INTO ACTION! HE KNOWS  
YOU ARE AFTER HIM AND  
SO I WAS PUT HERE TO  
THROW YOU OFF THE  
TRAIL!

HMMMM!  
NOW OUR  
TASK IS  
GOING TO  
BE TWICE  
AS HARD!



WE HAVENT GOT  
MUCH TIME LEFT!  
SID-- WE'VE GOT TO  
SPLIT UP!

WHAT?

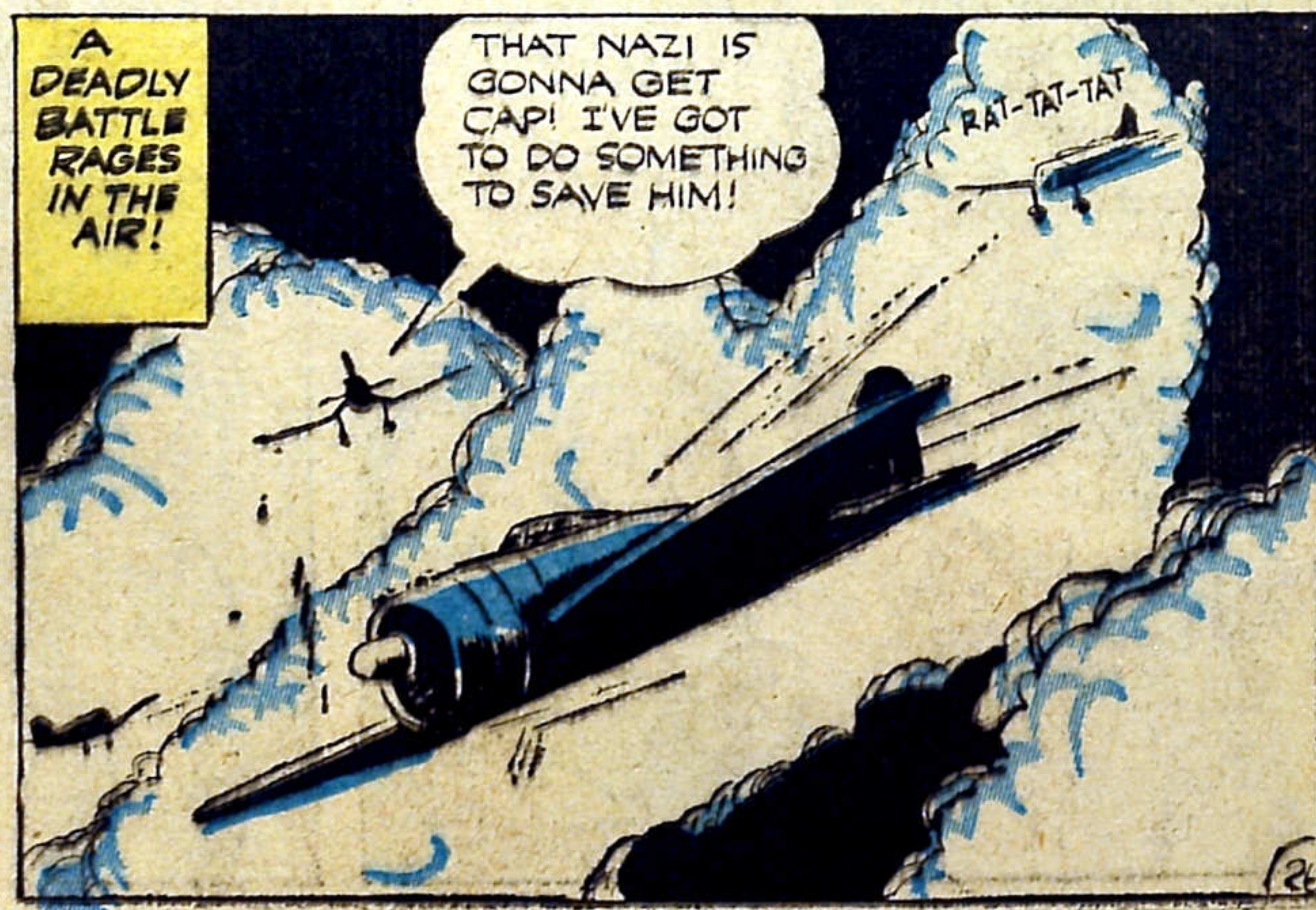


WE'VE GOT TO STEAL A  
PLANE FOR SID! AT  
LEAST ONE OF US MUST  
GET TO BERLIN!

THERE'S A  
NAZI AIRFIELD  
NEARBY---  
WITH PLENTY  
OF NICE FAST  
PLANES!

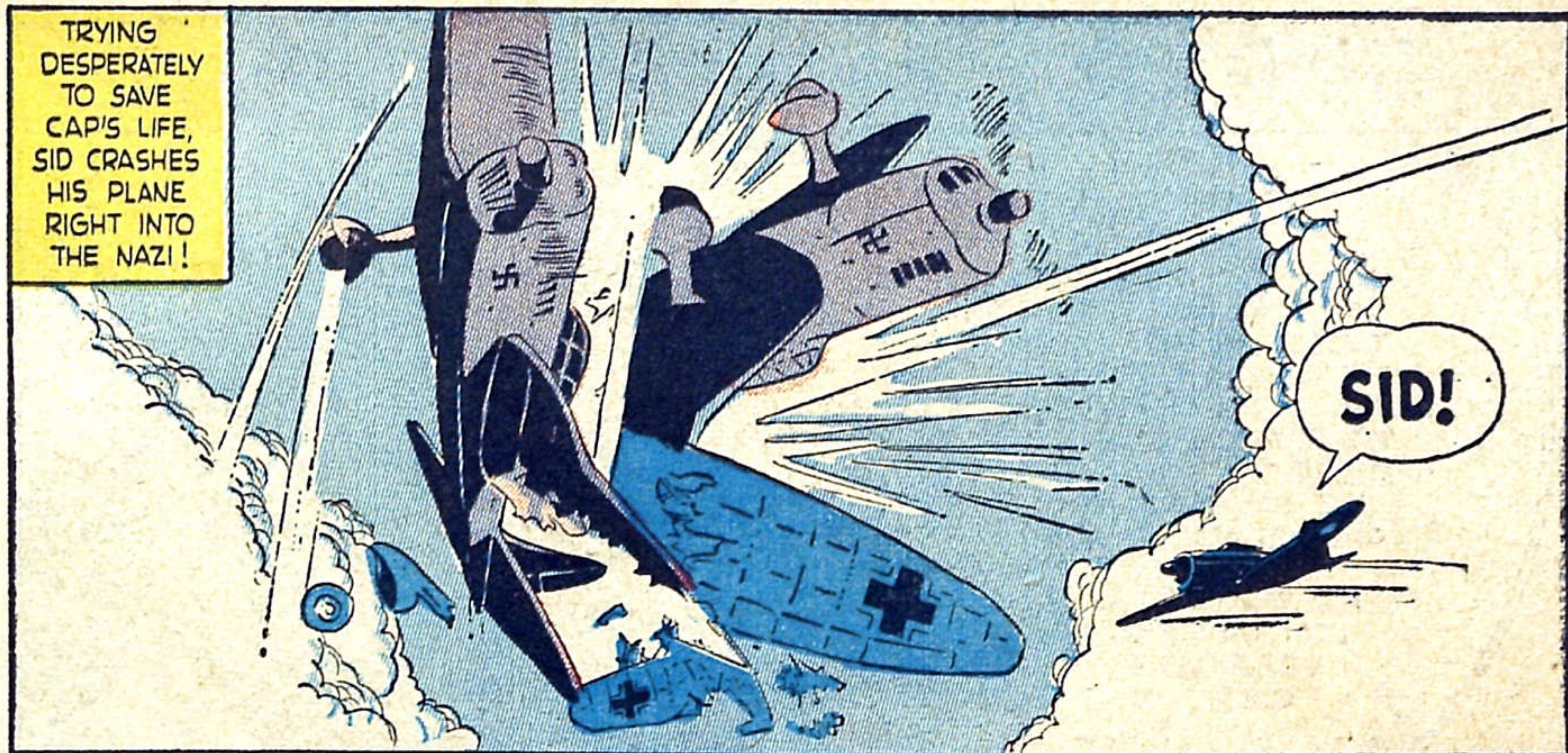








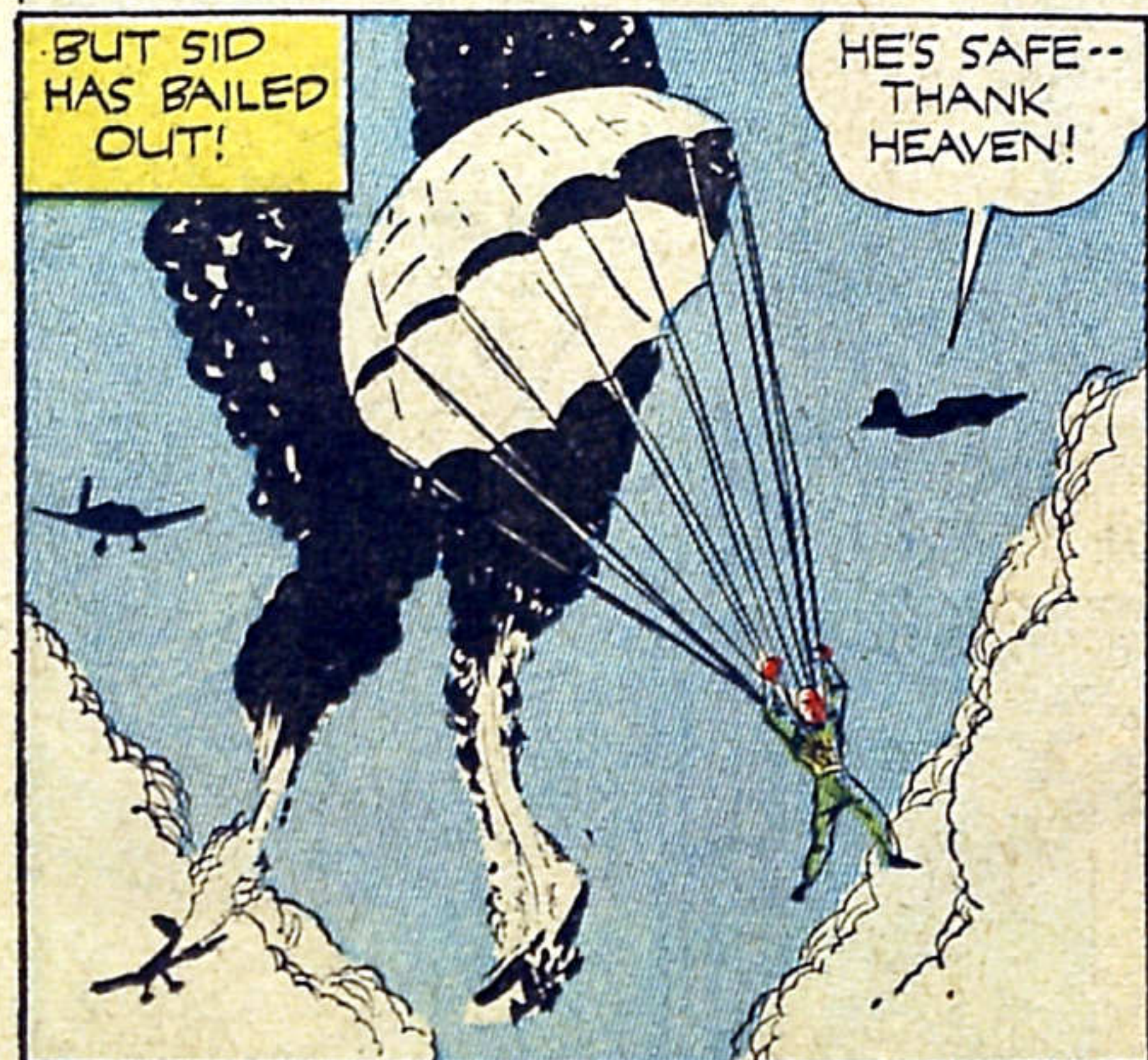
TRYING  
DESPERATELY  
TO SAVE  
CAP'S LIFE,  
SID CRASHES  
HIS PLANE  
RIGHT INTO  
THE NAZI!



SID!

BUT SID  
HAS BAILED  
OUT!

HE'S SAFE--  
THANK  
HEAVEN!



--THE NEXT INSTANT, THE THIRD PLANE ATTACKS--  
SID IS MACHINE-GUNNED TO DEATH!

AAAGHHHHH!

YOU  
DIRTY  
RAT!



--AND CAPTAIN BATTLE,  
JR. AVENGES HIS FRIEND--

GOTCHA!  
YA---

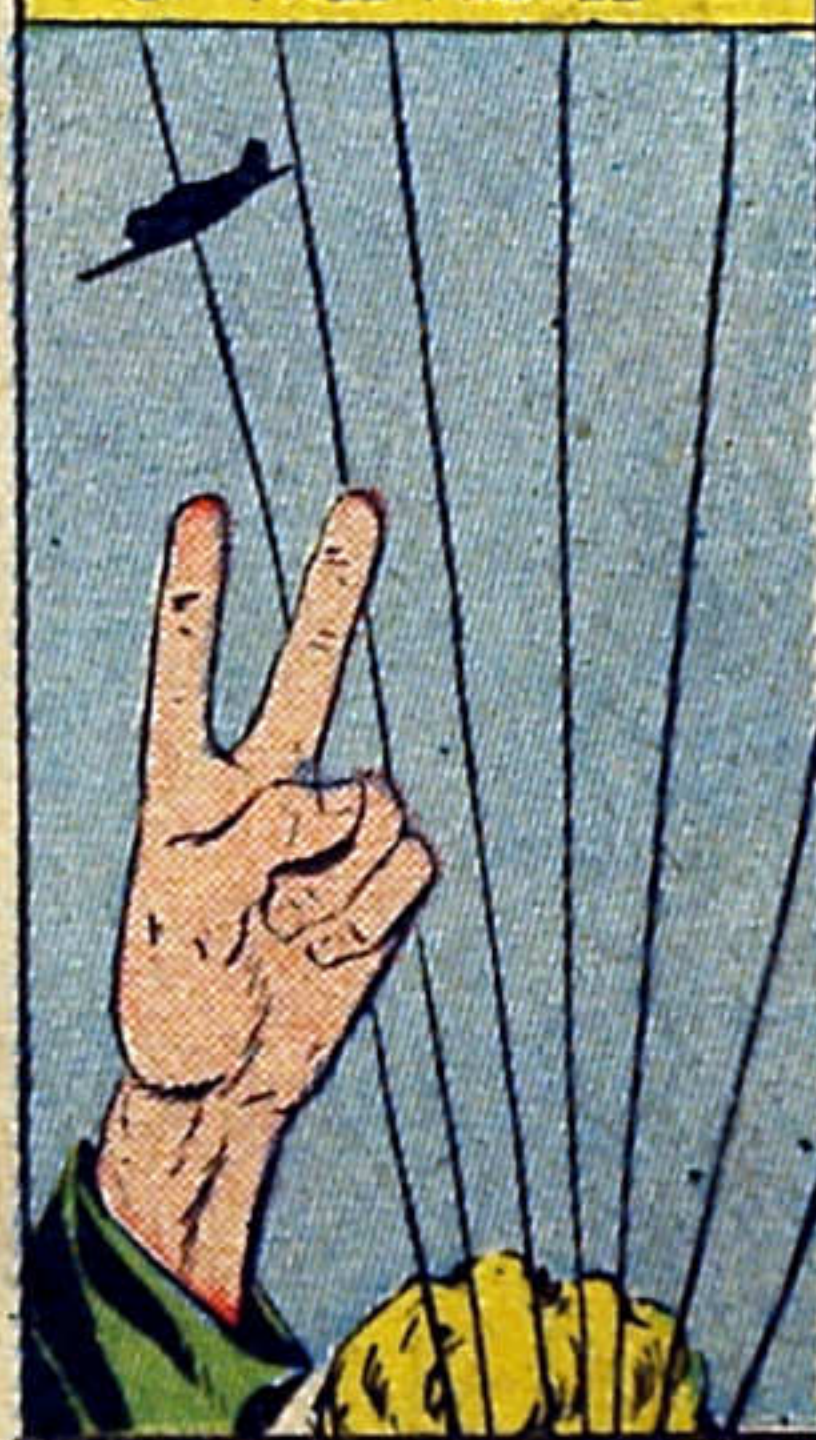


--AND DIPS HIS PLANE  
TO SALLUTE FOR THE  
LAST TIME, A GREAT  
HERO, AND HIS BEST  
FRIEND---

GOODBYE---SID!  
YOU'RE--A MIGHTY  
--BRAVE SOLDIER--



WITH THE LAST OUNCE  
OF HIS FADING STRENGTH,  
SID RAISES HIS HAND  
IN THE SYMBOL  
OF FREE PEOPLE--



ALONE NOW--  
CAPTAIN BATTLE,  
JR. TURNS HIS  
PLANE TOWARD  
BERLIN, AND HIS  
LAST CHANCE TO  
FULFILL THE  
MISSION FOR  
WHICH HIS  
FRIEND GAVE  
HIS LIFE!

TO THE ROAR  
OF THE PLANE'S  
MOTOR, HE VOWS  
OVER AND  
OVER AGAIN...  
"I WILL NOT  
FAIL--"  
"I WILL NOT  
FAIL!"



# CHAPTER FOUR ★

## THE DAY ARRIVES !

DOOM AND DISASTER CRUSH THE  
LAST REMNANTS OF HITLER'S  
BLOODY EMPIRE! AMERICAN, FREE  
FRENCH AND BRITISH FORCES SWEEP  
WITH OVERWHELMING FURY ACROSS  
THE WATERS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL!  
THE HEROIC PARTISAN GUERRILLAS OF  
THE BALKANS SMASH NORTHWARD--  
THE RED ARMY OF RUSSIA ROARS ACROSS  
THE PLAINS OF CENTRAL EUROPE!  
ALL THE FORCE AND ARMIES OF FREE-  
DOM UNITED TO SMASH THE FINAL,  
VICTORIOUS BLOW AT THE  
COILING SNAKE--FASCISM!  
BUT...

## THE DAY IS NOT YET...

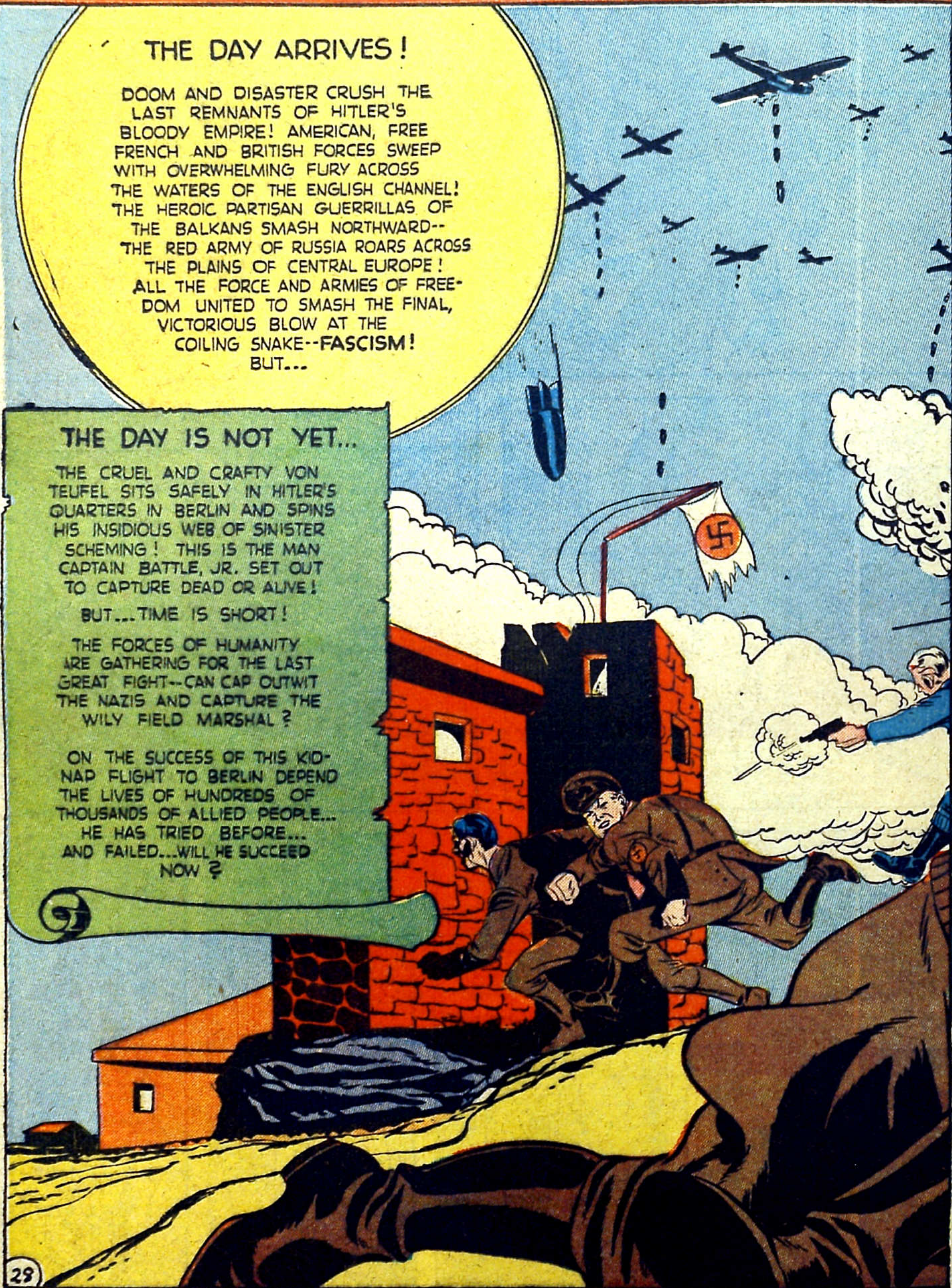
THE CRUEL AND CRAFTY VON  
TEUFEL SITS SAFELY IN HITLER'S  
QUARTERS IN BERLIN AND SPINS  
HIS INSIDIOUS WEB OF SINISTER  
SCHEMING! THIS IS THE MAN  
CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR. SET OUT  
TO CAPTURE DEAD OR ALIVE!

BUT...TIME IS SHORT!

THE FORCES OF HUMANITY  
ARE GATHERING FOR THE LAST  
GREAT FIGHT--CAN CAP OUTWIT  
THE NAZIS AND CAPTURE THE  
WILY FIELD MARSHAL?

ON THE SUCCESS OF THIS KID-  
NAP FLIGHT TO BERLIN DEPEND  
THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF  
THOUSANDS OF ALLIED PEOPLE...

HE HAS TRIED BEFORE...  
AND FAILED...WILL HE SUCCEED  
NOW?









ONCE AGAIN, CAP HIDES HIS PLANE  
NEAR BERLIN--AND TIES AND  
GAGS THE FALSE VON TEUFEL---

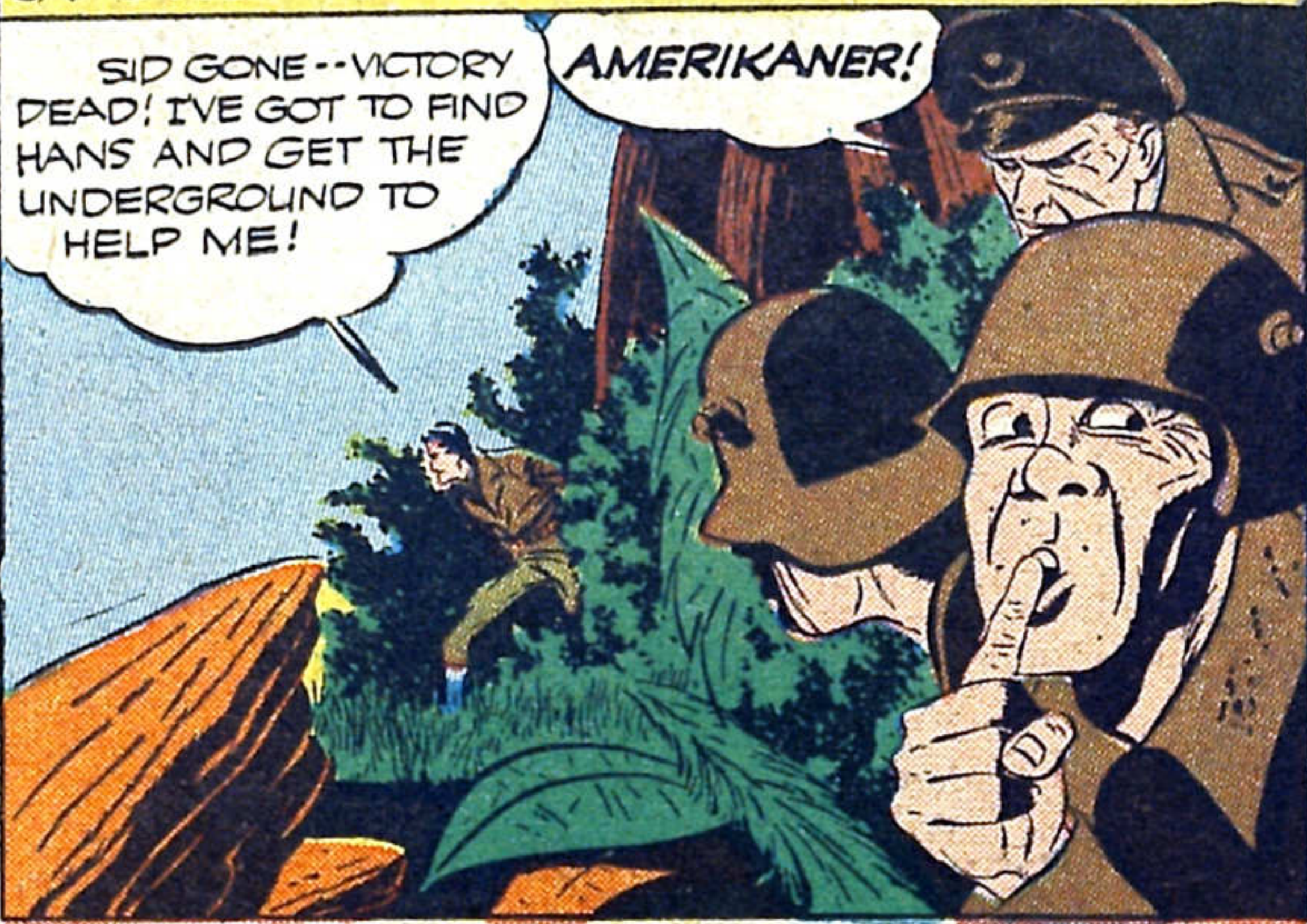
YOU'RE GOING TO STAY  
PUT TILL I CONTACT  
THE BERLIN UNDERGROUND



BUT AS HE LEAVES THE PLANE, ABSORBED WITH HIS PLAN,  
CAP LAPSES INTO A SINGLE MOMENT OF CARELESSNESS--

SID GONE--VICTORY  
DEAD! I'VE GOT TO FIND  
HANS AND GET THE  
UNDERGROUND TO  
HELP ME!

AMERIKANER!



HALT! YOU ARE AMERICANISCHE  
PILOT, YAH? VE SHALL TAKE  
YOU INTO THE WOODS  
UND SHOOT YOU!



AS THE PRISONER IS LED INTO THE WOODS, A  
GROUP OF HITLER YOUTH MARCHES BY---

§ TODAY WE  
RULE EUROPE--  
TOMORROW  
THE WORLD!  
§ § §

COME-INTO  
DER WOODS!

LOOK! THEY  
ARE SHOOTING  
ANOTHER  
PRISONER!



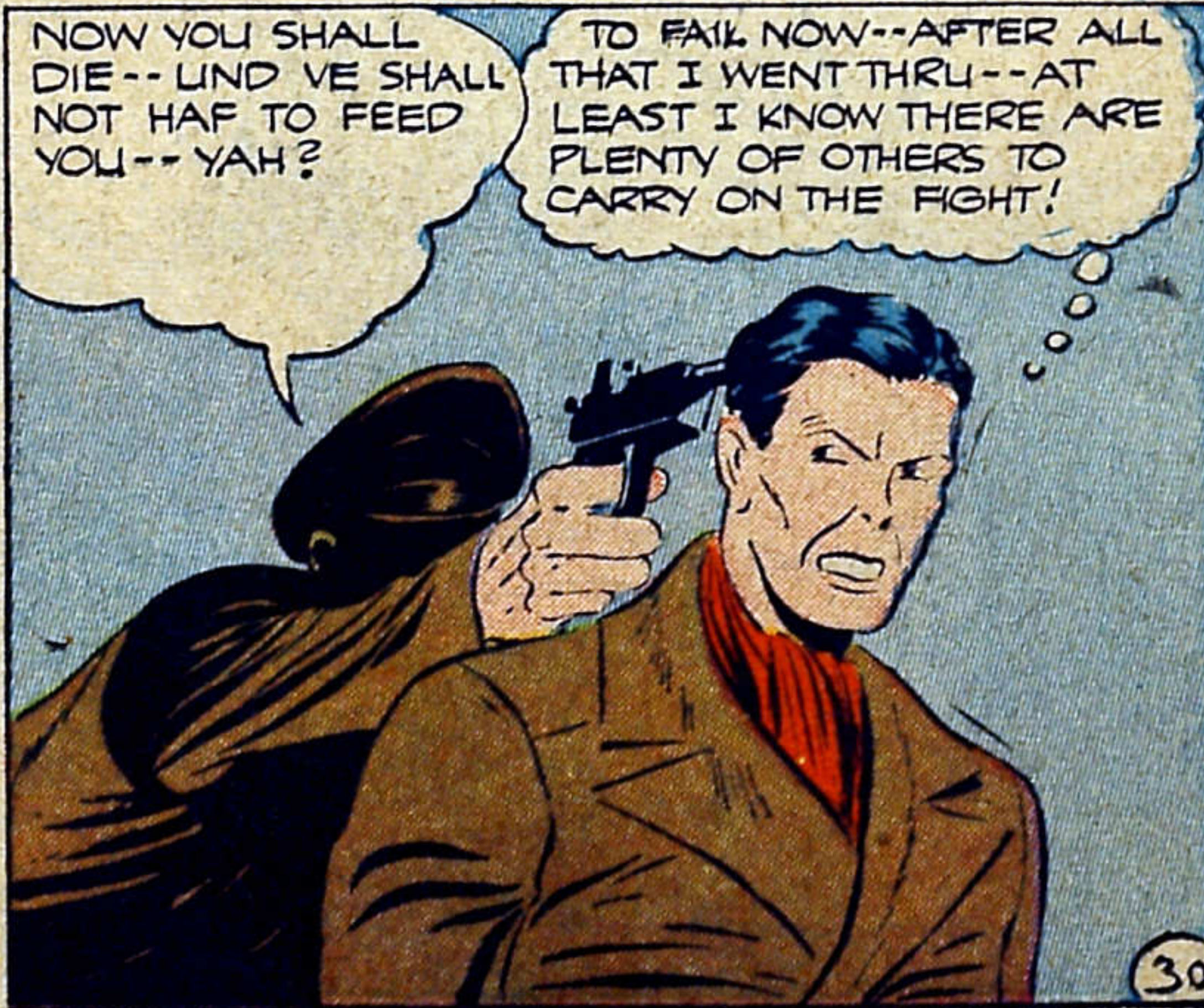
BUT HUMAN FEELINGS ARE NOT  
EASILY DESTROYED! DEEP WITHIN ONE  
BREAST, OLD MEMORIES STIR ---

THAT WAS HOW THEY  
TOOK MY FATHER  
INTO THE WOODS--  
THEN--HE  
WAS SHOT!



NOW YOU SHALL  
DIE-- UND VE SHALL  
NOT HAF TO FEED  
YOU-- YAH?

TO FAIL NOW--AFTER ALL  
THAT I WENT THRU--AT  
LEAST I KNOW THERE ARE  
PLENTY OF OTHERS TO  
CARRY ON THE FIGHT!





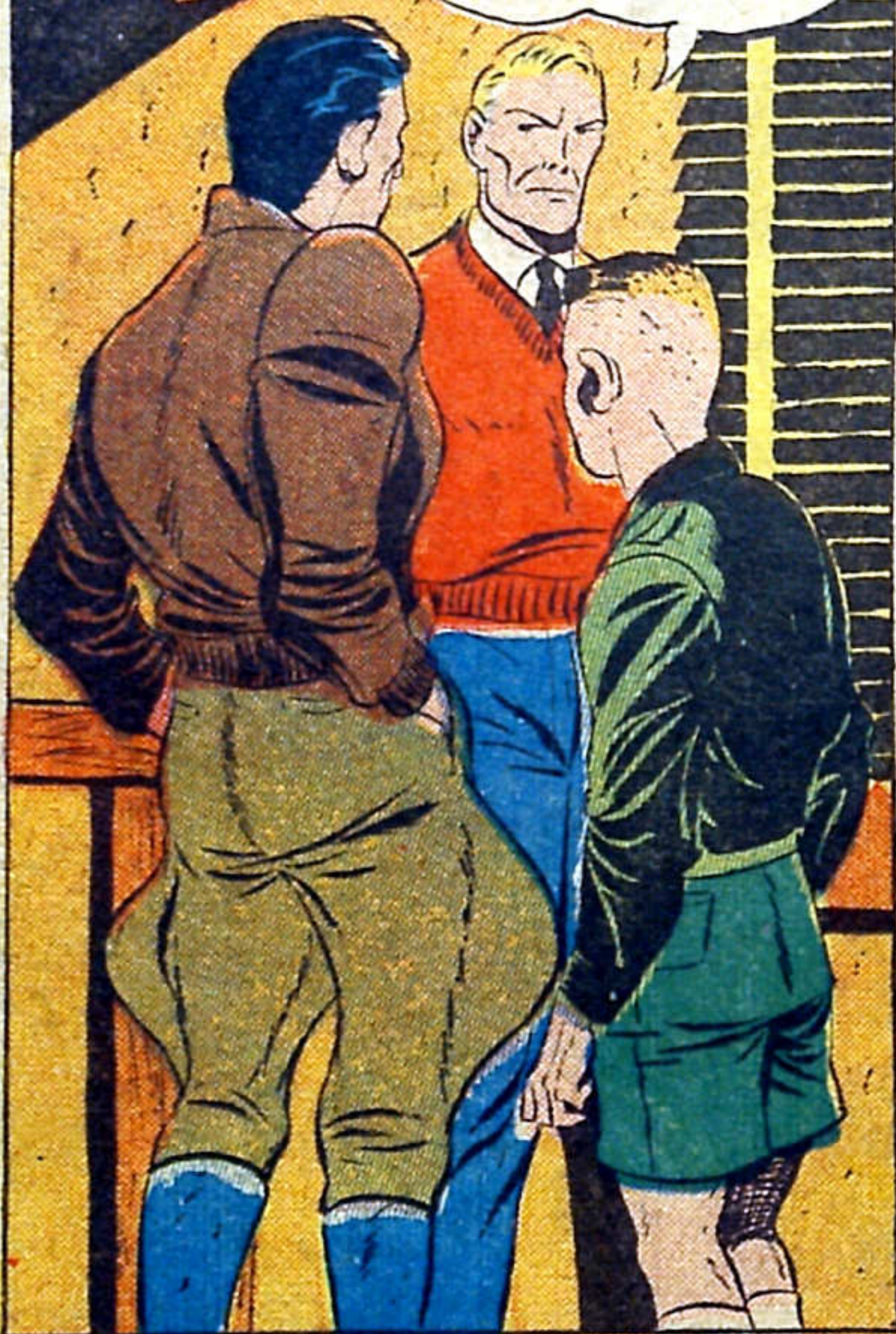




LATER, AT THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE BERLIN ANTI-FACISTS --

AFTER SID WAS KILLED, I CAME BACK HERE TO BERLIN-- HANS VON TEUFEL IS AT HITLER'S MILITARY HEADQUARTERS! THEY EXPECT THE INVASION TO BEGIN ANY TIME NOW!

THEN WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE! BUT--HOW CAN WE GET TO VON TEUFEL?



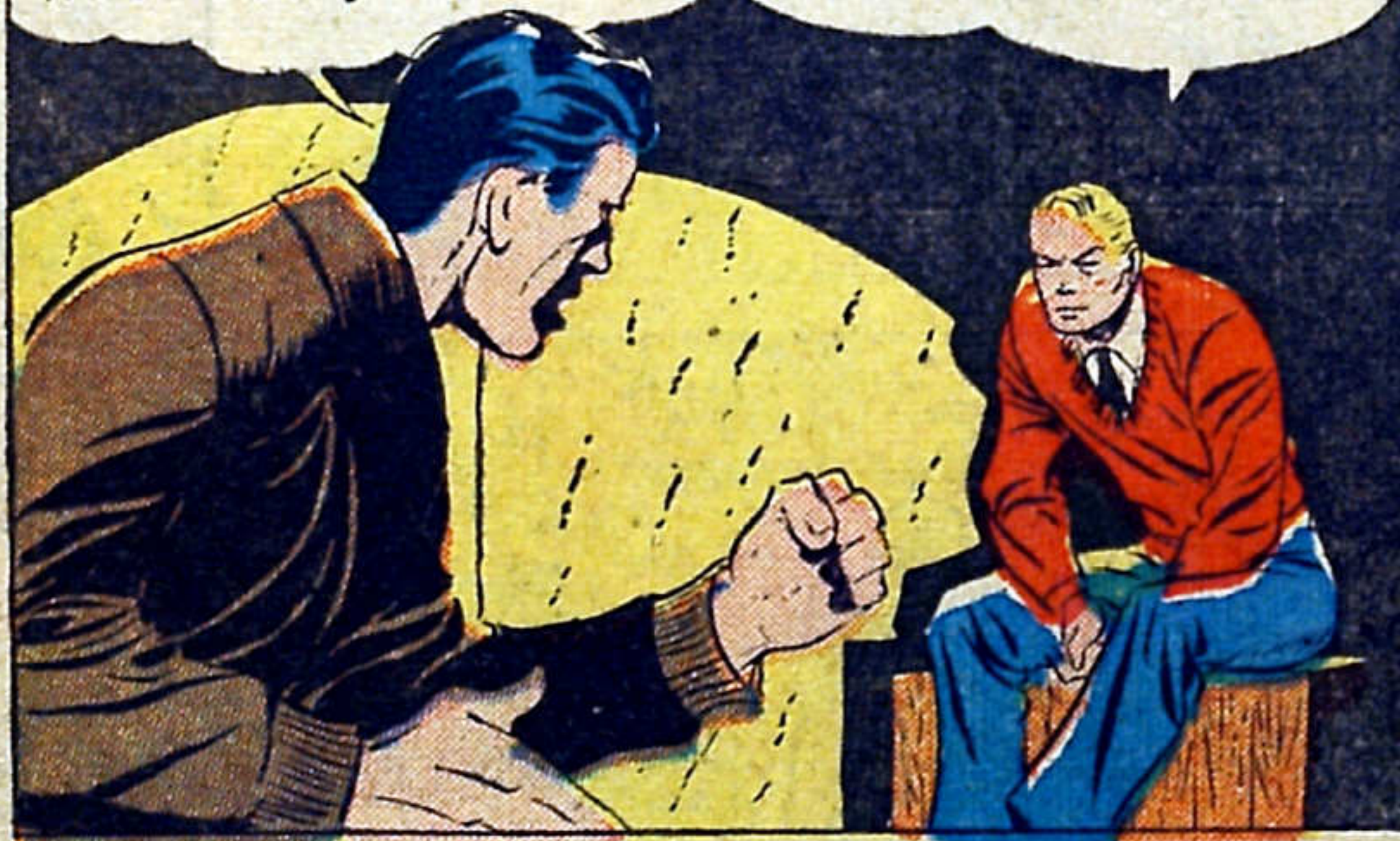
WE CAN'T BREAK IN! IT'S TOO CAREFULLY GUARDED!

PERHAPS THERE IS A WAY! WE MUST USE OUR WITS TO OUT-THINK THE NAZIS!



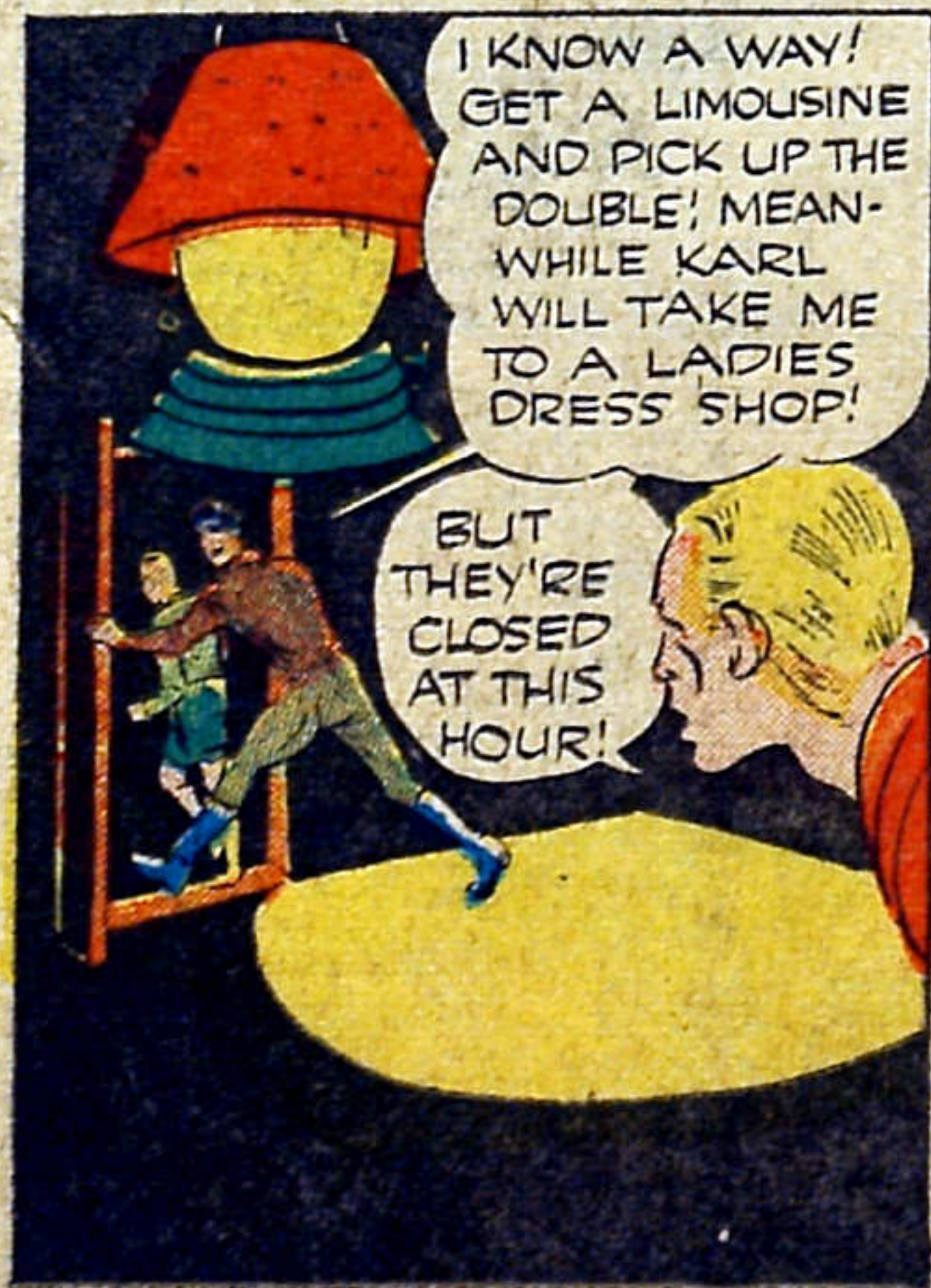
I HAVE IT! THE FALSE VON TEUFEL FOOLED US! WHY CAN'T WE USE HIM TO FOOL THE NAZIS AND GET IN THAT WAY?

BUT HOW CAN WE SMUGGLE THE REAL VON TEUFEL OUT EVEN IF WE DO MANAGE TO GET IN?



I KNOW A WAY! GET A LIMOUSINE AND PICK UP THE DOUBLE! MEANWHILE KARL WILL TAKE ME TO A LADIES DRESS SHOP!

BUT THEY'RE CLOSED AT THIS HOUR!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, CAP AND KARL REACHED THE BACK ALLEY OF A CLOSED DRESS STORE ---

WE'RE GOING TO PICK OUT SOME NICE CLOTHES FOR YOU, KARL!

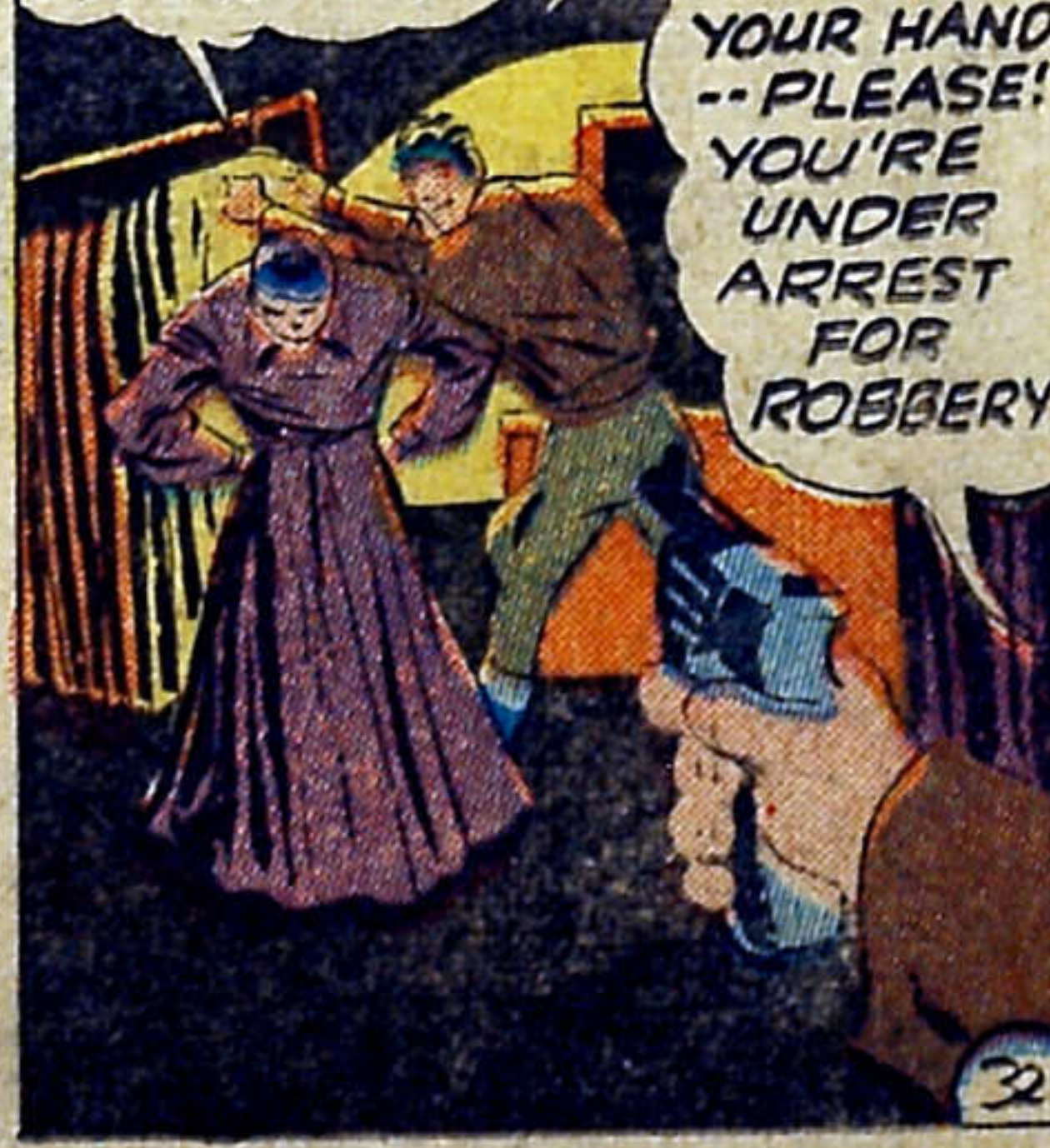
FOR ME? DRESS AS A GIRL? NEVER!



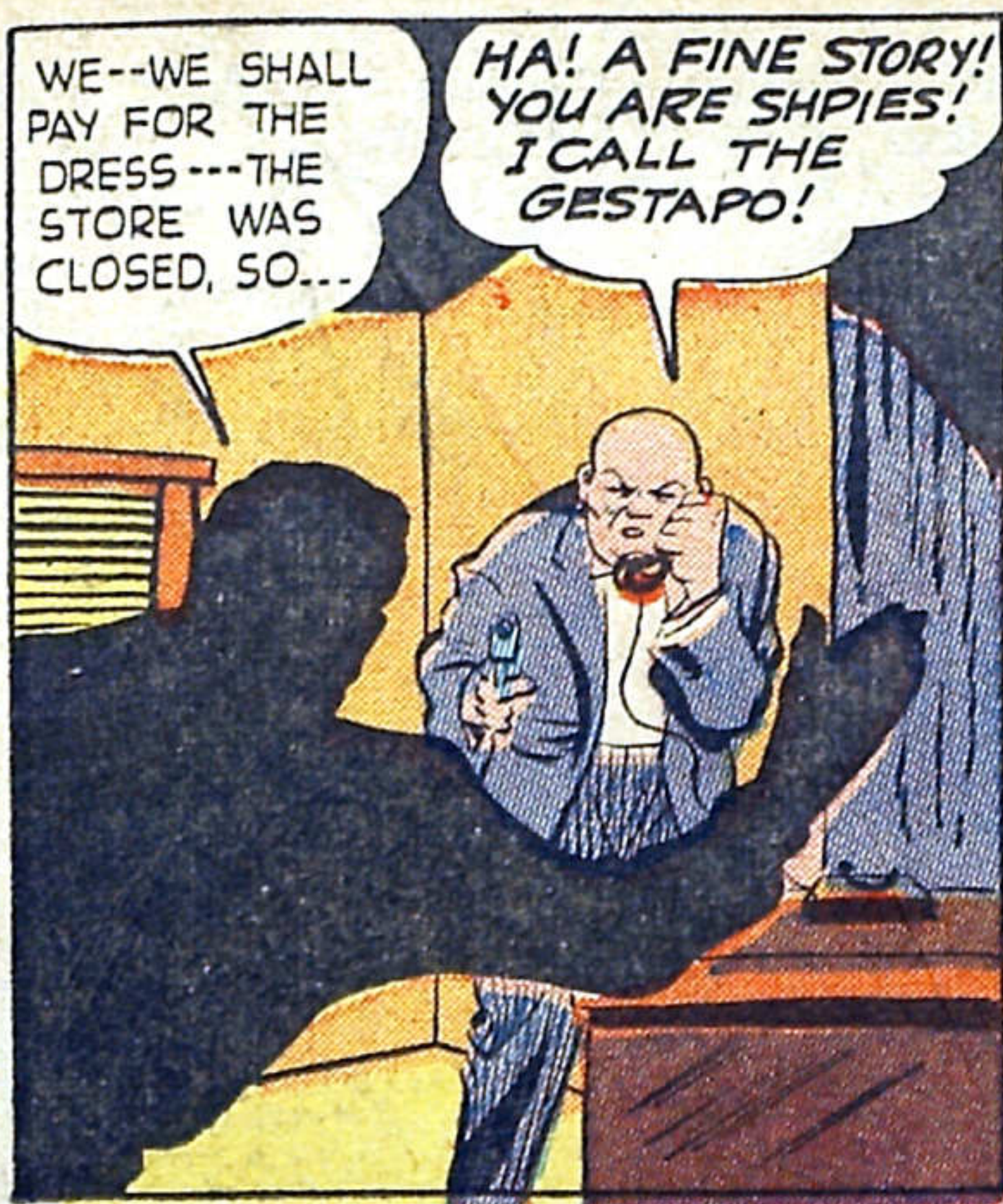
BAH! ME DRESS? THAT'S ONE ED AS A GIRL! OF HITLER'S WOMEN ARE INFERIOR TO MEN--IT IS AN INSULT!

THAT'S ONE OF HITLER'S STUPID THEORIES! YOU ---

PUT UP YOUR HANDS -- PLEASE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ROBBERY!







WE--WE SHALL  
PAY FOR THE  
DRESS---THE  
STORE WAS  
CLOSED, SO...

HA! A FINE STORY!  
YOU ARE SHPIES!  
I CALL THE  
GESTAPO!

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT...



NEVER  
TURN YOUR  
BACK ON A  
RUSSIAN  
PRISONER!



NICE  
WORK,  
MISS!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

OLGA--MY NAME!  
THESE SWINE MAKE  
ME WORK AS SLAVE!  
NOW I AM BACK  
IN THE FIGHT, DA?



MEANWHILE HANS HAS  
DONE HIS JOB WELL...

THE PHONEY  
VON TEUFEL IS  
TIED UP IN BACK,  
CAPTAIN  
BATTLE!

GOOD!  
NOW DRIVE  
US TO  
HITLER'S  
PIG-STY!

BAH!  
--THESE  
FRAU  
CLOTHES!



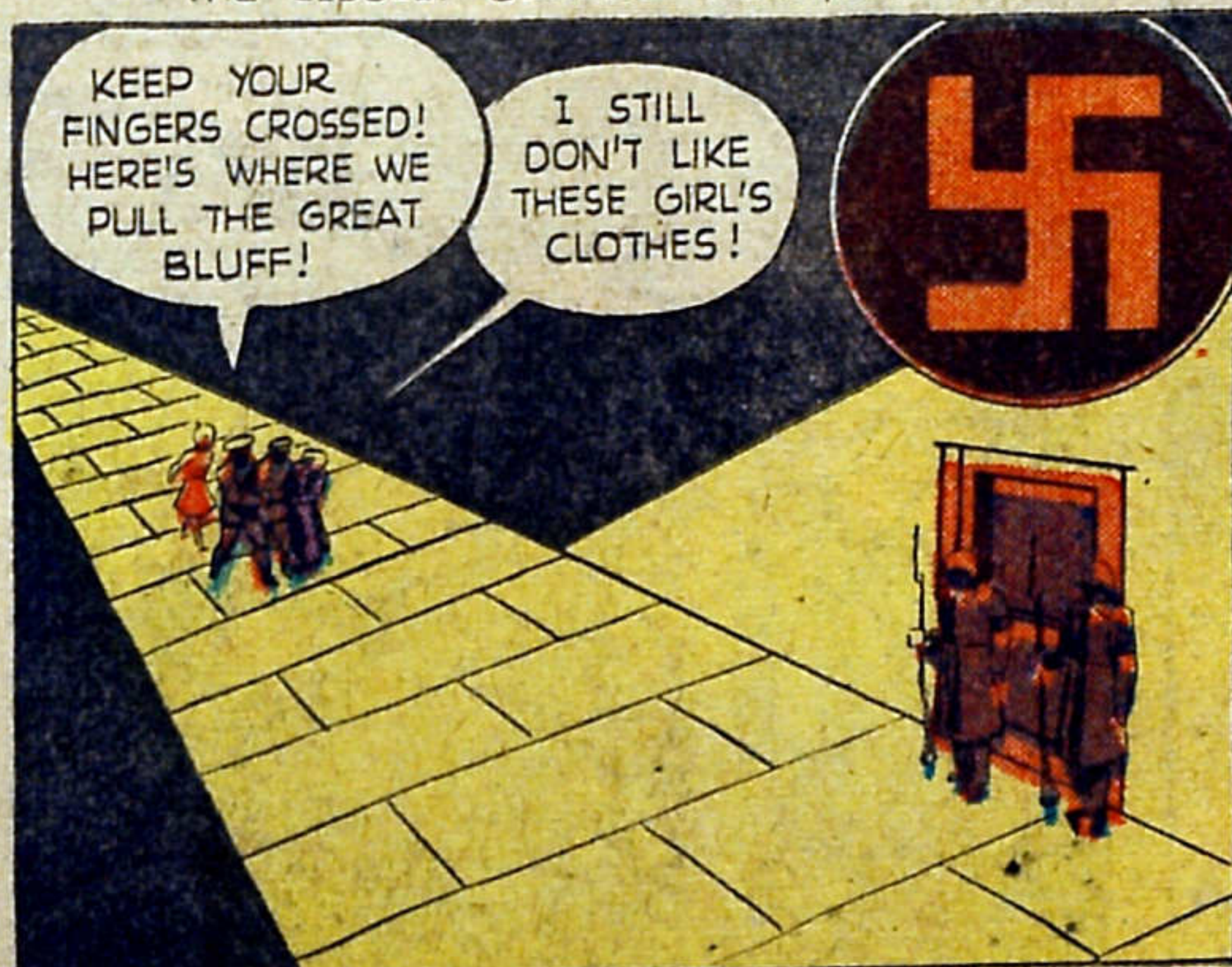
INSIDE THE CAR...

THIS JIU-  
JITSU TRICK  
WILL PARALYZE  
HIM LONG  
ENOUGH FOR  
OUR PURPOSE!

ULP-p!

CRACK

WITH TENSE NERVES, THEY MARCH BOLDLY INTO  
THE CLOSELY GUARDED HEADQUARTERS!



KEEP YOUR  
FINGERS CROSSED!  
HERE'S WHERE WE  
PULL THE GREAT  
BLUFF!

I STILL  
DON'T LIKE  
THESE GIRL'S  
CLOTHES!



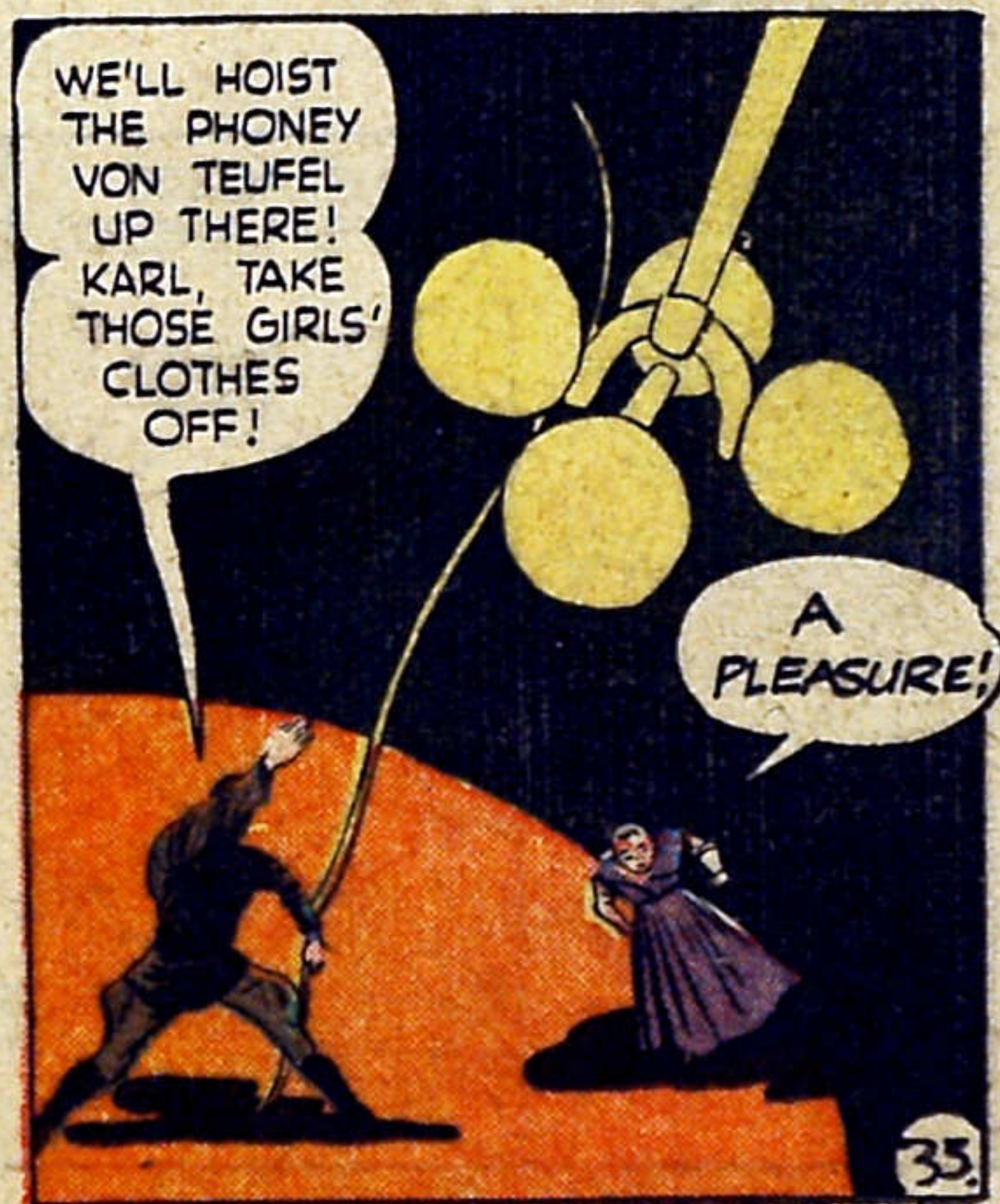
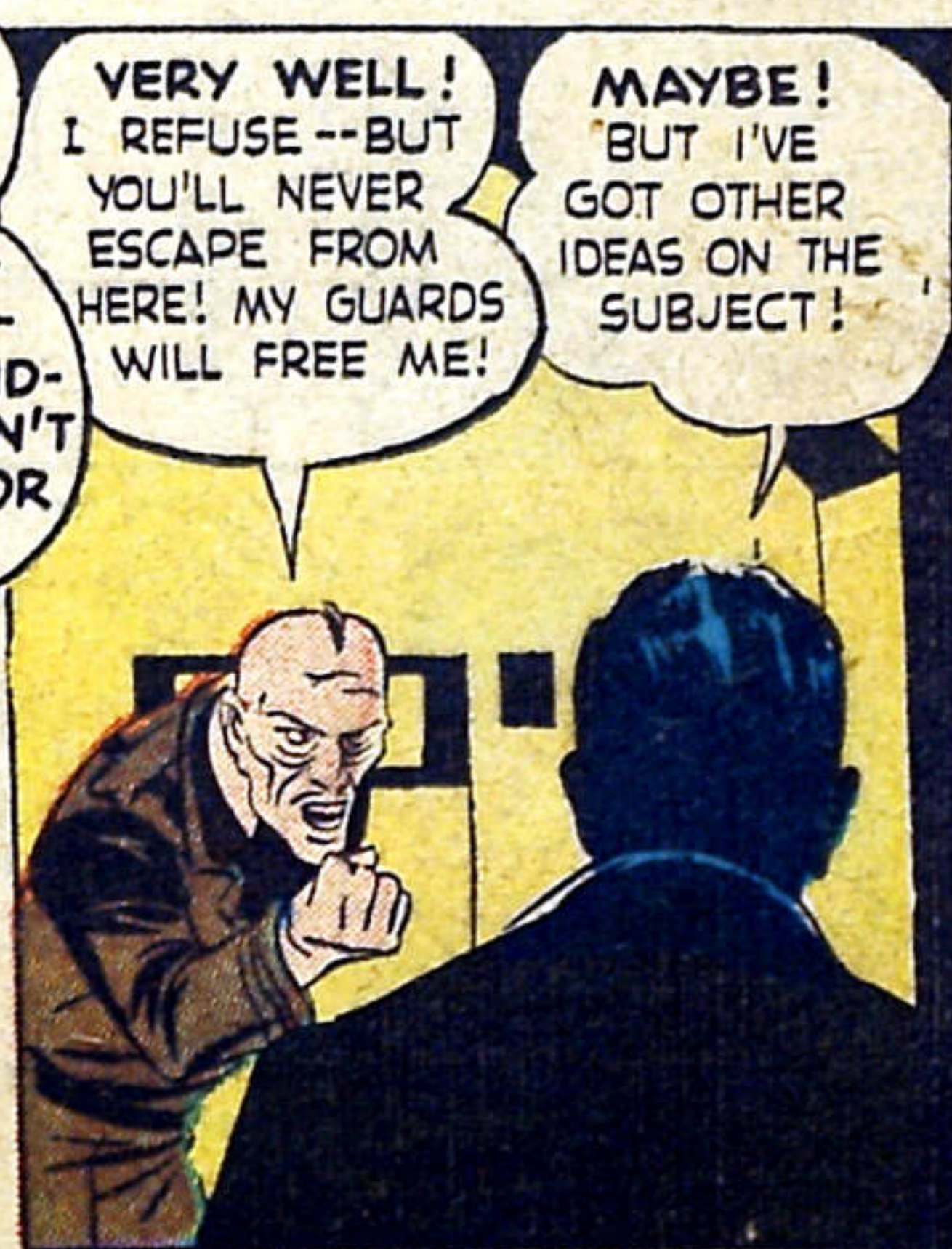
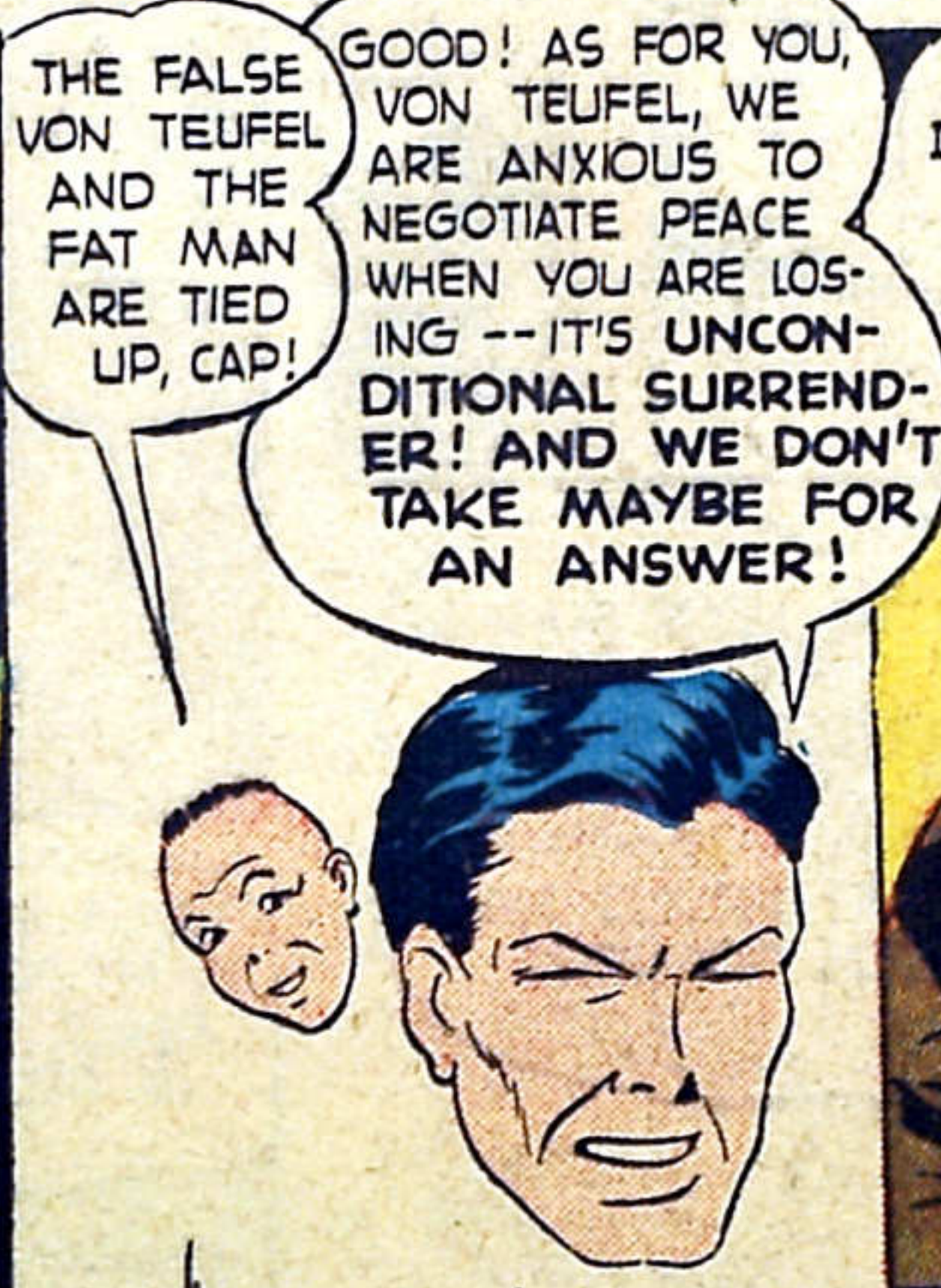
HALT!  
VAT ISS  
DER  
PASSWORD?

PASSWORD?  
OH-OH! GOTTA  
THINK FAST!











GUARDS! QUICK!  
SAVE OUR FIELD  
MARSHAL!

VON TEUFEL  
IN DANGER?  
HIMMEL!

GET HIM  
DOWN  
AT ONCE!  
DON'T STAND  
THERE LIKE  
DUMKOPFS!

**ACH!**  
HOW DID  
HE GET  
UP THERE?

WHAT CAN  
VE DO?

TSCH!  
POOR  
GIRL-SHE  
FAINTED!

IN THE  
EXCITEMENT  
CAP AND  
OLGA, THE  
STRANGE  
GIRL STEAL  
OUT OF THE  
BUILDING.

HANS! START THE  
MOTOR! LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE!

YOU HAVE  
FAILED AGAIN?

NOT THIS  
TIME!

--AND THE NEWS FLASHED  
OVER HIS PRIVATE  
COMMUNICATION RADIO--  
TELLS ME WE DID IT  
JUST IN TIME -- THE  
SECOND FRONT HAS  
BEEN OPENED!

THEN I MUST REPORT  
TO MY POST-THE FIRST  
PLACE WE ATTACK  
IS THE PRISON!

**THE PRISON! MY FATHER'S IN THERE-  
OLGA-KARL, GUARD  
VON TEUFEL! I'M  
GOING WITH HANS!**

--AND FIGHTERS  
FOR FREEDOM  
SPRING UP  
FROM EVERY-  
WHERE AT THE  
SIGNAL OF  
ALLIED  
INVASION, FOR  
THIS IS THE DAY  
ALL LIBERTY-  
LOVING PEOPLE  
HAVE BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR!

THIS IS THE  
DAY OF  
GLORY!

**THE ALLIES  
HAVE LANDED!**

**REVOLT!  
REVOLT!**

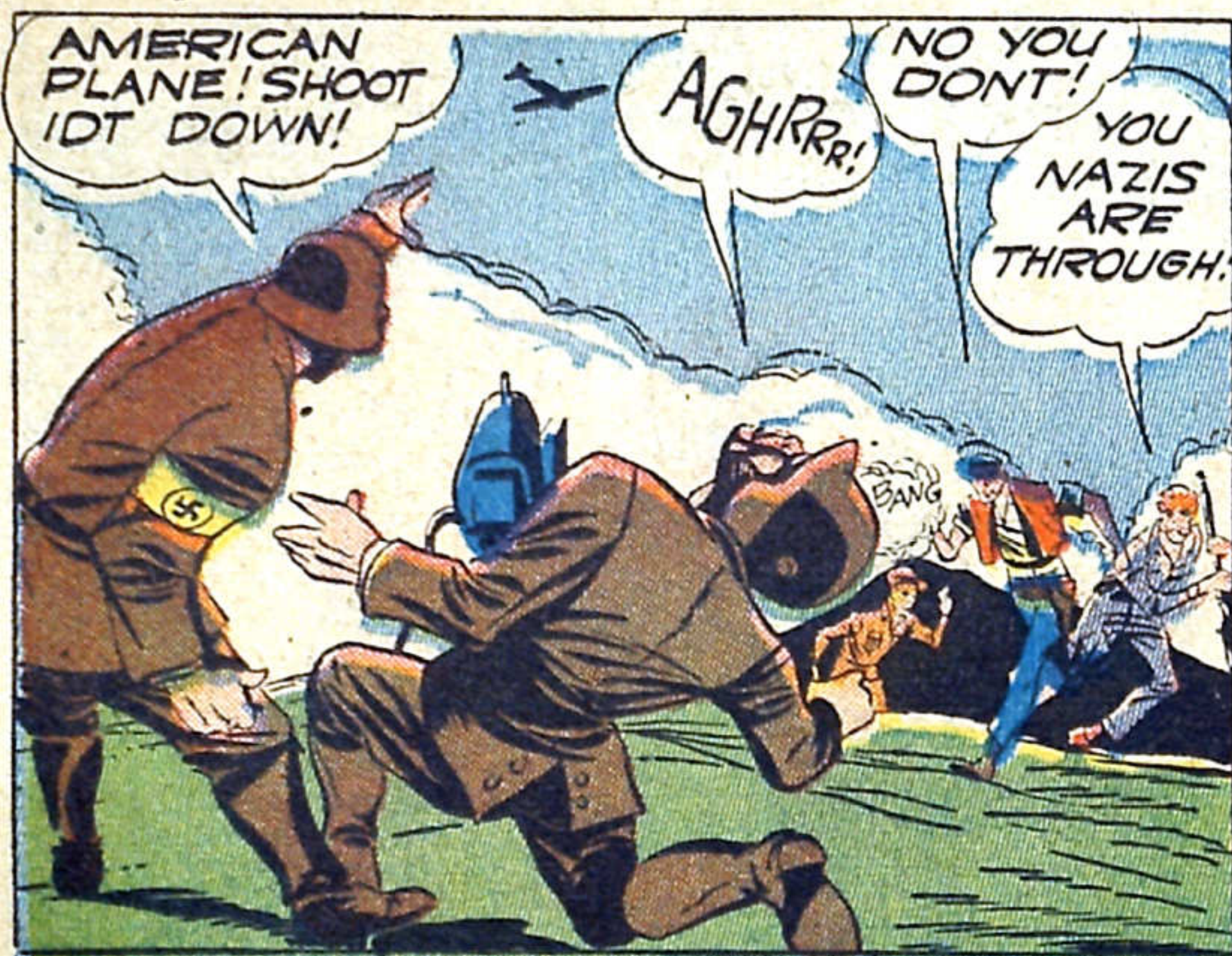
**DOWN WITH  
THE NAZI  
PRISONS!**







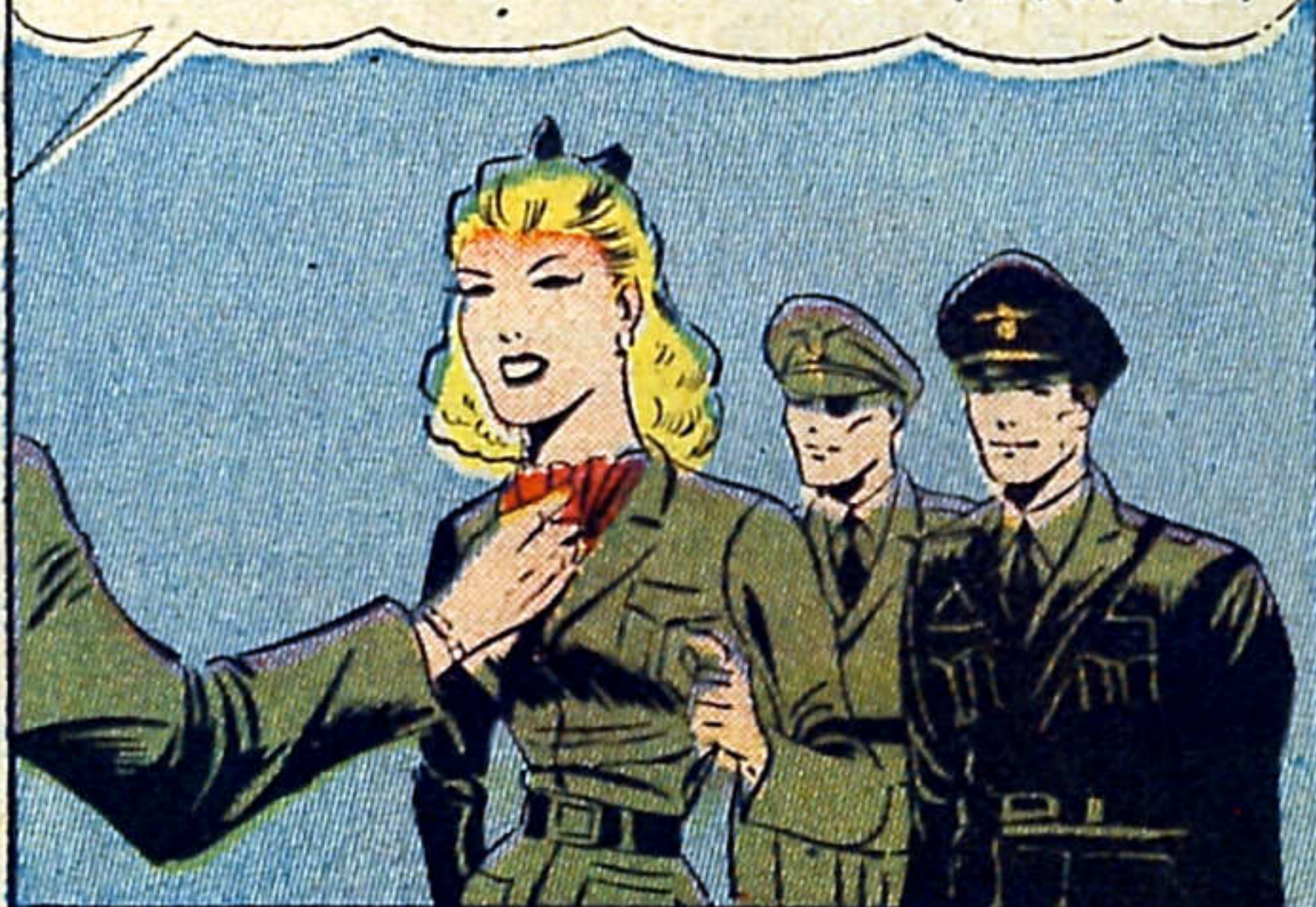
--AS THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN TOWARD EARTH--



THE ASTOUNDING KIDNAP FLIGHT ENDS AT LAST!



LATER-- TO YOU-- AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BRAVE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, WE GIVE THIS HIGHEST AWARD, AND WITH IT OUR HEARTFELT THANKS FOR ALL THAT YOUR PEOPLE HAVE DONE FOR MANKIND!



POSTHUMOUSLY TO MASTER SGT. SIDNEY KAPLAN-- AND TO YOU, CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR FOR YOUR HEROIC SERVICE!



AND FINALLY--THIS TOKEN TO MAN'S BEST FRIEND--!!!





The

# DEADLY DOZEN

Starring

# “SNIFFER”

THROUGH A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, THE DEADLY DOZEN, (PUBLIC ENEMIES 1 TO 12 INCLUSIVE) FOUND THEMSELVES SUDDENLY IN THE U.S. ARMY! HOWEVER THEY SUDDENLY, HOWEVER THEY FOUND THEMSELVES OUT OF THE ARMY! THEY ARE NOW AT LARGE IN AUSTRALIA, AND SNIFFER HAS BEEN GIVEN A JOB IN THE SECRET SERVICE! "DIS," HE SAYS, "INTERFERES SOME- WHAT WID ME CRIME CAREER, BUT YA CAN'T HAVE EVERYTING!"

GIANT KILLER

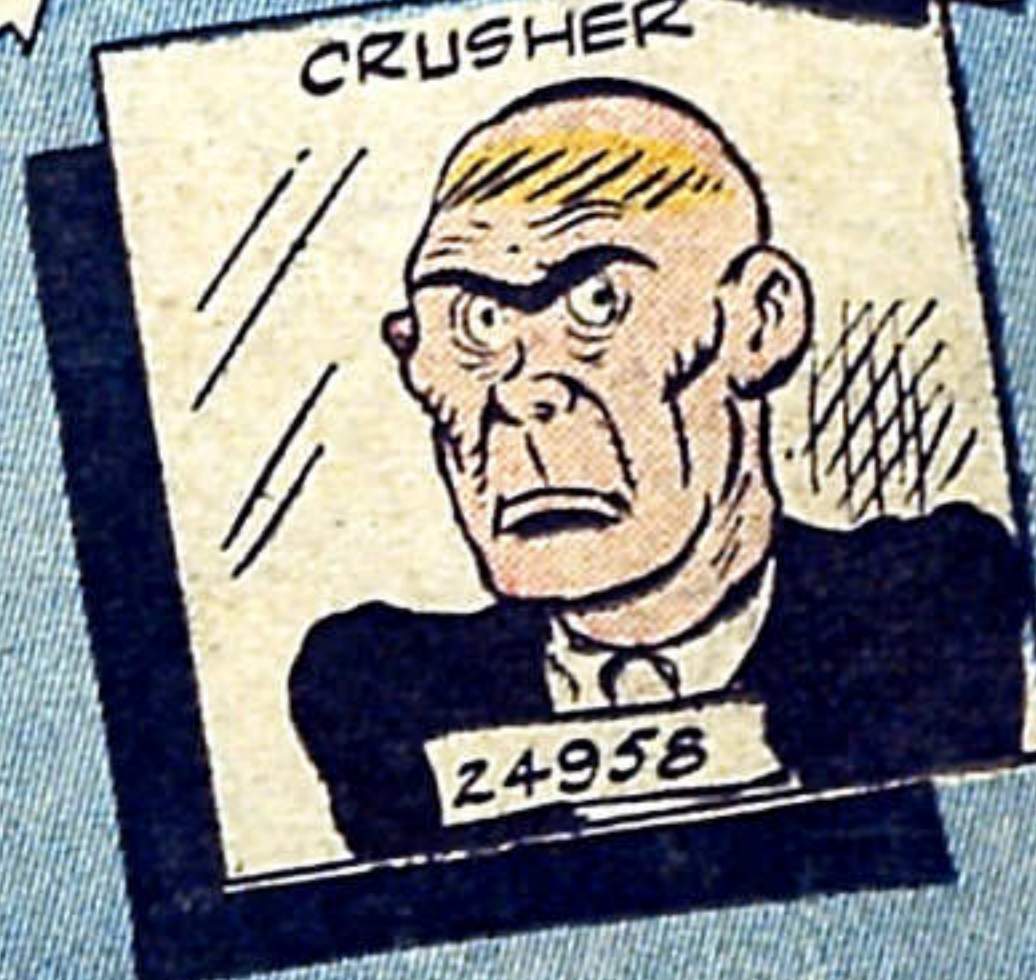


SATAN



SOME OF THE "DEADLY DOZEN"

CRUSHER



by CARL HUBBELL

(SNIFF)  
(SNIFF)

BUT WHO IS THIS?  
WHAT CAN HE HAVE TO DO WITH OUR STORY??

SKULLY AND SATAN ARE ABOUT TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH SNIFFER!

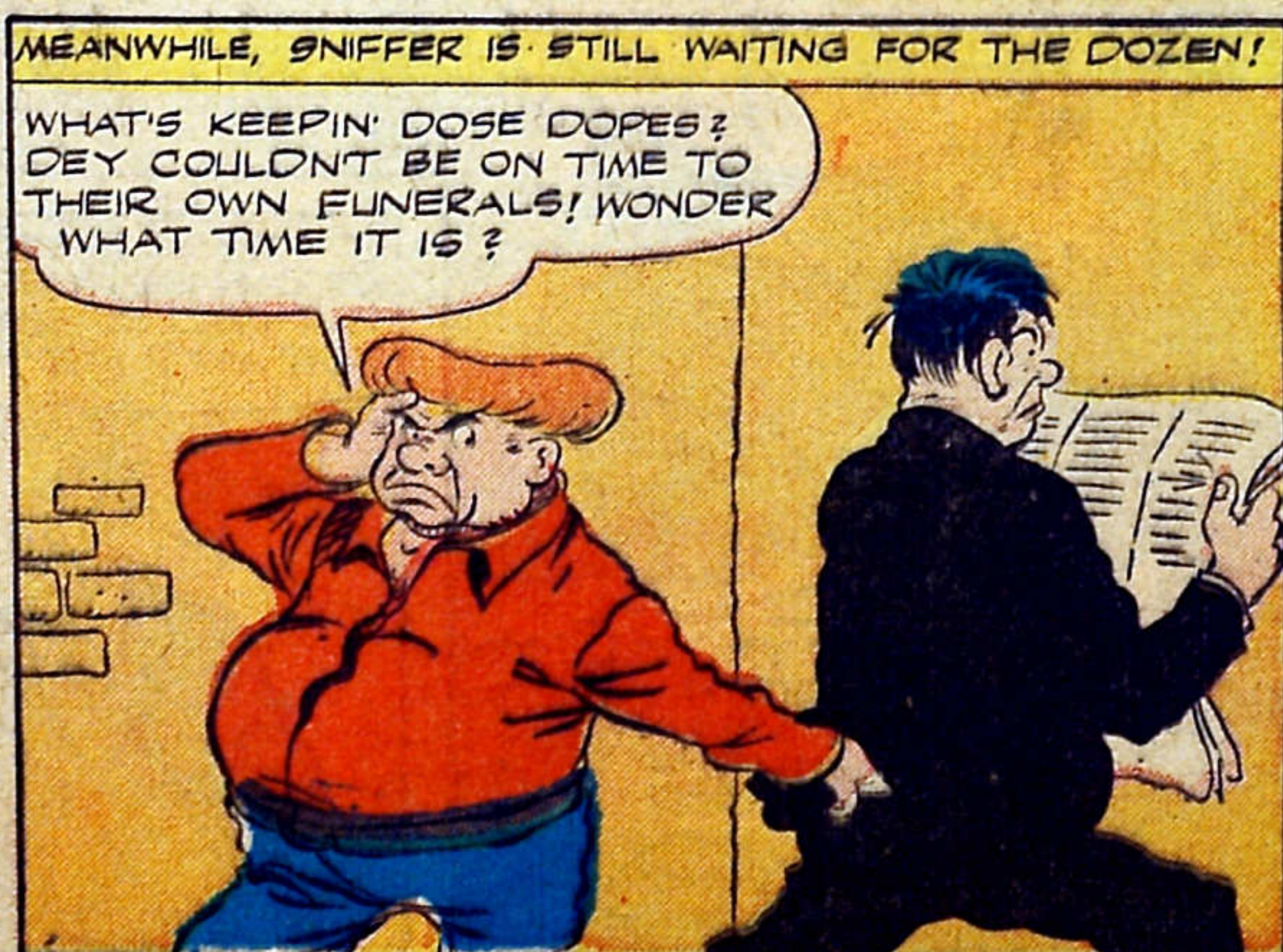
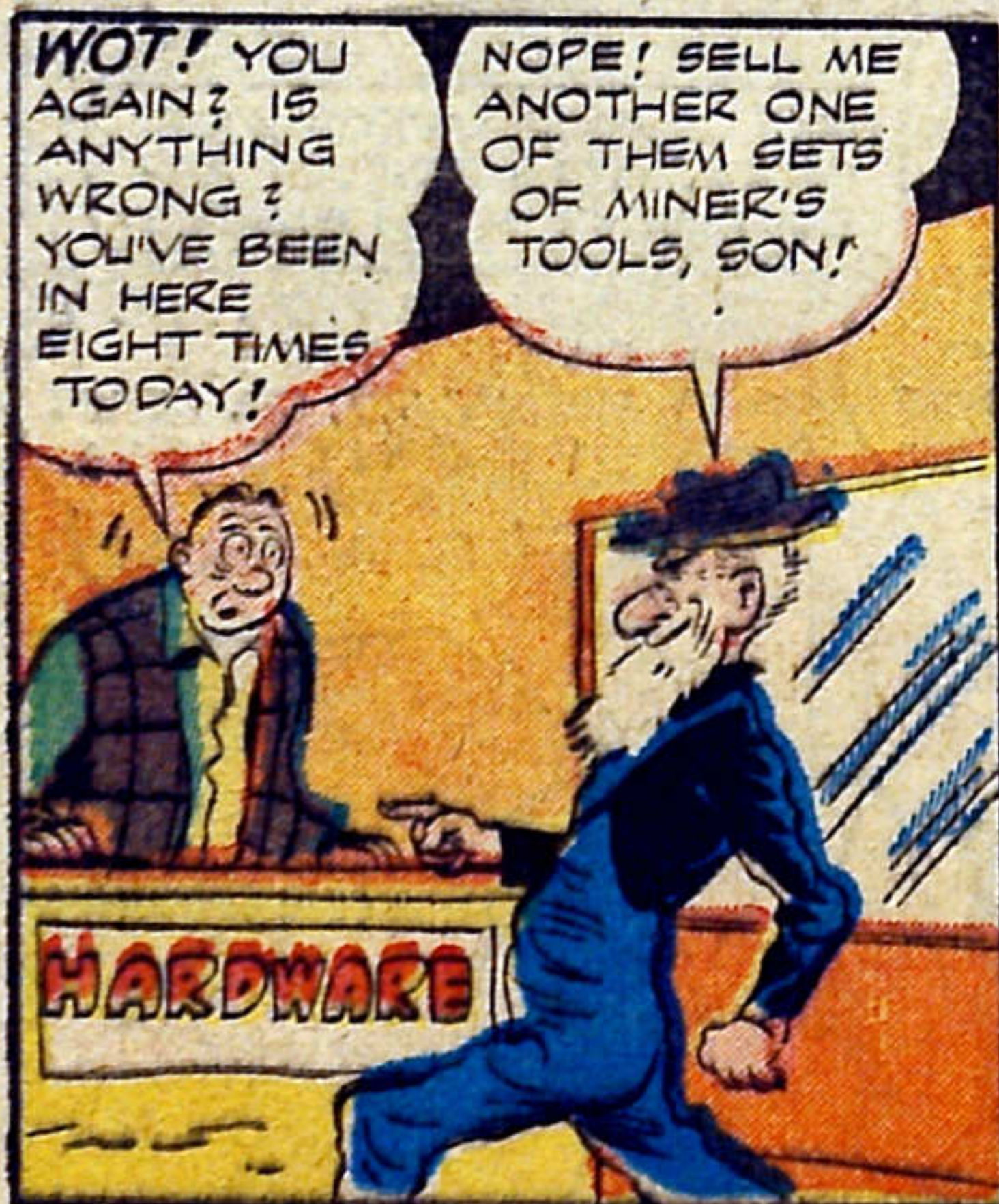
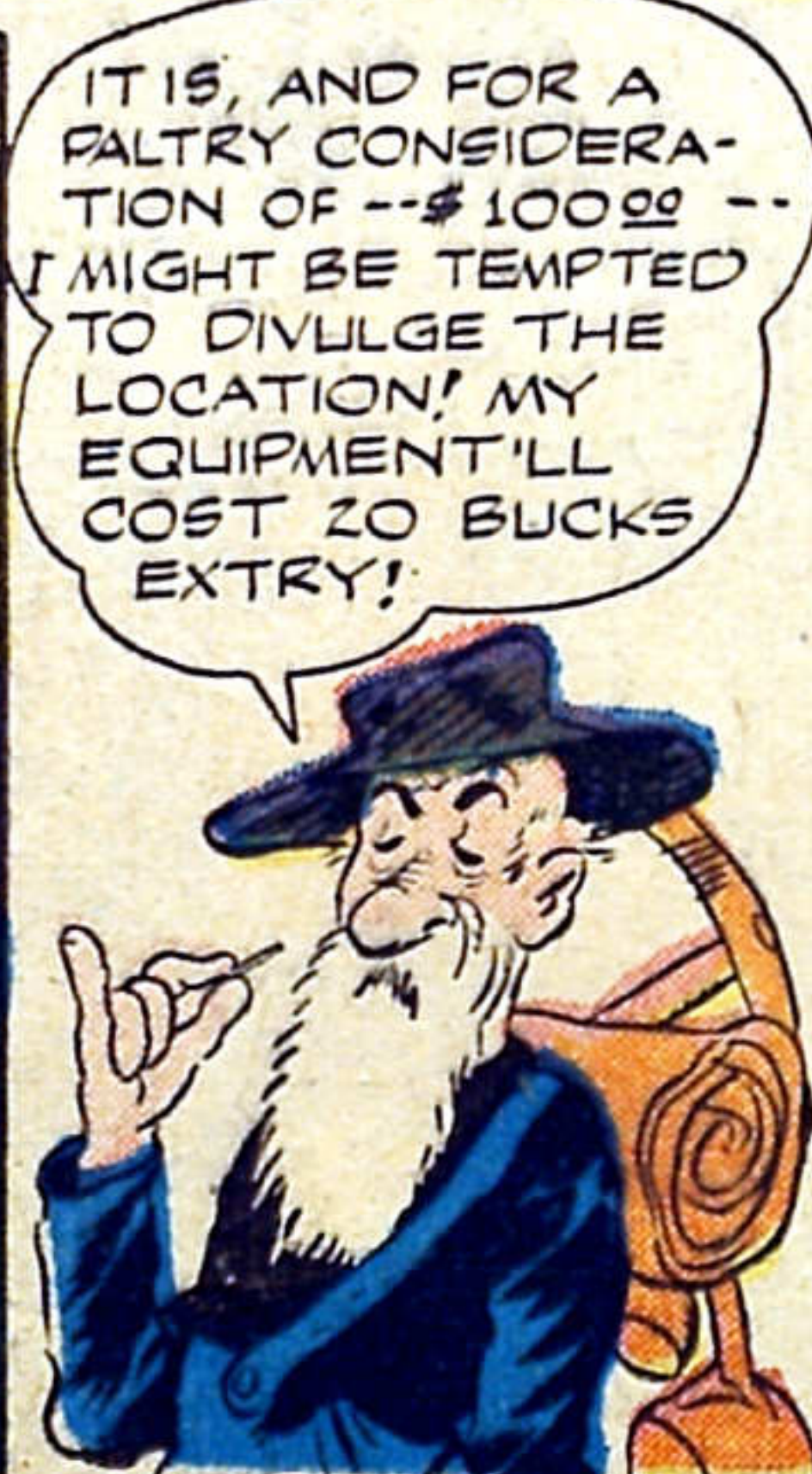
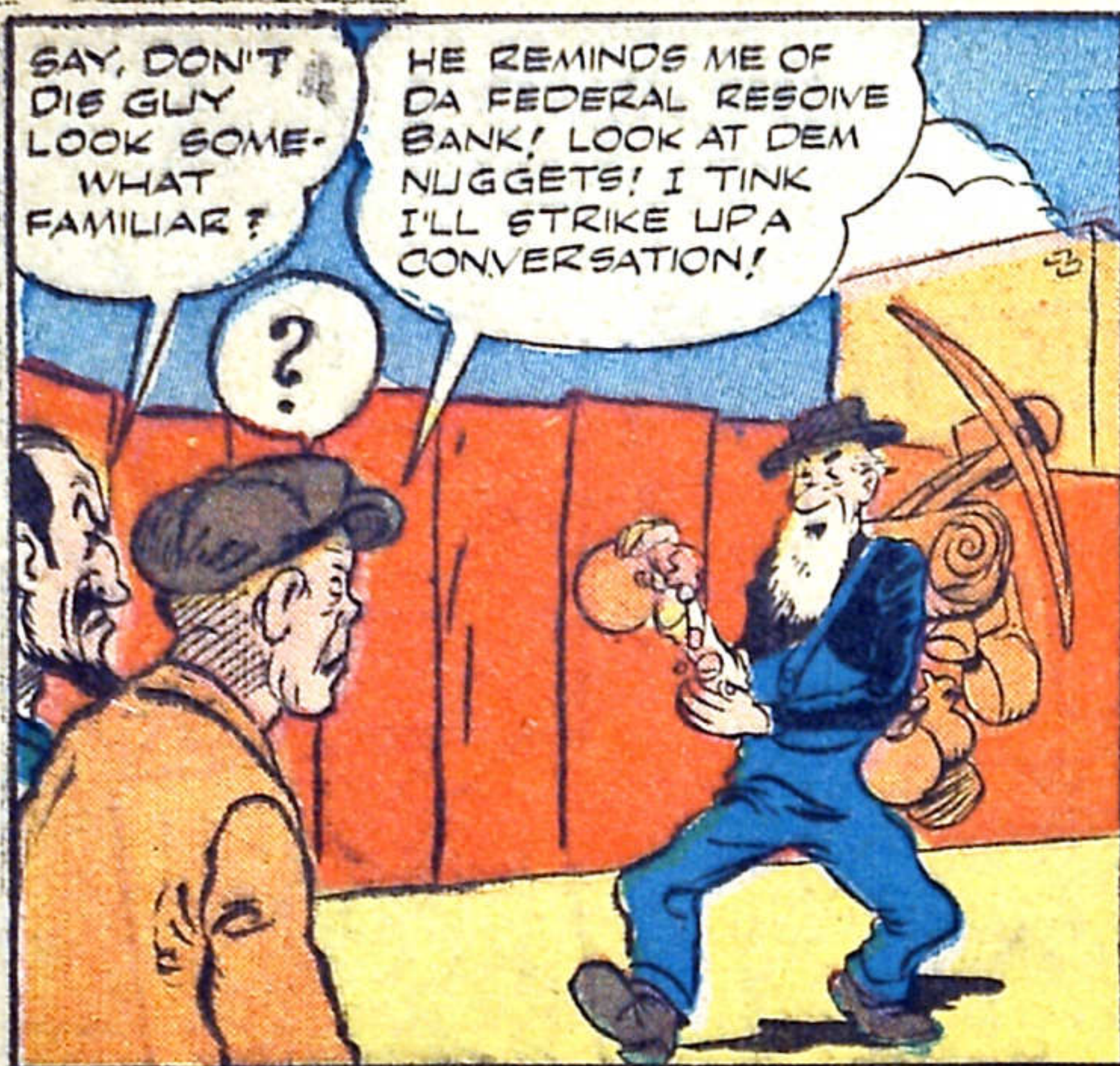
SO SNIFFER THINKS HE CAN GET US IN THE SECRET SERVICE? NOW AIN'T DAT NICE!

WELL AFTER ALL DA TROUBLE HE WENT TO, DA LEAST WE CAN DO IS TA REFUSE POISSONALLY!

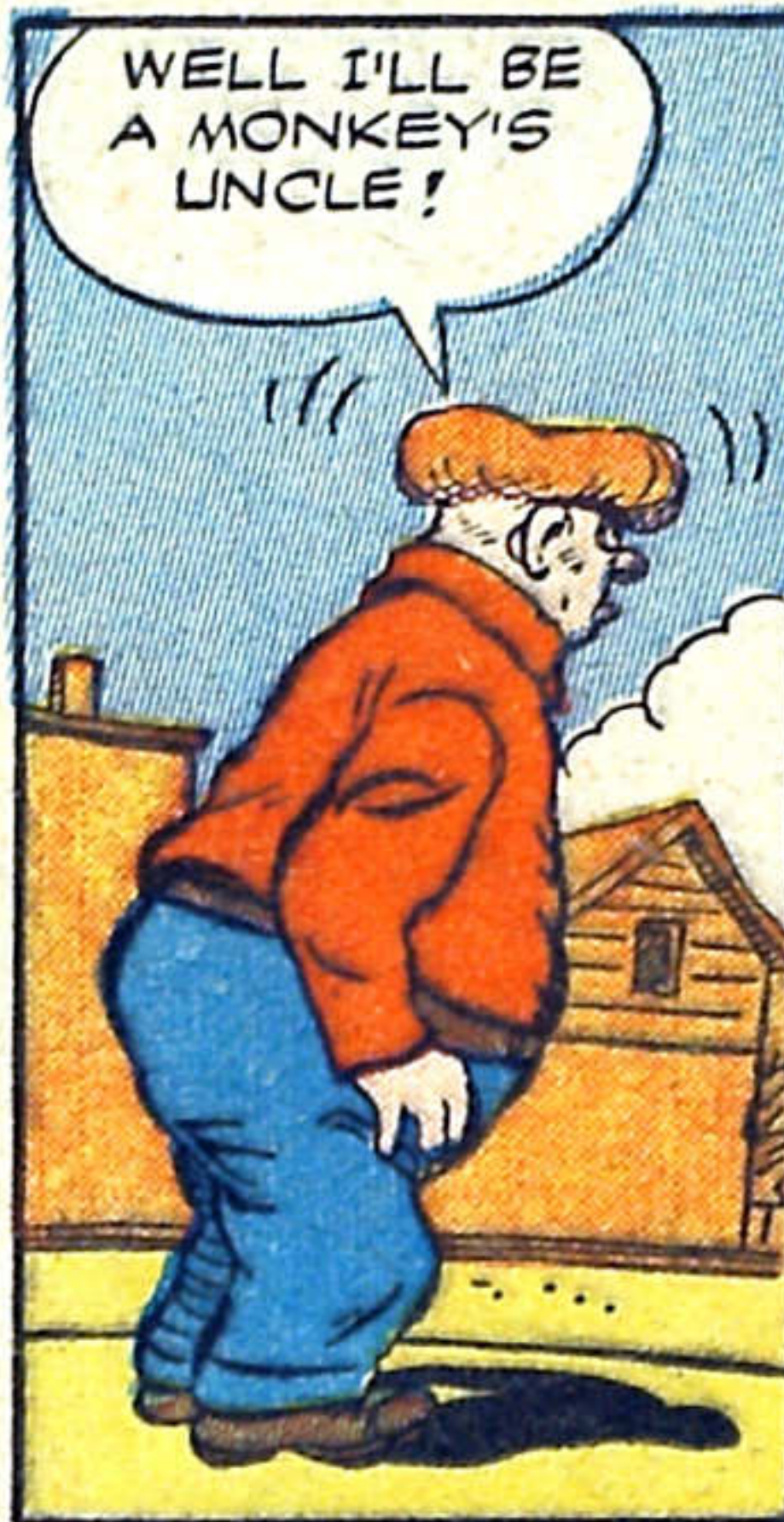
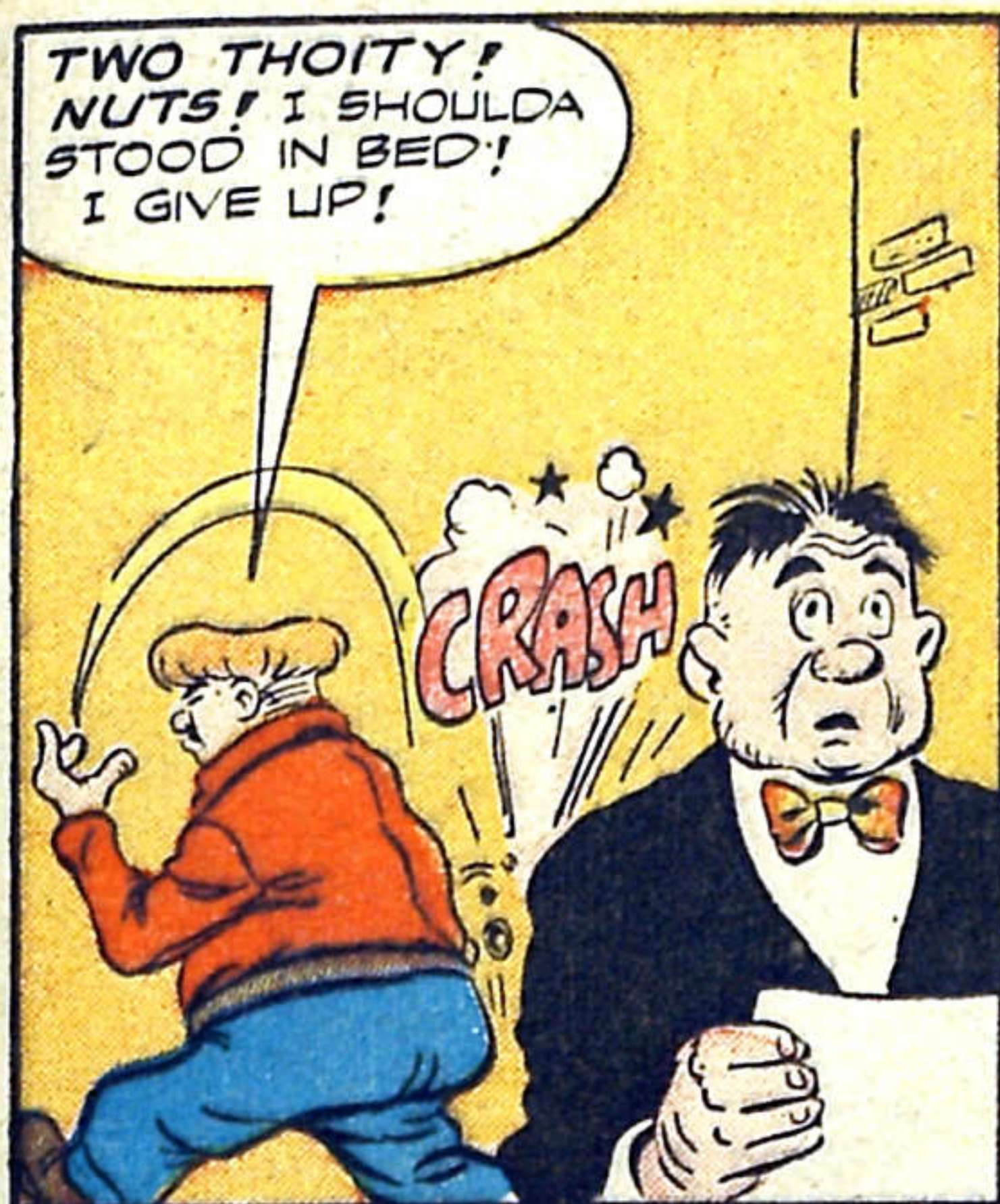
---AND THIS IS SNIFFER THE MAN WITH THE NOSE OF A BLOOD HOUND AND THE BRAIN OF A FLEA!



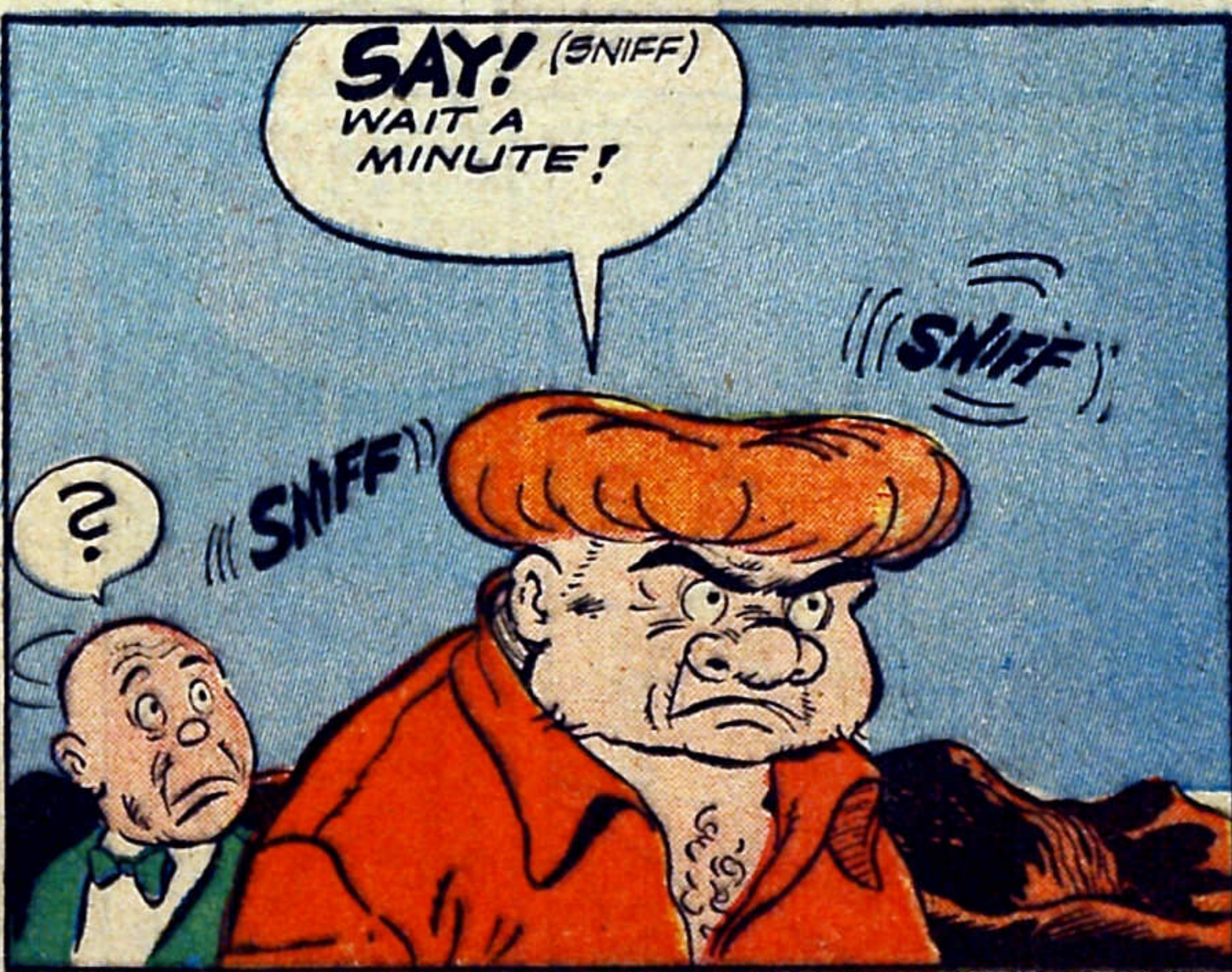
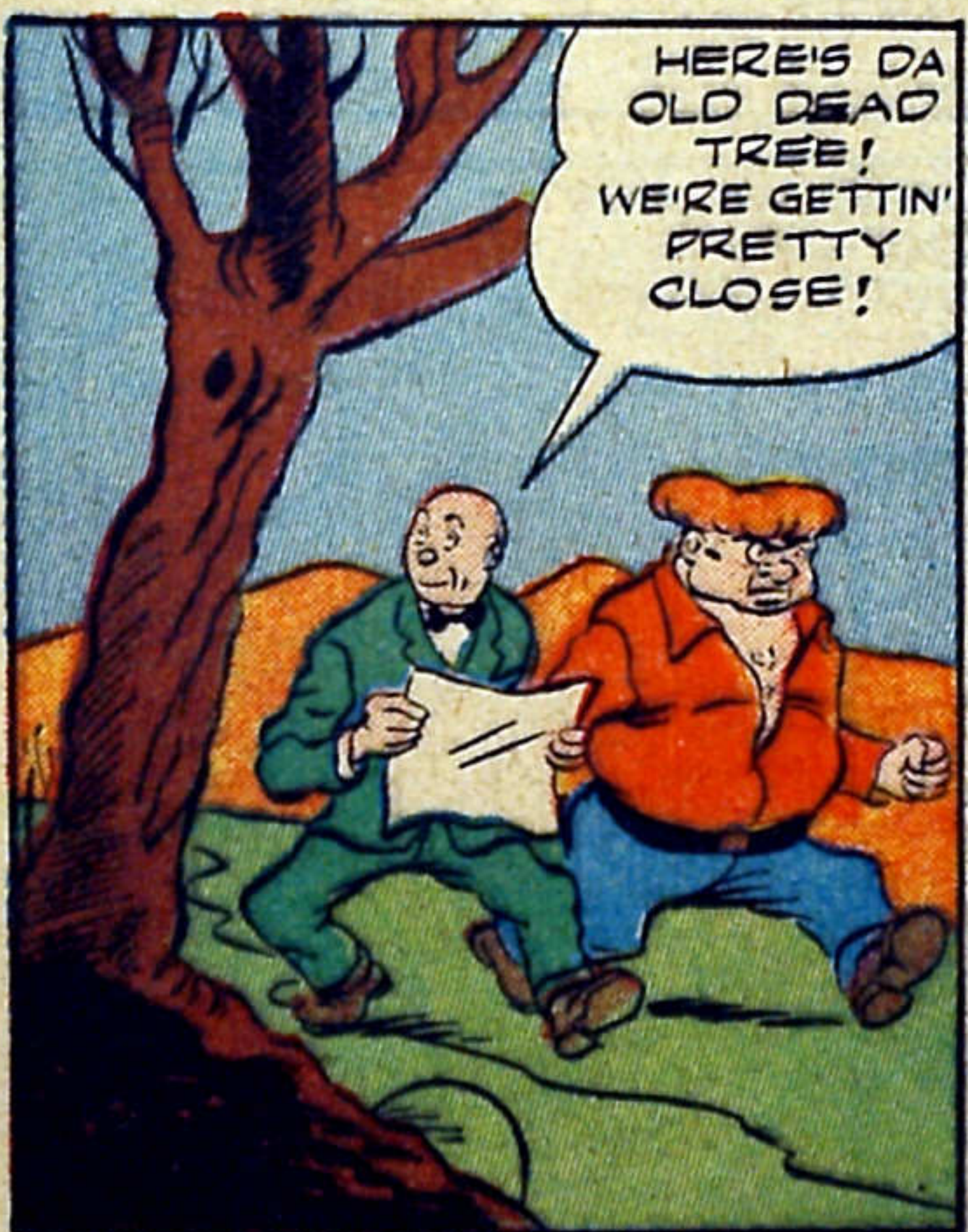




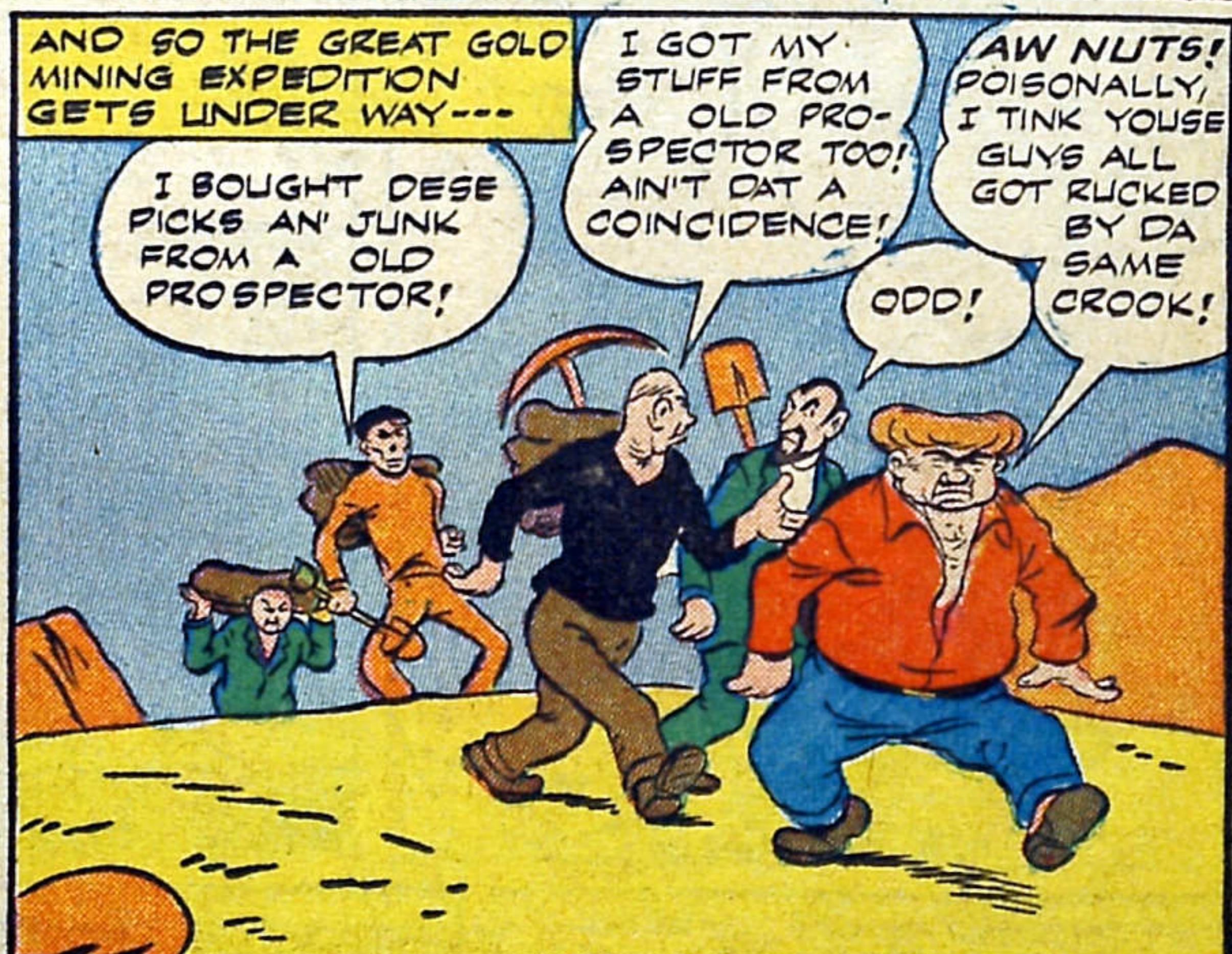
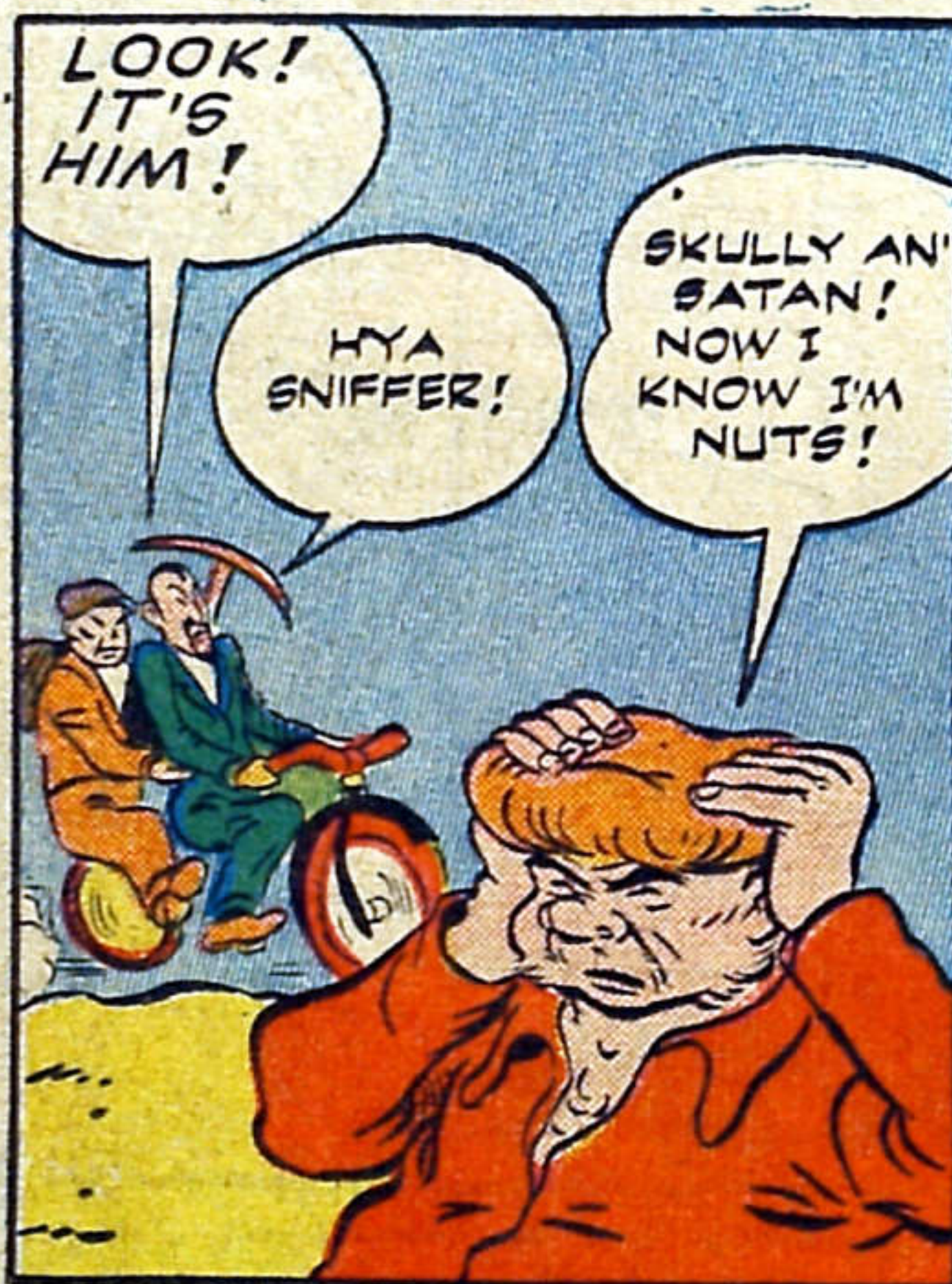
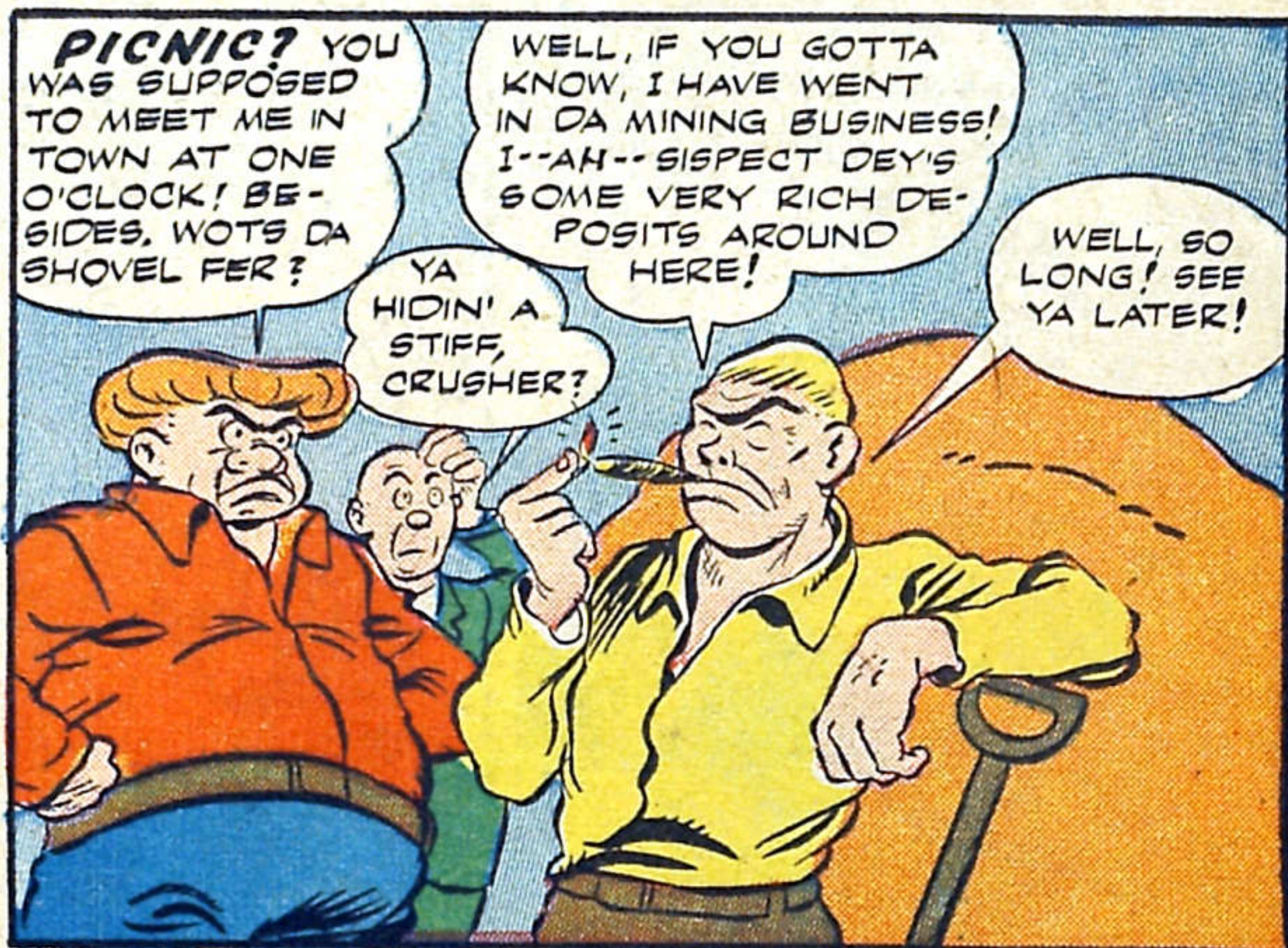
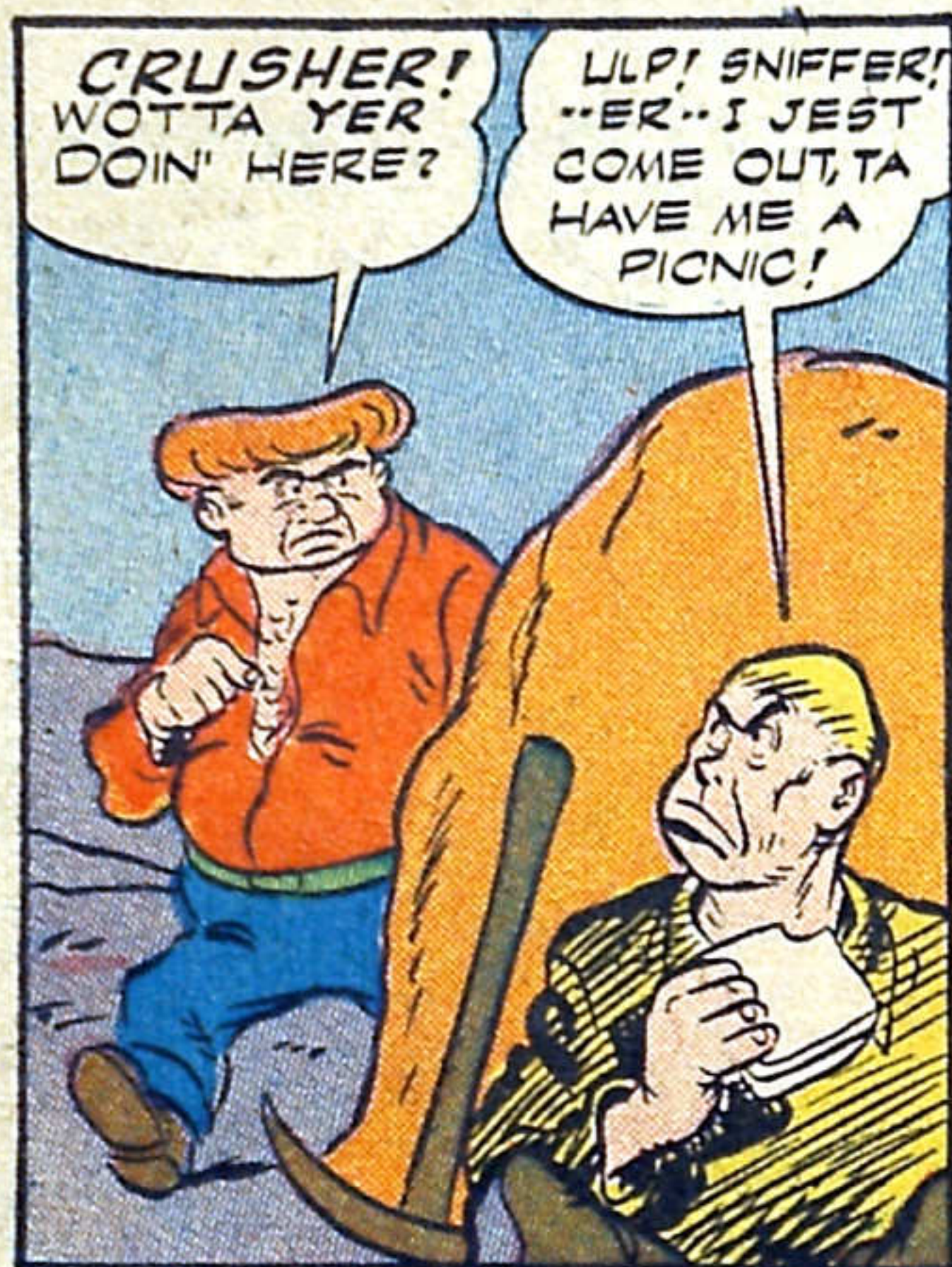




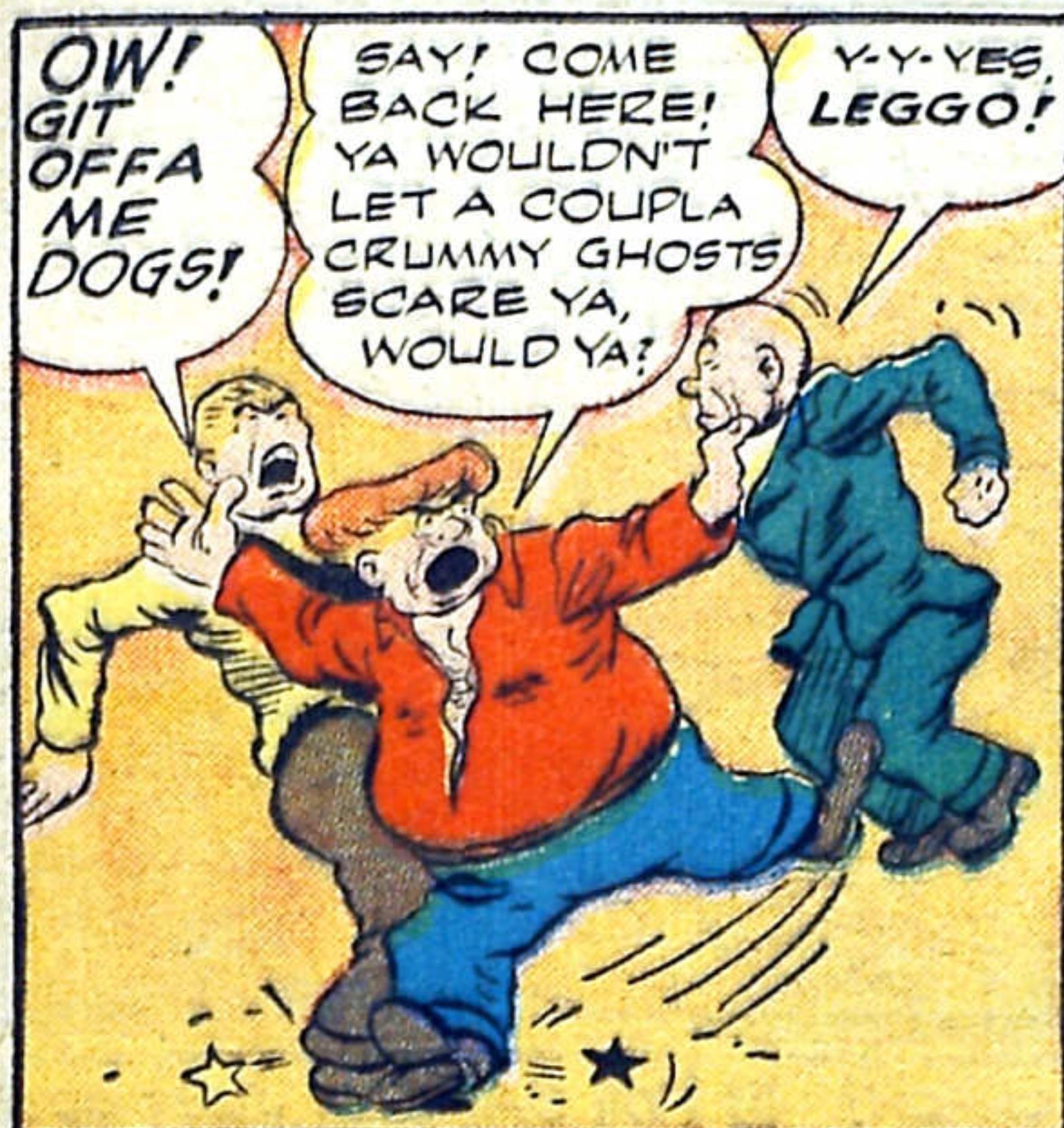
FOR HOURS  
SNIFFER AND  
GIANTKILLER  
TRUDGE  
INTO THE  
HILLS IN  
SEARCH OF  
THE GOLD  
MINE--  
(FINALLY--)



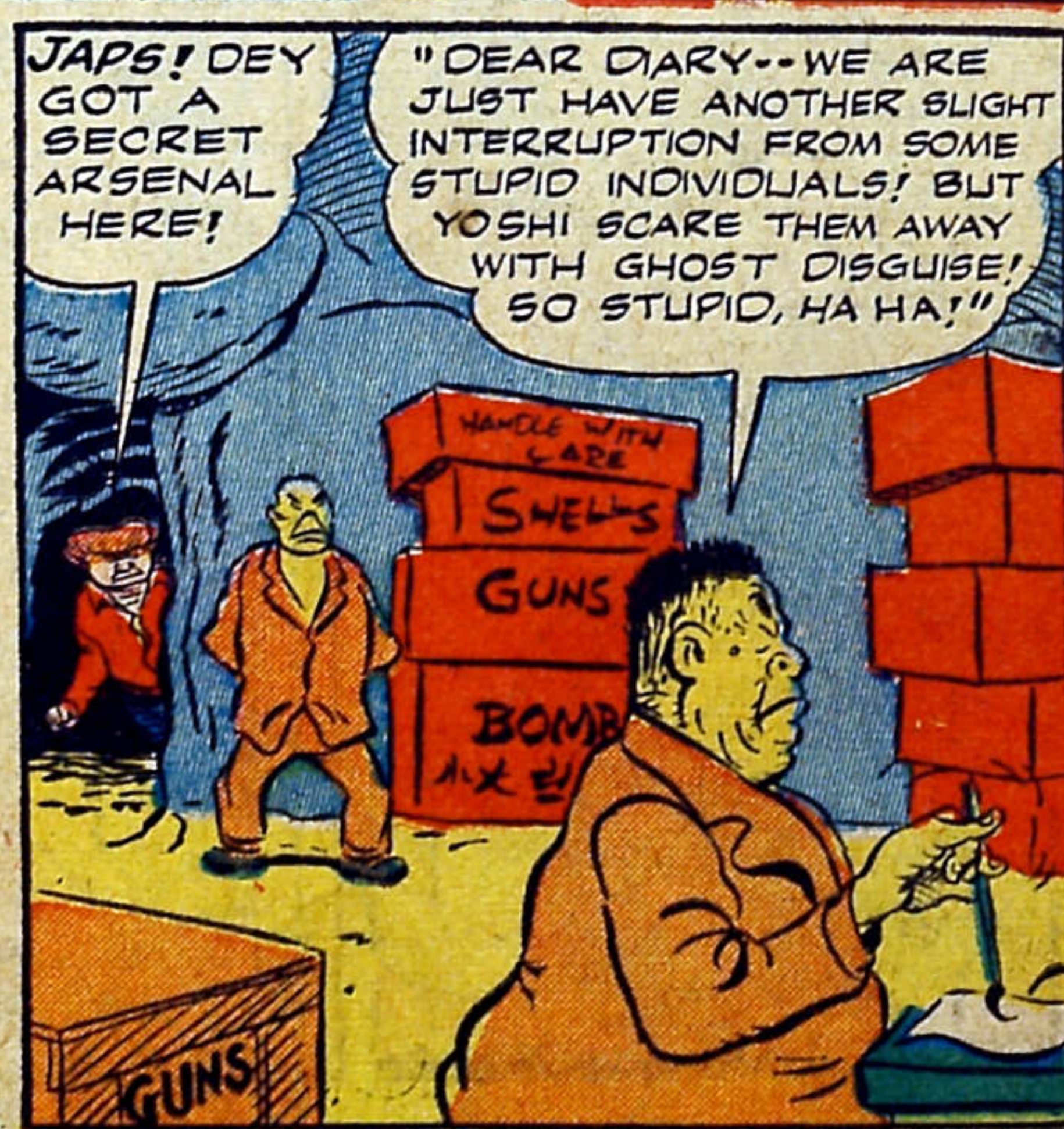




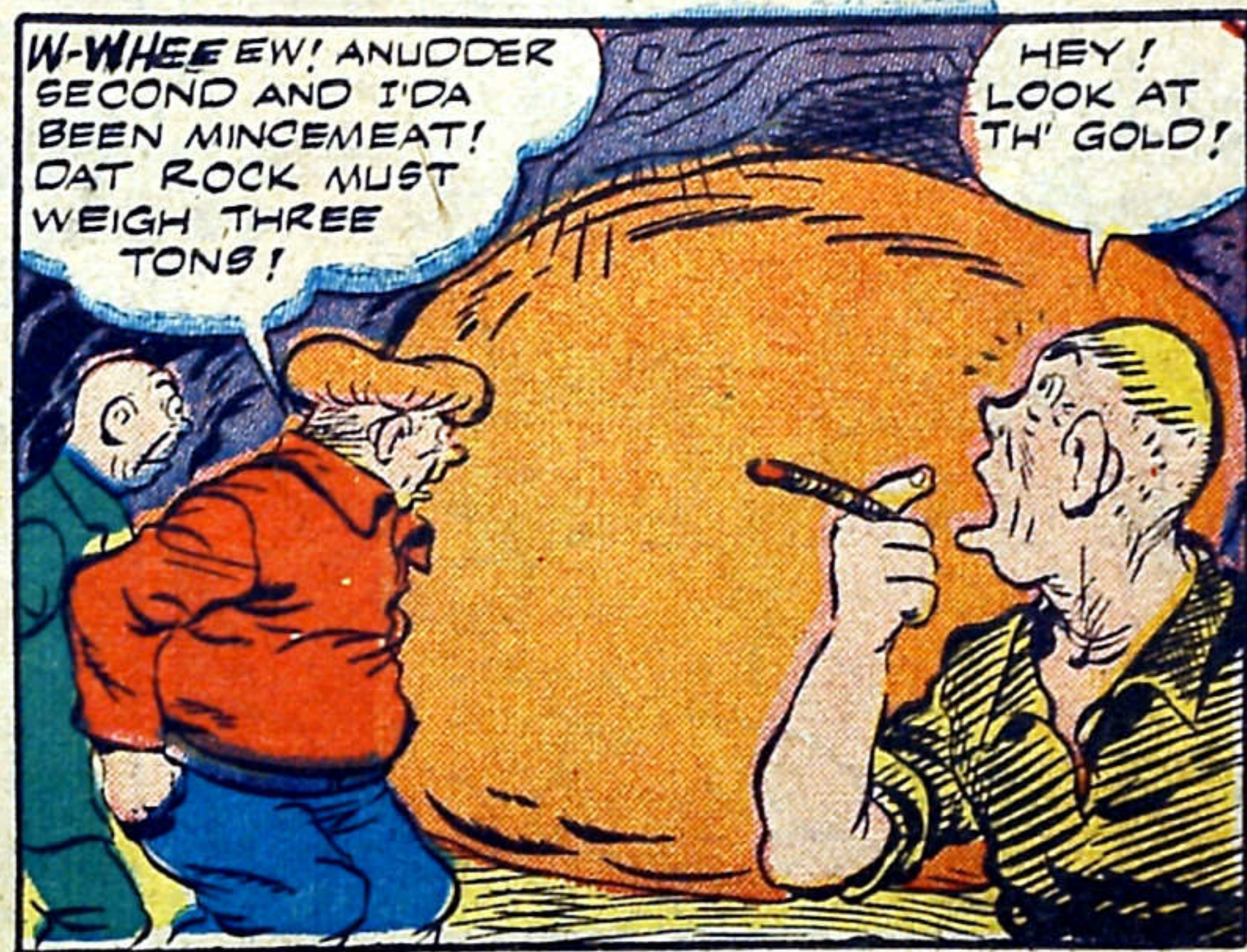
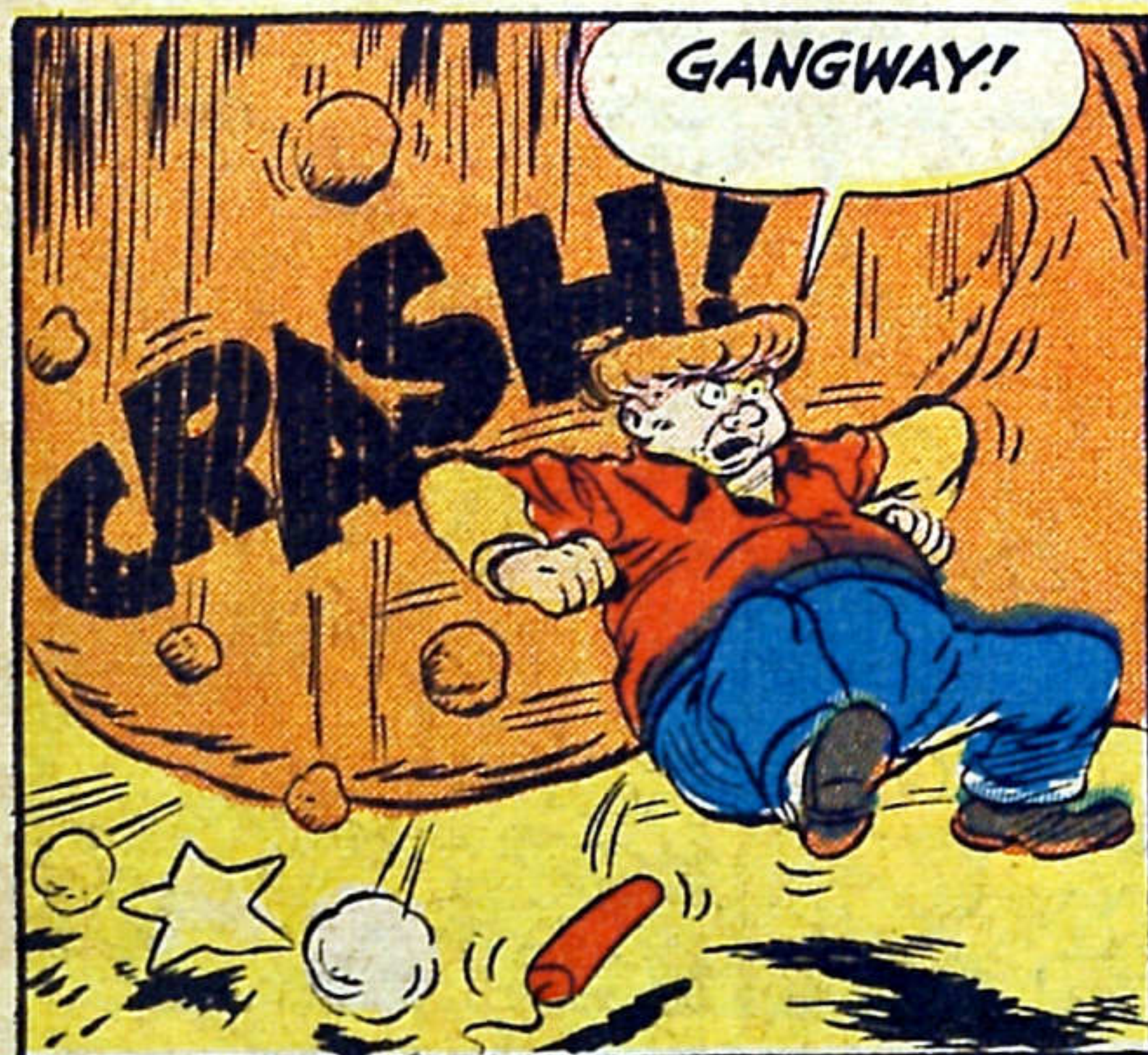
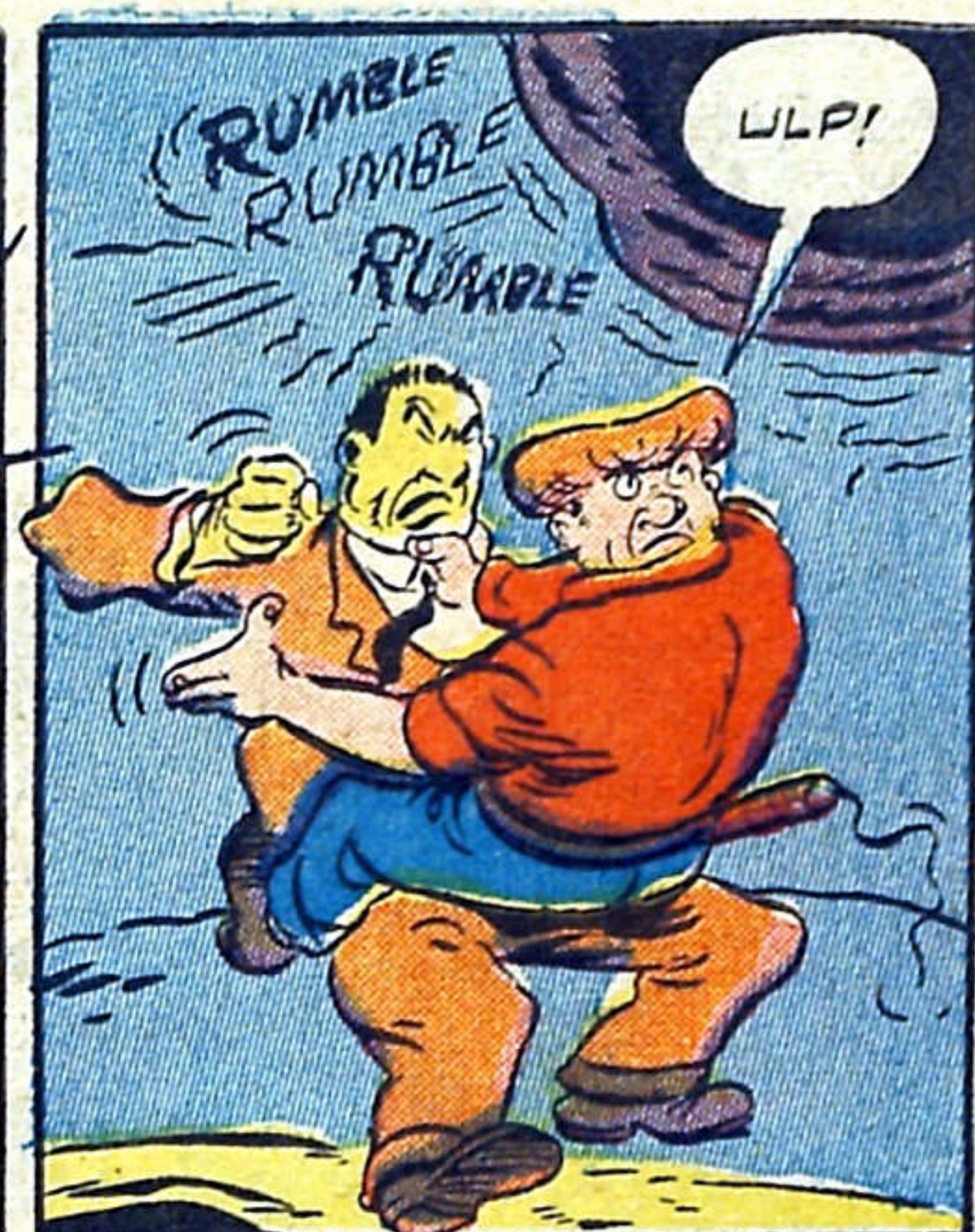
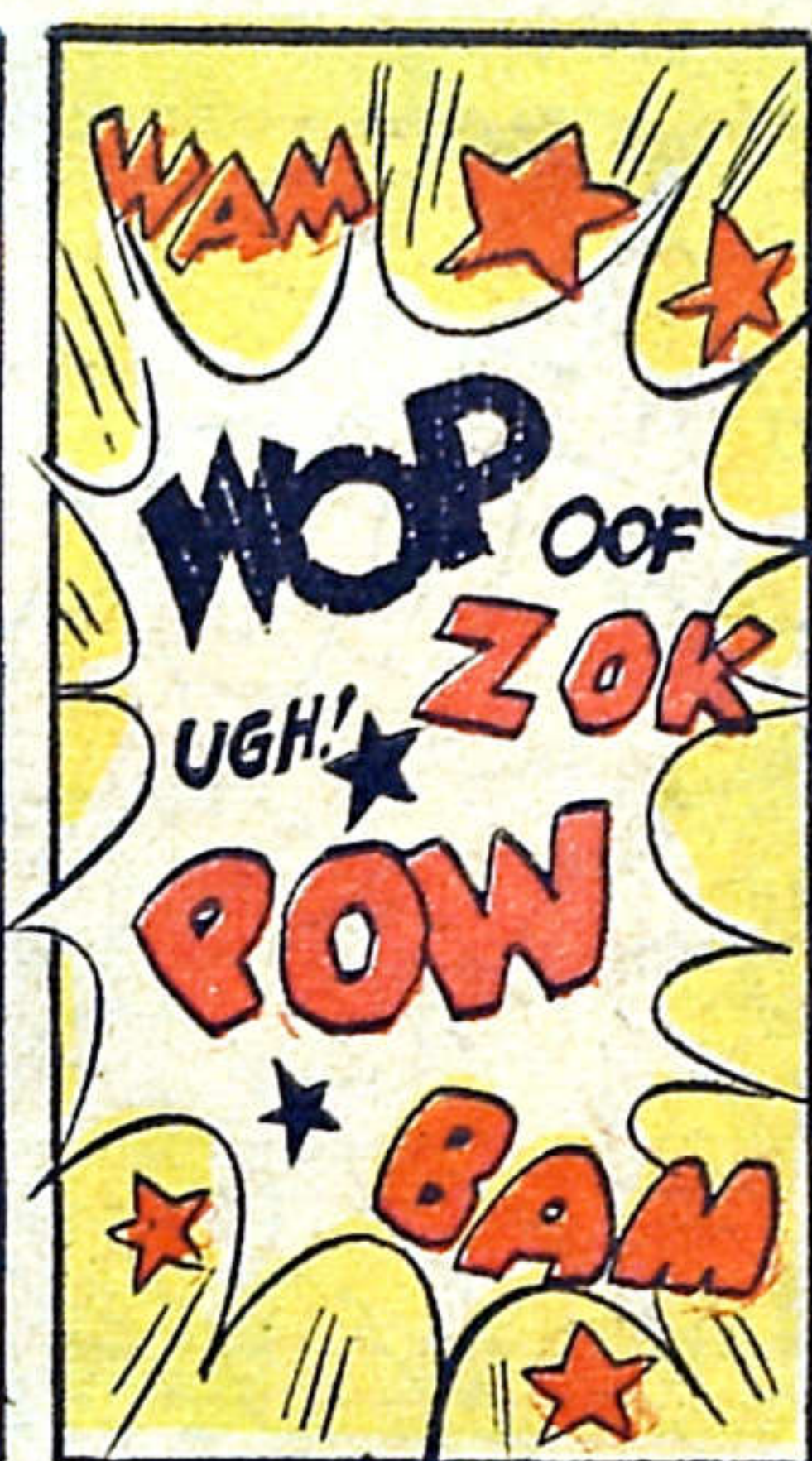
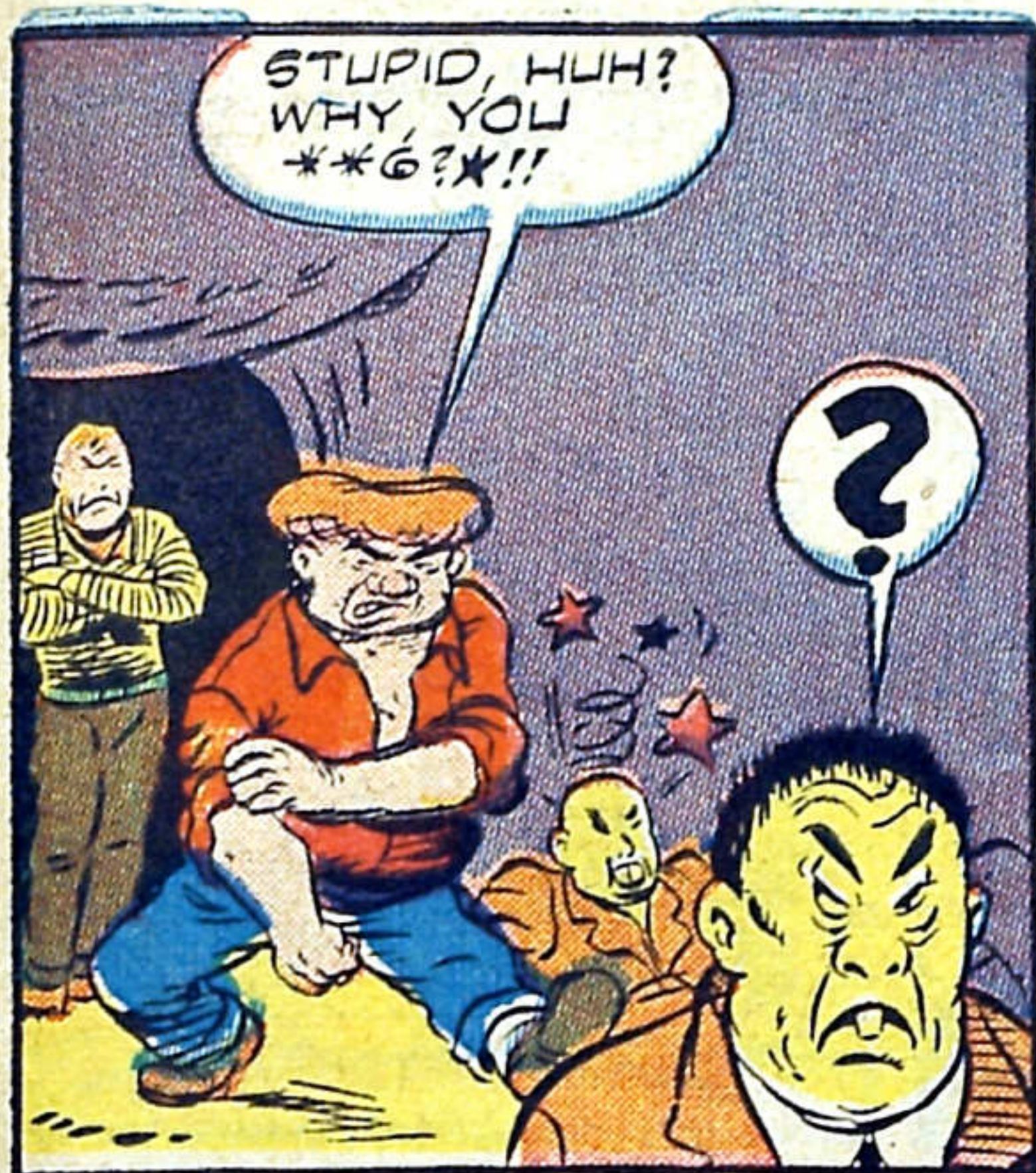




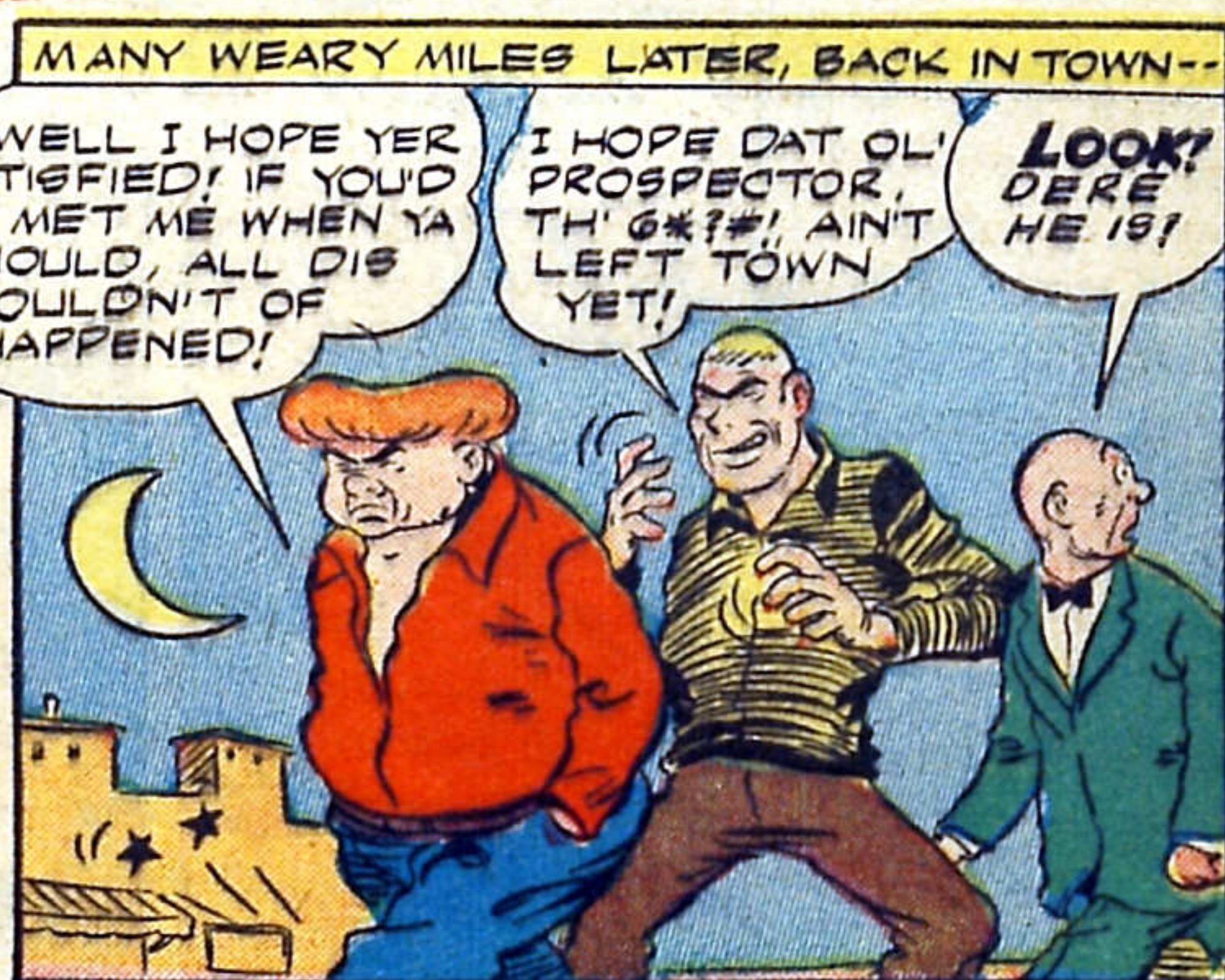
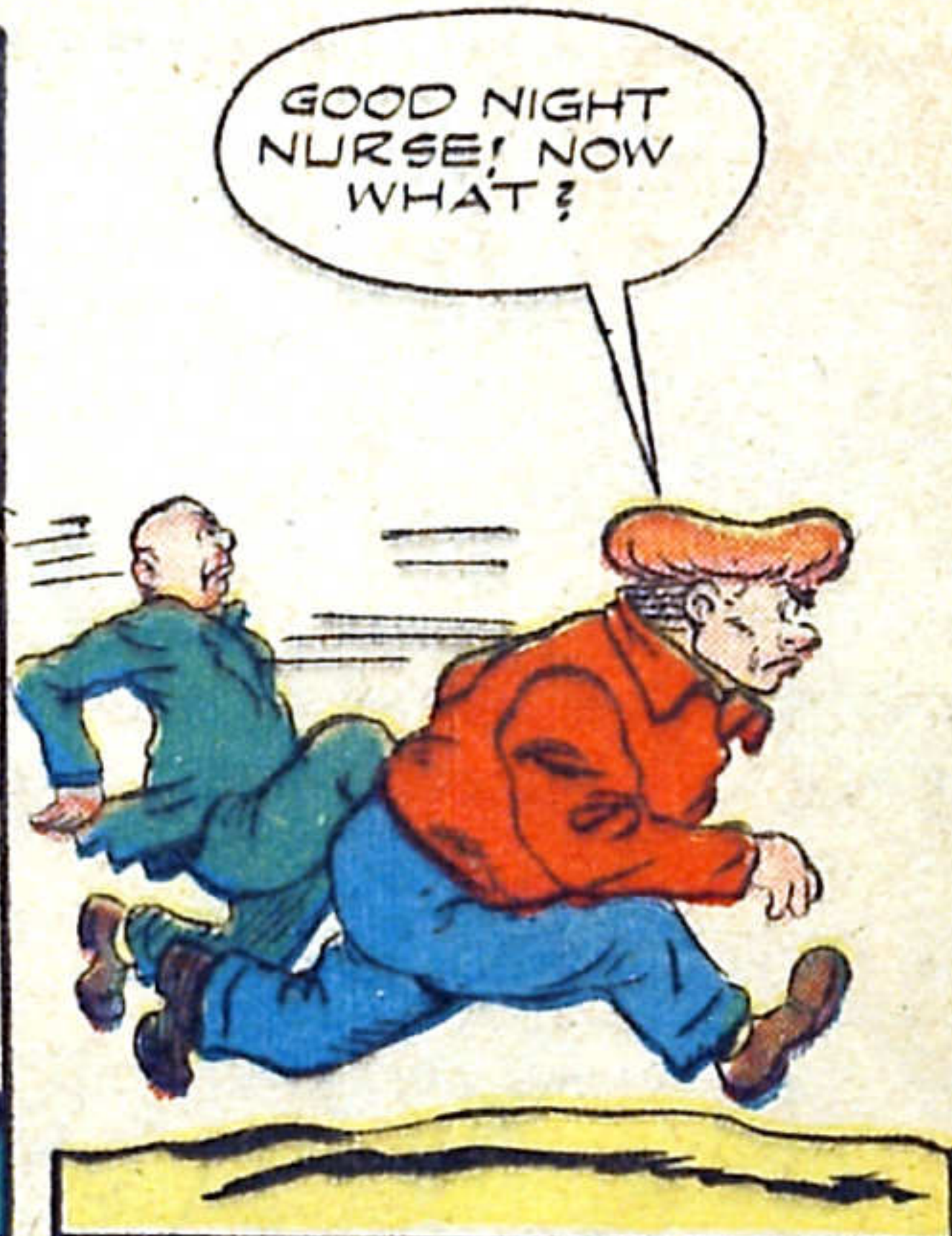
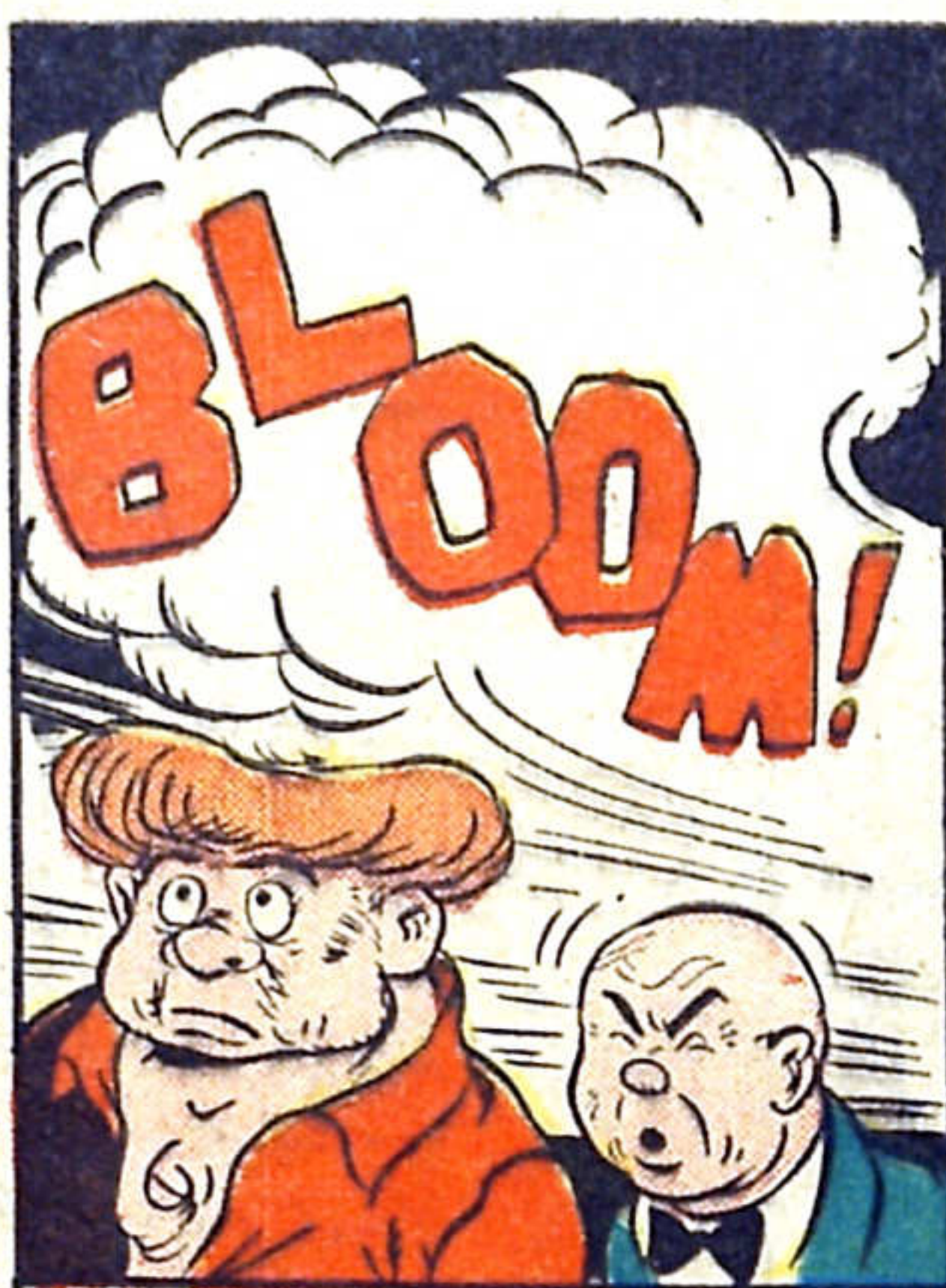
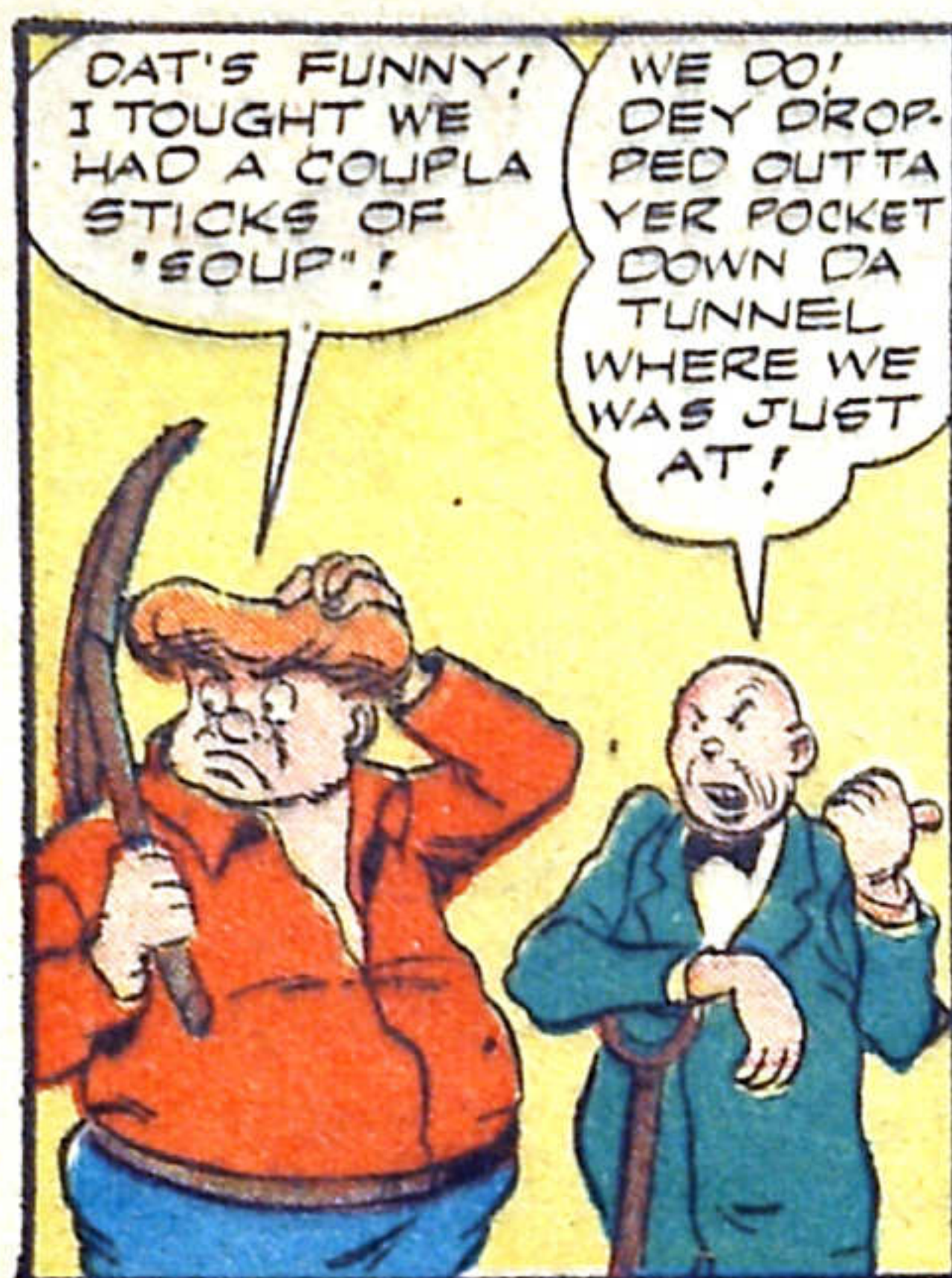














# TOLD IN BLOOD

by Joe Greene

THE hours of slow, stealthy approach through the treacherous coral reefs were over. In the early morning haze, the landing barges had come in close to shore. And then the Marines charged across the sandy beach, their steel bayonets glinting in the sunlight. Caught by surprise, the Japanese garrison was quickly overwhelmed. But a few of them had gotten away.

Now Captain Jenkins was crouching in the thick undergrowth and rubbing the week-old beard on his chin. He was staring across the level strip of land which the Japanese had made into a first class landing field. On the other side, the few Japanese who had escaped the daring raid, had set up a heavy-caliber machine-gun. Now they were raking the field from end to end. A squad of Marines had been sent to work their way around to the rear of the machine-gun nest. But it would be hours before they cut their way through the thick, jungle undergrowth. And meanwhile Army bombers were already on their way to use this field. A landing would be suicidal in the face of the Japanese fire.

It was up to him to have this field ready for use, Captain Jenkins knew. He would be blamed for any slip-up. The high command counted heavily on the use of this airfield to blast Japanese ships out of the surrounding seas. It was his job now to clear the Japanese machine-gun nest out.

"Sergeant Ross!" Captain Jenkins called out. "Come here."

Down the line, a handsome young Marine raised his head. Cautiously he crept from tree-trunk to tree-trunk until he crouched beside his Captain. "Yes, sir?"

"I'm going to try to make a run for the other side! Cover with rapid rifle fire!"

"Yes, sir!" Sergeant Ross replied. Then he hesitated, studying the open field in front of him. "May I make a suggestion, sir?" he asked.

"What is it?"

"I used to run for my high school track team," Sergeant Ross explained. "Let me try it first, sir. I could sprint across before they could get their rifle sights on me, sir! *Please!*"

Captain Jenkins hesitated for a long time. Finally he agreed. "If you fail to get across, Sergeant, I'll never forgive myself for letting you try it. . . ."

"Thank you, sir," Sergeant Ross replied. He laid aside his rifle and picked up an extra hand-grenade. Then he crept to the very edge of the clearing. "I'm ready, sir," he announced, his voice full of quiet confidence.

"Good luck, Marine!" Captain Jenkins whispered hoarsely.

A split second after the order to fire had been given, Sergeant Charlie Ross leaped out of his cover and began to sprint across the field.

"*Pow! Pow!*" Several bullets whistled past his ears. "Mighty close!" Charlie thought as he raced for the cover of the jungle on the other side of the field. Little clumps of dirt flew all around him as the bullets hit the ground. Then a whole string of little explosions threw the earth up just ahead of him. The machine-gun was trained on him! He swerved to one side and continued his mad race across the field. Then something hit him over the head like a sledge-hammer. He staggered and fell. For a moment he lay on the ground, stunned.

He felt his head which throbbed painfully. The steel helmet was gone. When he looked at his hand, it was covered with blood. "I guess they creased me that time—but it takes more than that to knock a Marine out of the fight!"

He rose to his feet and continued his run toward the wooded grove ahead. He could hear a hoarse cheer from his buddies behind him when they saw him get up. But the Japa-



nese had seen him, too. And now the air was thick with flying bullets.

His legs were pumping madly. The thicket ahead was growing larger and nearer with every step. "I'll make it! I'll make it!" he kept saying over and over again. Now the jungle was but a few feet away. "Another few steps and I'm across!"

Suddenly something hit him in the shoulder. It packed the wallop of a mule's kick. He spun around from the force of the blow. Another bullet struck him in the ribs. Another in the thigh. Then the earth seemed to rise up toward him and hit him in the face. He lay still, face down.

How long he lay there he never found out. But slowly he became aware of the stickiness of his clothes clinging to his body. He knew it was his own blood, flowing from his wounds, soaking his clothes. He dug his fingers into the earth and began to drag himself forward. Just ahead was the jungle. After what seemed like a lifetime, he crawled into the undergrowth. He lay there listing for a while. He remembered exactly where the machine-gun was hidden. He still had to knock it out!

Painfully, he began to crawl toward the machine-gun nest. Every part of his body hurt. But he gritted his teeth and kept going. "I've got to get them before I bleed to death!" he said to himself.

When he got near enough to the Japanese soldiers, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a hand-grenade. It was covered with his own blood. Something was sticking to it. Charlie looked at the piece of paper and remembered suddenly. It was a letter from home—from his mother. He had read it over so many times he knew every word of it by heart. He put the letter on the ground in front of him, gently, lovingly. Then he raised himself and looked over the bushes. The Japanese were very close to him, too close for the grenade. But he had no strength to throw it far. He could manage, he knew, to throw it only a short distance.

He raised the grenade and pulled the pin out with his teeth. Then he waited several seconds. With his last ounce of strength, he heaved it and fell flat on his face.

A second later, the explosion tossed pieces of earth and bushes over him. But Sergeant Charlie Ross no longer cared. He was lying still, his hand grasping the letter from his mother. His mind was wandering deliriously.

He thought he was looking into the face of his mother and she was smiling at him. Her lips were forming words and he watched carefully. He heard her speak the words of the letter clutched in his hand.

"... and take care of yourself, son. You are fighting for all of us back home, for your mother and the kids on the block. . . . We know it. We are doing everything to help. . . . Yesterday I went to the Red Cross and gave my blood. . . . Who knows whose life that blood may someday save . . . it—it might be your life, my son. . . ."

And then the image of his mother faded. Everything went black and Sergeant Charlie Ross knew no more.

Captain Jenkins looked at the still body of Sergeant Ross. The first aid man was bending over him.

"It's no use, sir!" the first aid man said. "He's lost so much blood we'll never get him back to the first aid station alive!"

"We've got to!" Captain Jenkins snapped back. "Get that blood plasma ready! We'll give him a transfusion right here!" He picked up a bayoneted rifle and jabbed it into the ground beside Sergeant Ross. Then he taped the jar of life-saving fluid to the butt end of the rifle. "We've got to save him!"

It was when they were placing him into a stretcher to carry him to the first aid station that Sergeant Ross opened his eyes. He saw the smiling face of Captain Jenkins bending over him.

"You'll be all right now, Sergeant. That blood plasma from the Red Cross saved your life!"

Sergeant Ross grinned and nodded his head weakly. Then he said something that puzzled Captain Jenkins for weeks afterward.

"Thanks, mother . . ." Charlie whispered, a smile on his face.

[THE END]





World's



Globe



NEW YORK, N.Y.

OCTOBER 1, 1943

COMPLETE FINAL

# EXTRA! EXTRA!

# CLAW AND HITLER DISAGREE AGAIN



## TWO CLOWNS FEUDING FOR SECOND TIME

BERLIN HINTS CLAW MAY HAVE  
BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HITLER'S  
SUSPECTED DISAPPEARANCE  
LAST JANUARY

LONDON, \_\_\_\_\_

## CLAW GETTING IN HITLER'S HAIR!!

BERLIN RADIO ADMITS 'TROUBLE ABREWING'  
BETWEEN FUEHRER AND MONSTROUS CLAW

by BOB WOOD

TWO OF THE WORLD'S FOUR WORST VILLAINS (THE OTHER TWO BEING HIROHITO AND MUSSOLINI) ARE AT IT AGAIN. LESS THAN A YEAR AGO HITLER DOUBLED-CROSSED THE CLAW. NOW IT SEEMS THAT THE TIBETIAN GIANT IS REVERSING THE TABLES.

EVEN "BLABBER-MOUTH" GOEBBELS' LIES HAVE FAILED TO DECEIVE THE GERMAN PEOPLE THIS TIME AND THE FACT THAT THE INSANE EX-SIGN PAINTER HAS NOT DENIED THE REPORTS LEAVES LITTLE DOUBT IN ANYONE'S MIND THAT THE RUMORS ARE TRUE.

CONTINUED ON  
NEXT PAGE



AT REICHSTAG HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN...



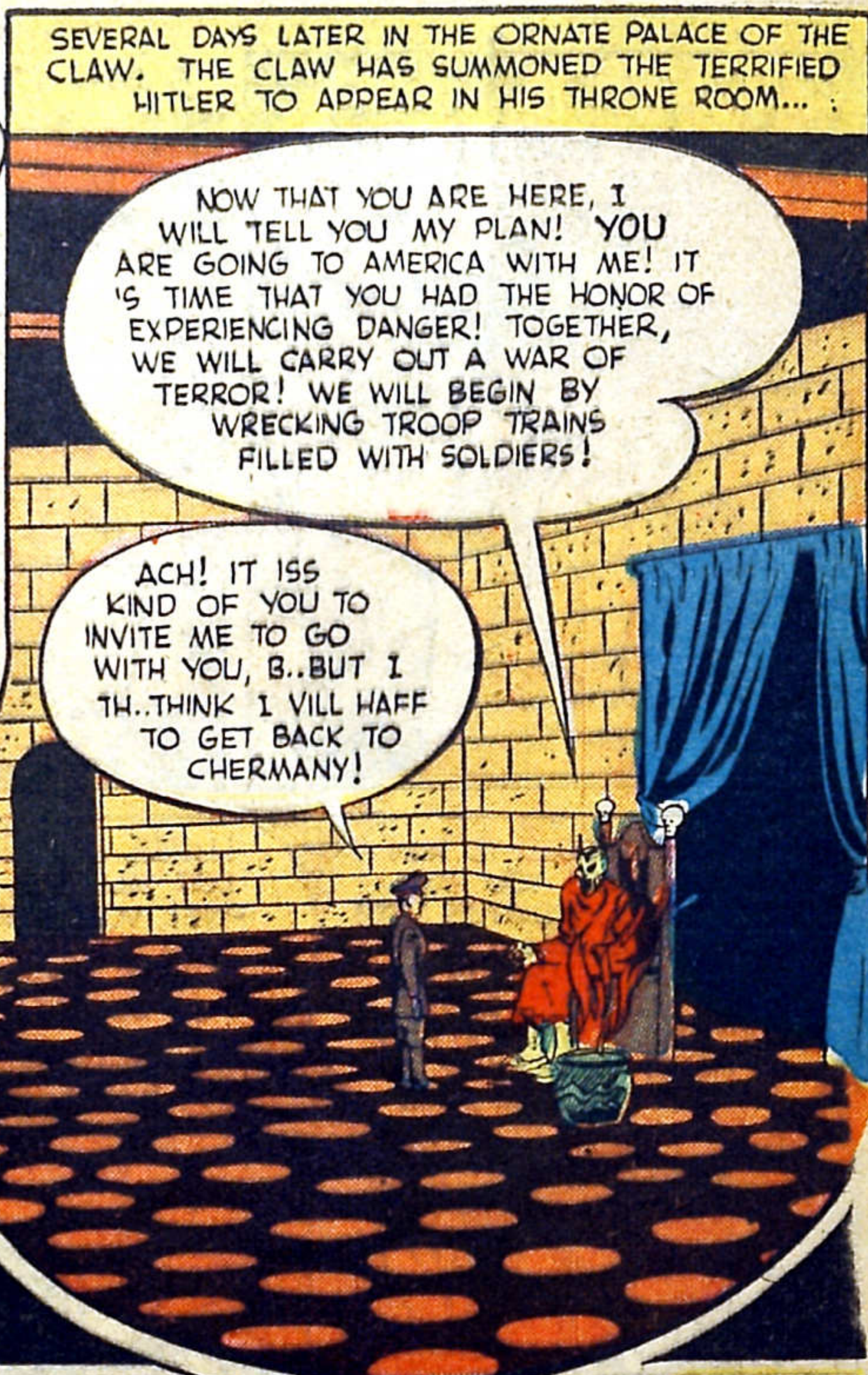
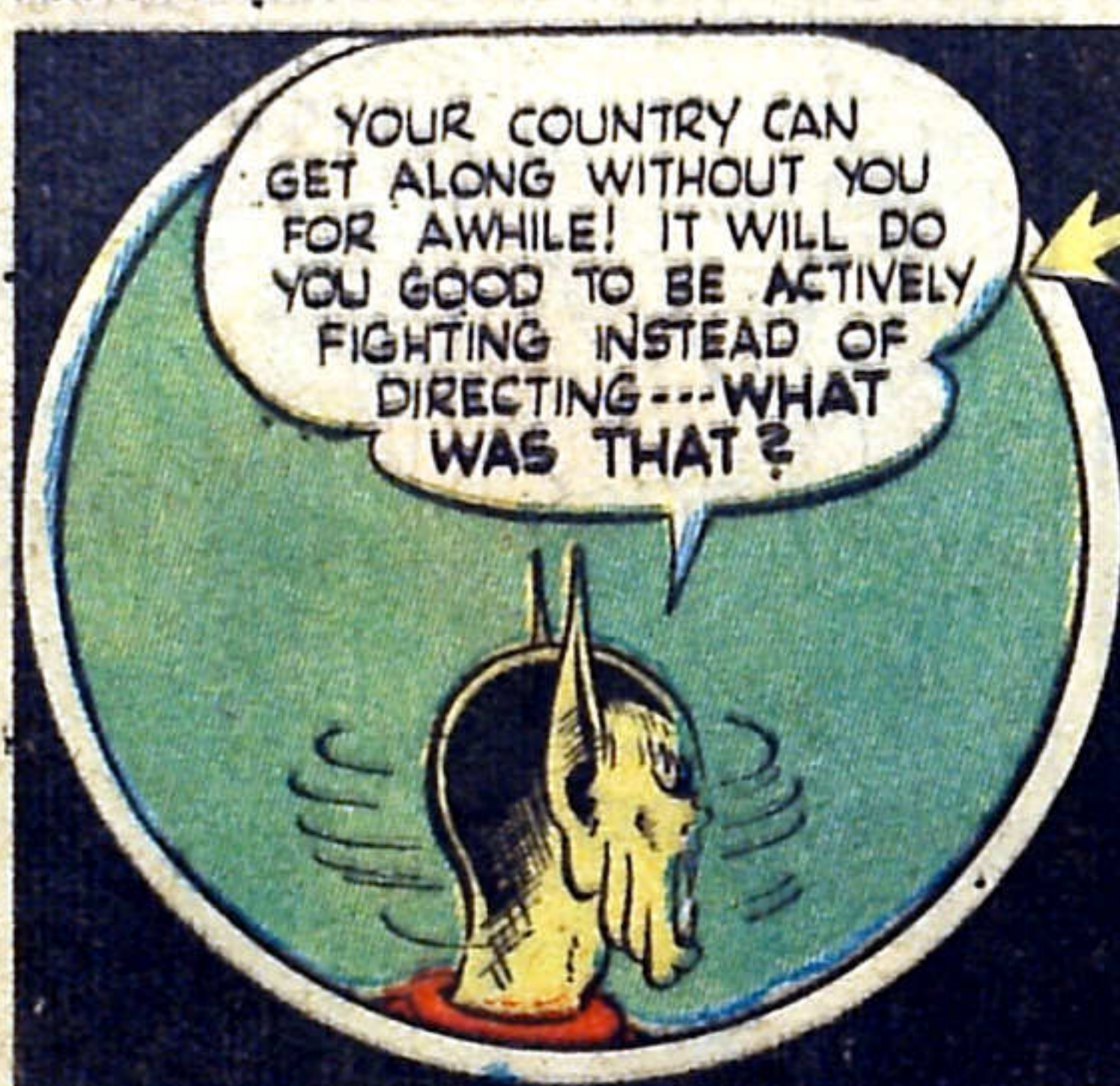
HITLER, EVER TERRIFIED BY THE CLAW'S  
TERRIBLE POWER, TURNS TO HIS ADVISOR...







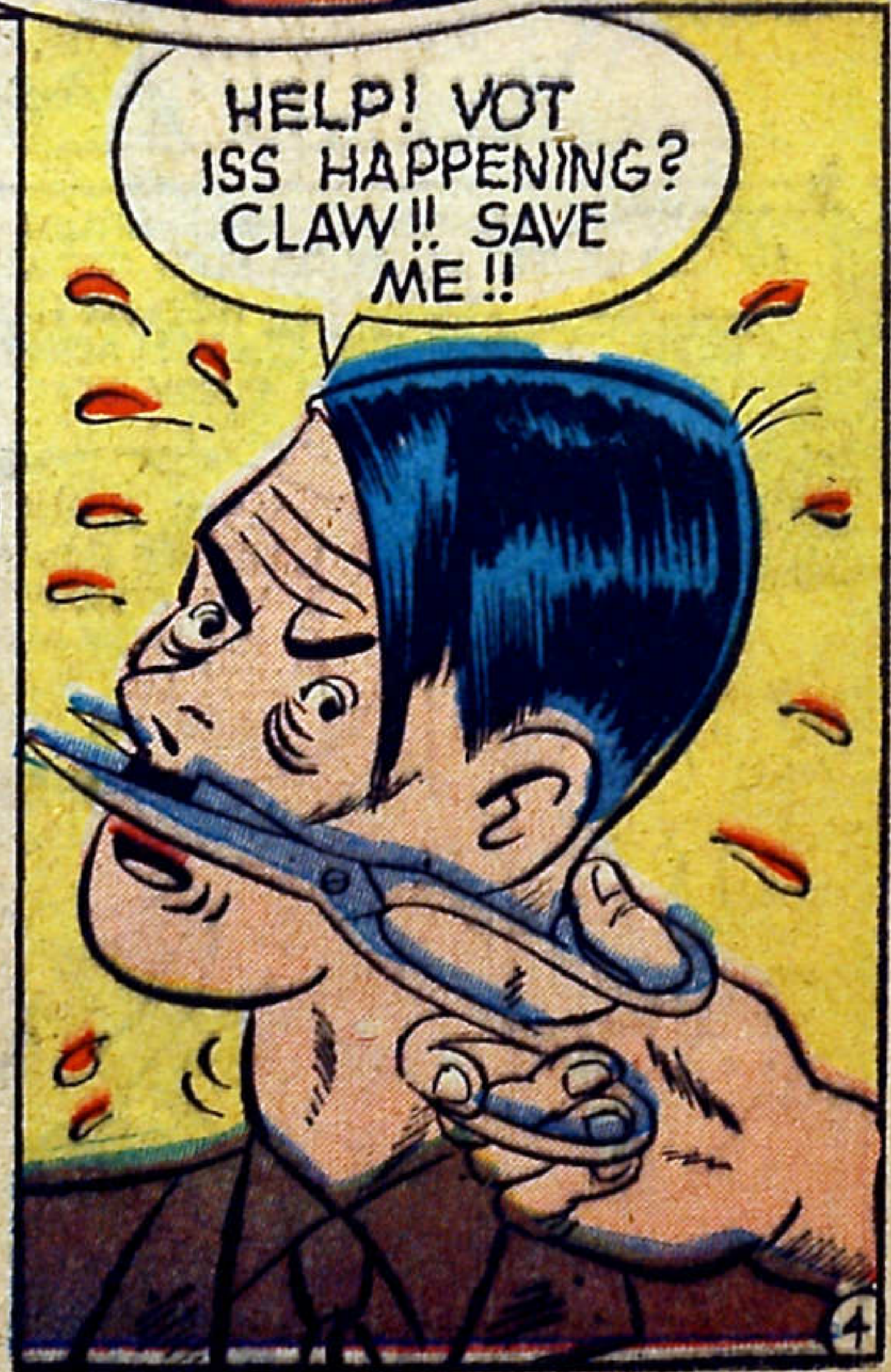




AS THE CLAW'S ATTENTION IS  
DIVERTED BY A NOISE OUTSIDE,  
HITLER, TERRIFIED AT THE  
PROSPECT OF PERSONAL DANGER,  
DECIDES TO ESCAPE!

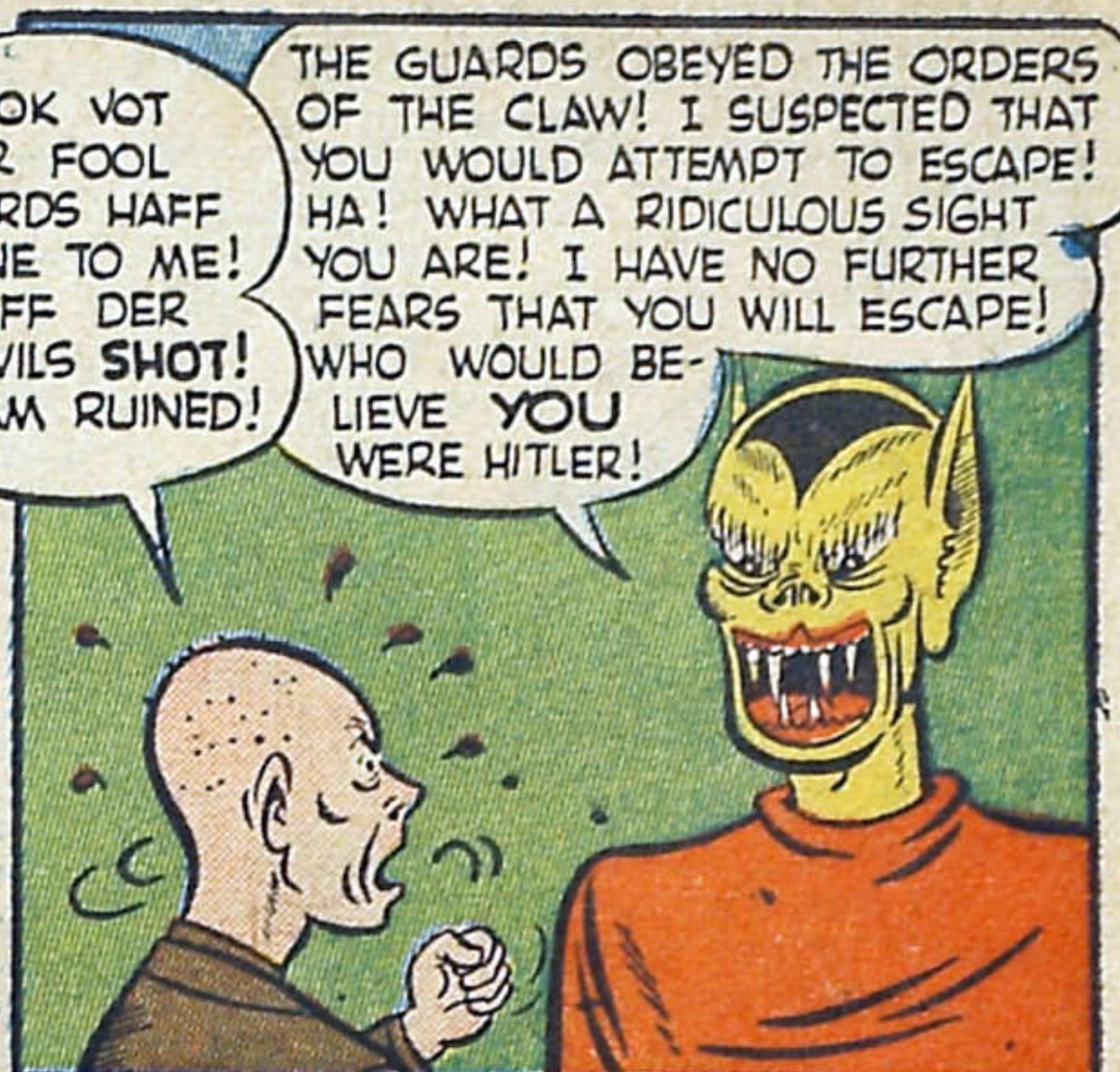


THE CLAW HAD EXPECTED  
HITLER TO ATTEMPT AN  
ESCAPE, AND HAD PRE-  
PARED FOR IT.

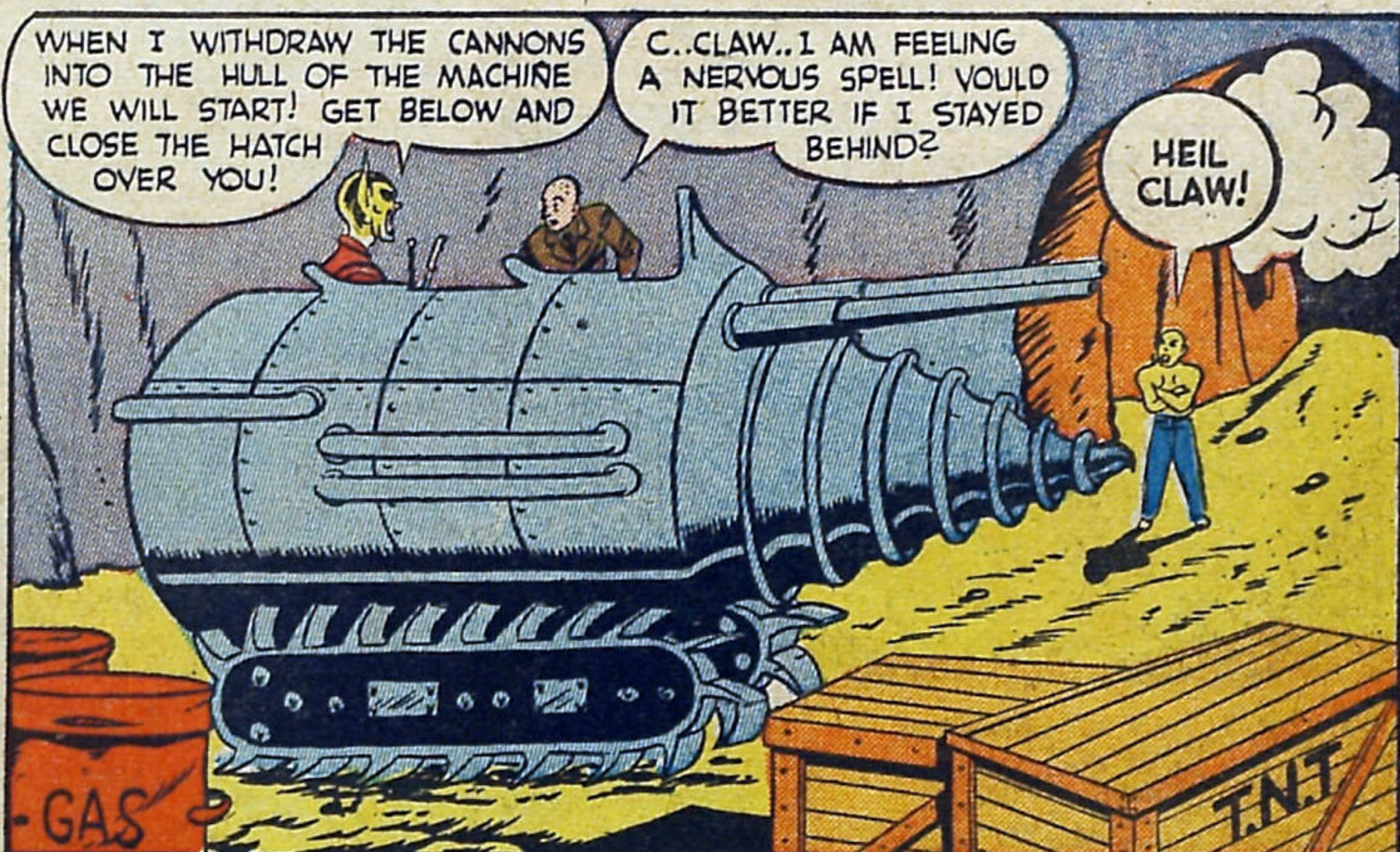




**SNIP!**  
**SNIP! OW**  
**SNIP!**  
**OW! SNIP!**  
**SNIP!\***



AS HITLER'S RAGE  
 SUBSIDES, HE REALIZES  
 THAT THE CLAW HAS  
 TRAPPED HIM! HE  
 CANNOT RETURN TO  
 GERMANY UNTIL HIS  
 HAIR AND MUSTACHE  
 GROWS SO THERE IS  
 NO ALTERNATIVE  
 BUT TO FOLLOW  
 THE CLAW'S EVIL  
 PLAN! THE CLAW  
 ORDERS HIS BORING  
 MACHINE TO BE  
 LOADED WITH  
 EXPLOSIVES AND  
 PREPARES FOR  
 HIS TRIP TO  
 AMERICA!



MEANWHILE  
 IN THE U.S.A,  
 BRAD HENDRICKS,  
 ALIAS THE GHOST,  
 IS LISTENING  
 TO HIS RADIO  
 WHEN THE  
 PROGRAM IS  
 INTERRUPTED  
 BY A NEWS  
 BROADCAST...



CONVINCED THAT THE CLAW IS RESPONSIBLE  
 FOR THE PHENOMENA, BRAD BECOMES THE  
 GHOST...

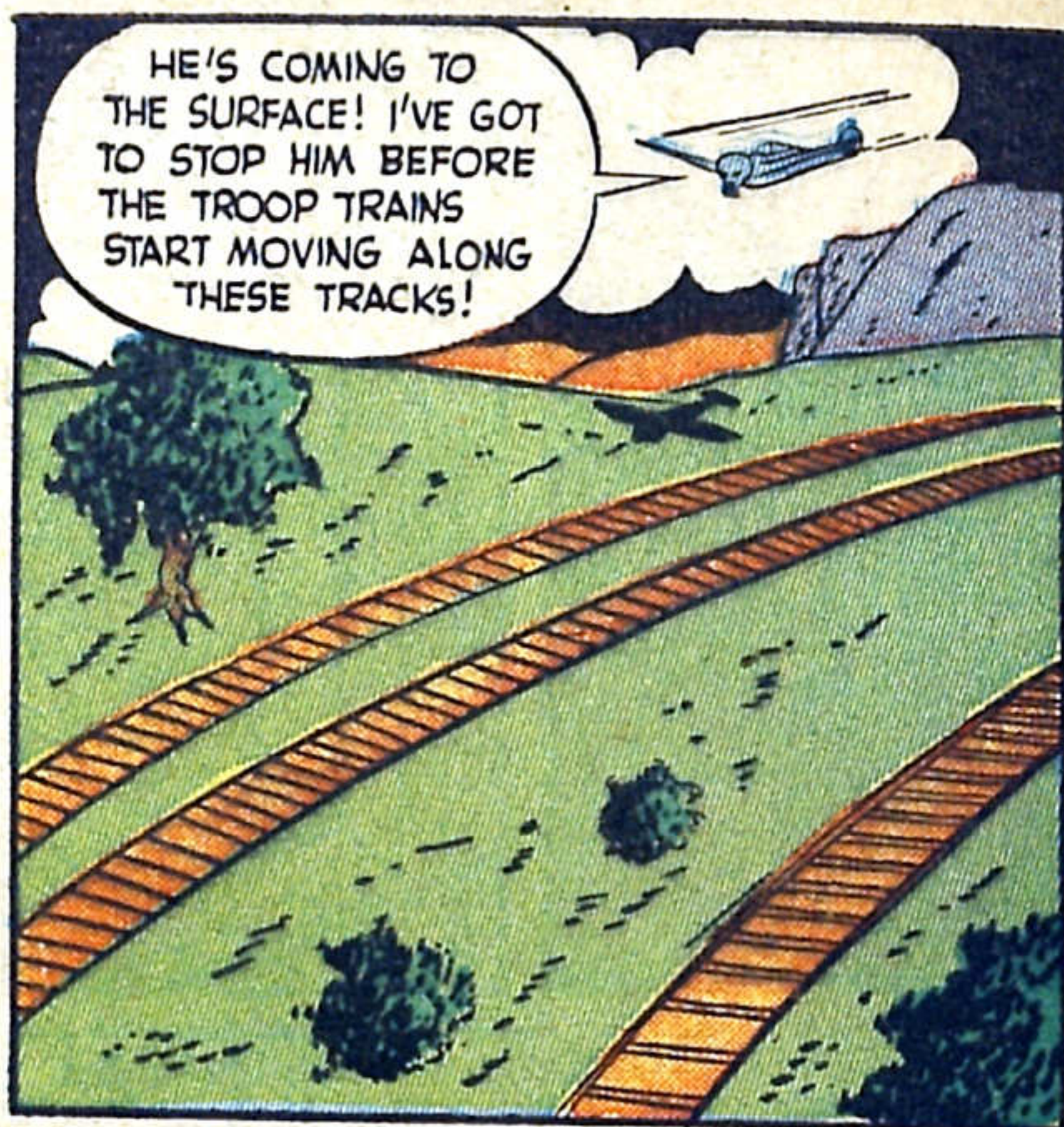




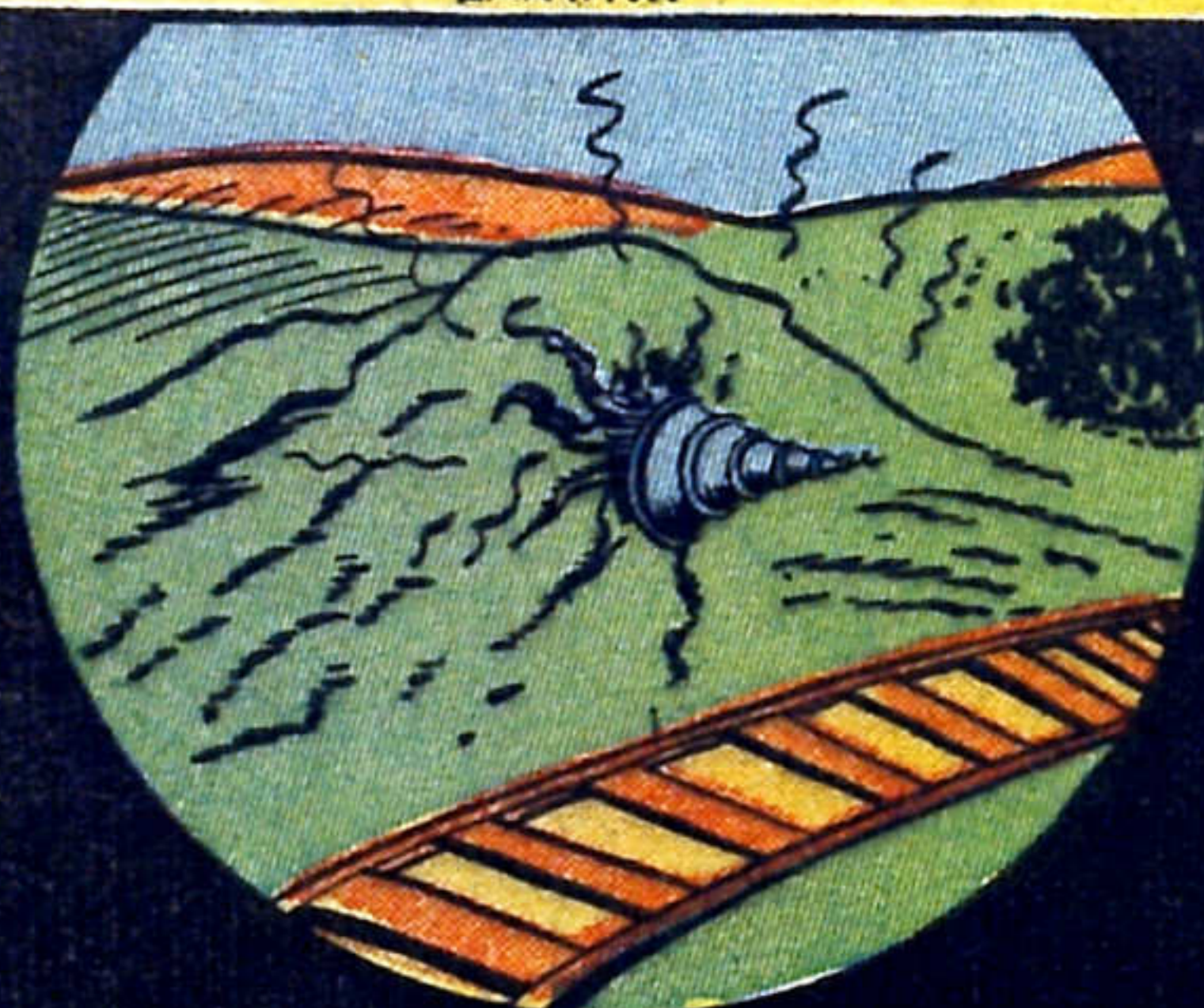
AS THE RADIO BROADCASTS THE PATH OF THE EARTH-QUAKES, THE GHOST, IN HIS PLANE, FOLLOWS THE SAME COURSE!



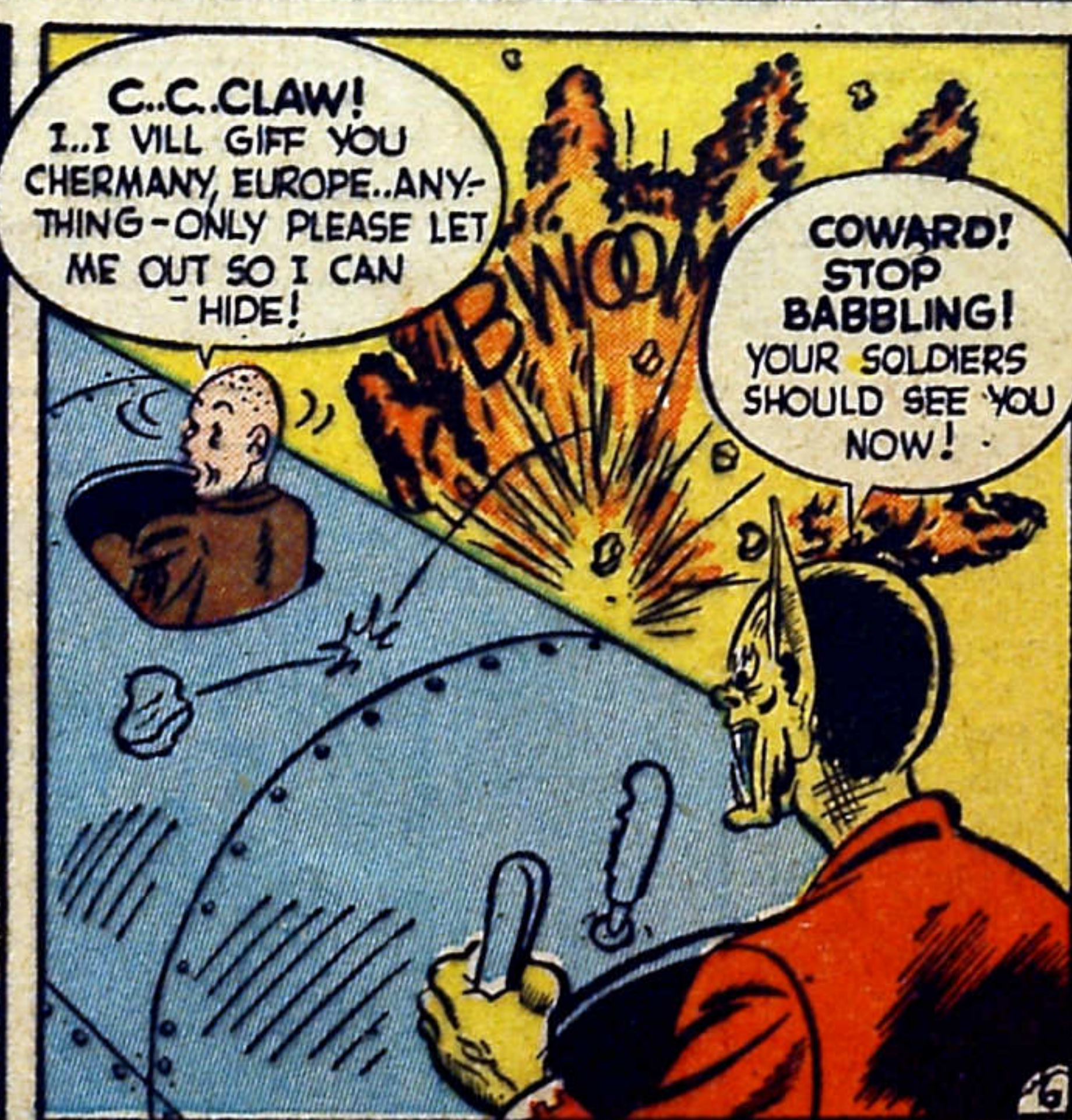
THE TREMORS HAVE FOLLOWED A DIRECT COURSE AND ARE NOW AT THE WEST COAST! THEY ARE ADVANCING RAPIDLY EAST-WARD! THE LAST TREMOR RECORDED WAS 42° NORTH LATITUDE 100° WEST LONG-TITUDE AND SEEMED CLOSER TO THE SURFACE!



SUDDENLY THE WHIRLING STEEL HULL OF THE CLAW'S BORING MACHINE BURSTS OUT OF THE EARTH...



AS THE BORING MACHINE COMES INTO VIEW, THE GHOST RELEASES A LOAD OF BOMBS AT CLOSE RANGE.







PLEASE TAKE ME BACK, CLAW! I VILL DO ANYTHING! I VILL, I PROMISE!

SILENCE! YOUR PROMISES ARE NOTHING! STOP DISTRACTING ME!

BAM



THE CLAW'S SHELL DESTROYED THE GHOST'S PLANE, BUT THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION HURLED THE GHOST FROM IT SO THAT HE WAS ABLE TO PARACHUTE TO SAFETY!



ALL RIGHT, CLAW! I DARE YOU TO COME ON AND FINISH THIS FIGHT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

ACH! CLAW! I.I. AM F.FRIGHTENED! PLEASE LET ME SHOOT DER GHOST NOW UND DEN VE CAN GET VERE IT ISS SAFE! I VILL NEFFER BE DER SAME!

SILENCE! DO AS I TOLD YOU! IF I SEEM TO BE LOSING I WILL DROP TO THE GROUND AND THEN YOU WILL SHOOT THE GHOST-BUT I WOULD RATHER SEE IF I CAN KILL HIM MYSELF!

WHO'S YOUR FUNNY LITTLE FRIEND, CLAW?



OOF!

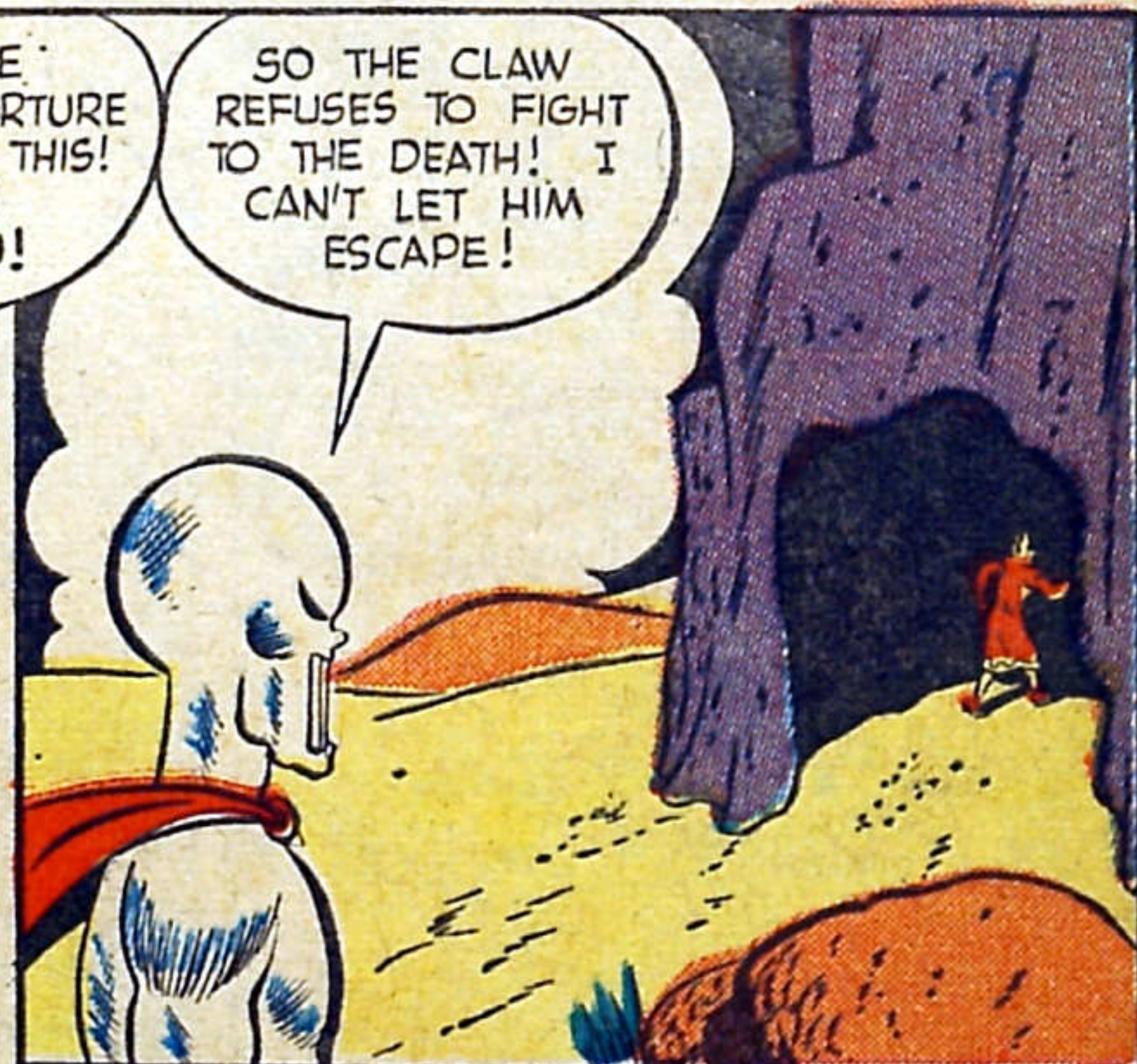
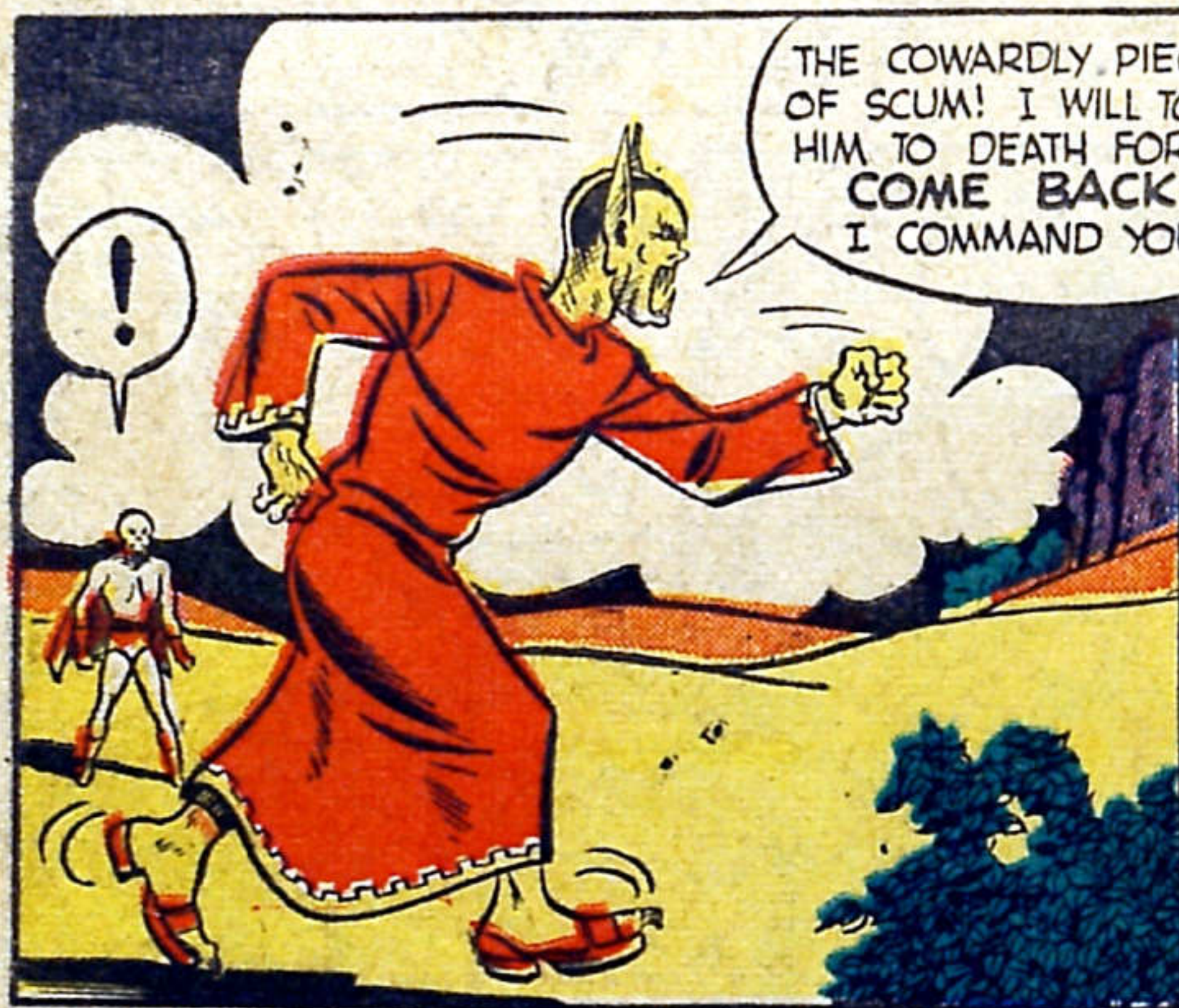
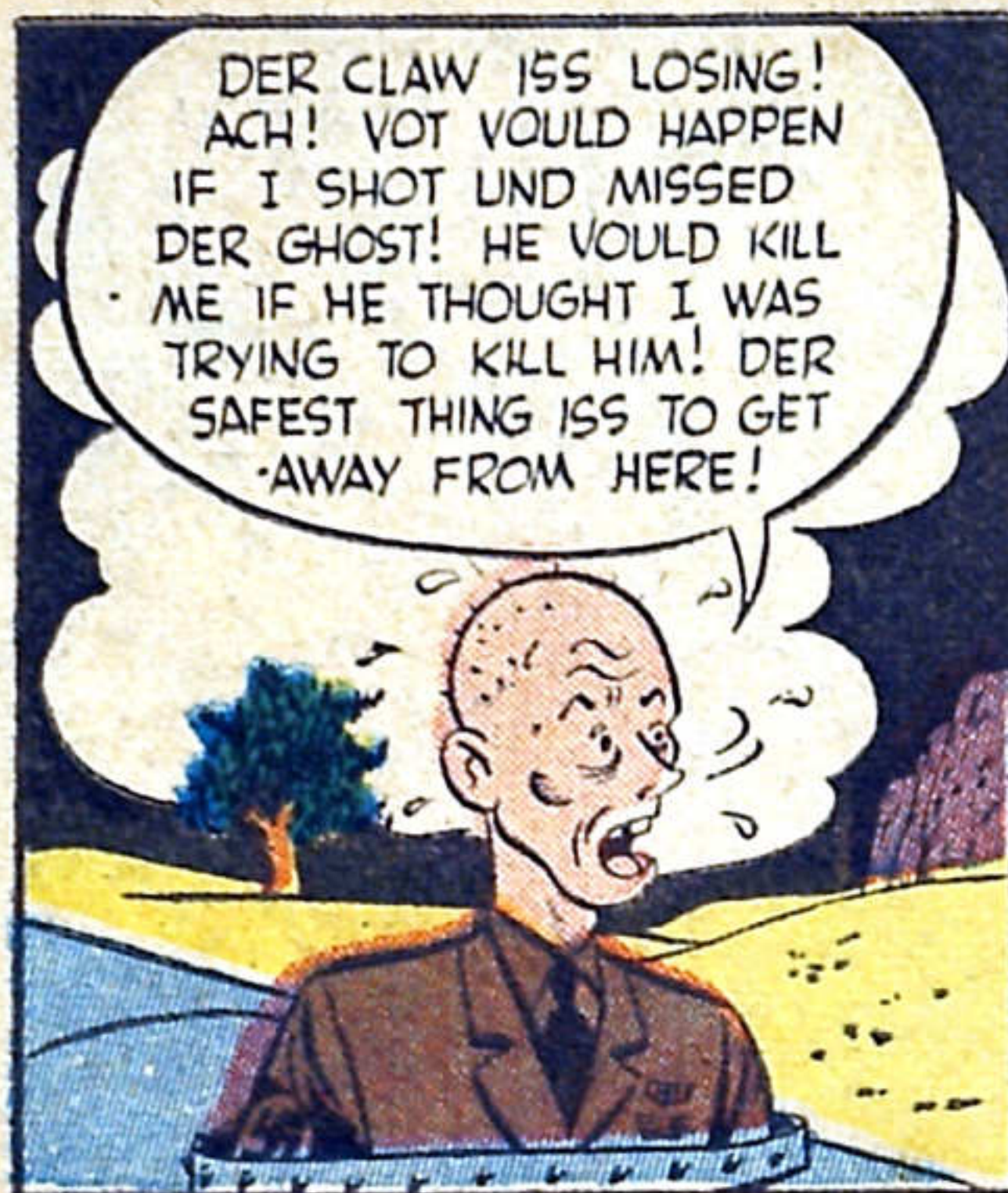
YOU HAVE TOO MUCH HOT AIR IN YOU! THIS SHOULD LET SOME OF IT OUT!



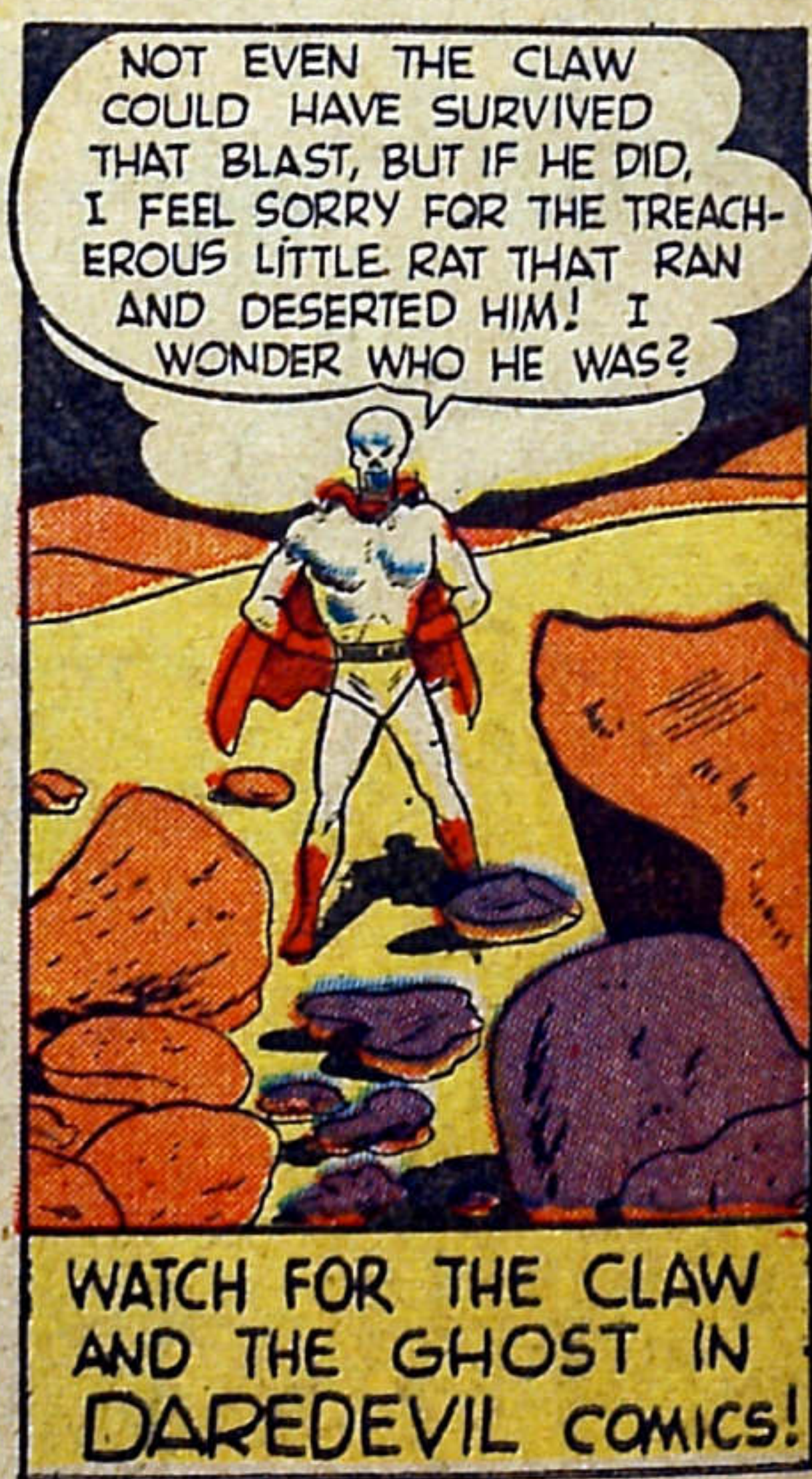
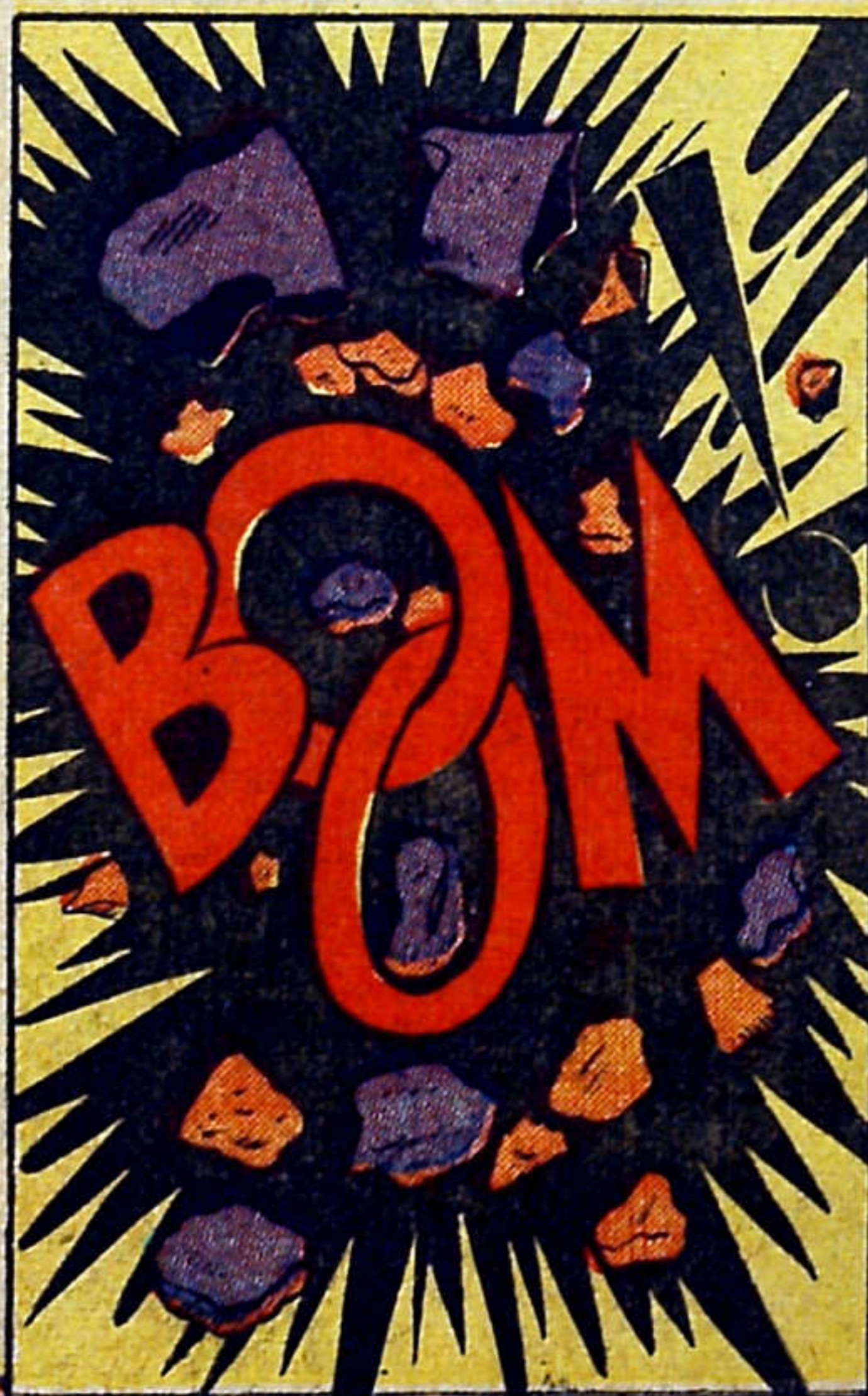
LET'S SEE IF YOUR BLOOD IS AS YELLOW AS YOU ARE, YOU TREACHEROUS DEVIL!







THE GHOST WHIPS OUT A  
SUPER GRENADE FROM A SECRET  
POCKET AND HURLS IT INTO  
THE CAVE!





HOW'YA FOLKS! SINCE I MET UP WITH THE LITTLE WISE GUYS, THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING FASTER THAN EVER- AND ESPECIALLY SO IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE, WHERE WE RUN SMACK INTO THE MOST FIENDISH, BRUTAL MURDERER YET-THE **GRAVEDIGGER**- HE EVEN ATTEMPTS TO BURY TONIA SAUNDERS ALIVE AS SEEN ON THE COVER! BUT, OH, WELL, I'LL LET YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAPPENS!

AS FAR AS US WISE GUYS IS CONCERNED-IT'S REALLY A WHOPPER!



PEEWEE



CURLY



JOCK



SCARECROW



SO IT'S MY TOIN'T MAKE A SPEECH, HUH? WELL, SNIFFIN' IS MY SPECIALTY- NOT TALKIN', BUT IF YA WANT ACTION, WATCH ME MOP UP DEM JAPS IN DE OCTOBER ISSUE!

GET THE  
**OCTOBER**  
ISSUE!  
ON YOUR  
NEWSSTAND  
**NOW!**



WIPE THAT SNEER OFF HIS FACE!



Dr Seuss  
BUY  
WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

**DAREDEVIL**  
*"The Greatest Name in Comics"*



*presents*

**DAREDEVIL  
AND HIS LITTLE  
WISE GUYS**

SEE,  
READ AND  
LEARN FOR THE  
FIRST TIME HOW  
CRIMINALS MADE  
THEIR MISTAKE  
AND PAID THE  
PRICE!

THEIR MISTAKE  
AND PAID THE  
PRICE!

**GET THE BEST**  
**for YOUR MONEY!**



STORY BY LEV GLEASON

# CAPTAIN BATTLE

JR.

in a  
COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"The KIDNAP FLIGHT TO BERLIN"

SUSPENSE! SECOND FRONT!  
AIR THRILLS! SPIES!  
VICTORY!

FALL  
1943

10¢

PDC



Capt. BATTLE Jr.  
AMERICA'S INVASION  
ACE

CAPT BATTLE JR. #1  
C. B. Sniffer  
The Claw

Don Rico  
LI  
Carl Huhlell  
Bob Wood

Cumt House  
LEV. G.  
114E32

fall 43  
Belle  
KIMELFELD  
BUS MGR  
TEXT  
JOE GREENE

Don  
Rico

The  
CLAW

SNIFFER

HAND TO HAND  
COMBAT IN  
BERLIN!